Mr
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEAR
ob: A: D 1616.
Æt: 53.
M: V.r Gucht Sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Shakeſpear*;

IN

SIX VOLUMES.

ADORN'D with CUTS.

Revis'd and Corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author.

By *N. ROWE*, Eſq;

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate, next *Grays-Inn* Lane. MDCCIX.

G. 4021.2
v.1

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OF

Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.

The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

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Barton
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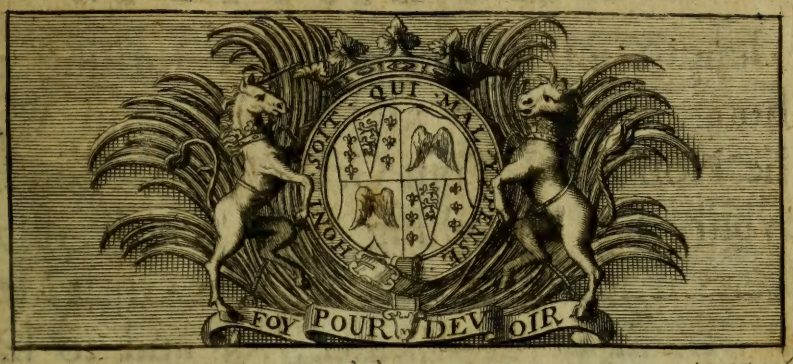


TO HIS

GRACE,

THE

Duke of *Somerset.*

My LORD,

IF the Application of too great a Part of my Time to the unprofitable Love and Study of Poetry, has been an Imputation, perhaps, juſtly enough charg'd upon me; I am bound, by the firſt Principles of Duty and Gratitude, to own, that it is by Your Grace's immediate Goodneſs that I have

at length an Opportunity of turning my Thoughts a better and more uſeful Way. The Honour of Your Grace's Protection and Favour, has ſomething in it which diſtinguiſhes it ſelf from that of other Great Men; the Benefit of it is extenſive, and to have a ſhare in Your Grace's good Opinion, is to be entitled, at leaſt, to ſome Eſteem and Regard from Your Grace's illuſtrious Friends, that is, from thoſe who fill up the firſt and beſt Rank of Mankind. Whatever I am or can be, (if I am ever to be any thing) is all Your Grace's. It is an Acknowledgment that I make, with as much Satisfaction as Pride; and I don't know whether the Obligation I lye under, or the Benefit I receive from it, be capable of giving me the greater Pleaſure. Some Dependances are indeed a Pain, tho' they bring conſiderable Advantages along with them; but where there is a gracious Temper, an eaſie Condeſcenſion, and a Readineſs to do Good equal to the Magnificence of the Giver, the Value of that Gift muſt certainly be very much enhanc'd. 'Tis my particular Happineſs, that Your Grace is the beſt Benefactor I could have; for as I am capable

of

of making no Return, Your Grace never thinks of receiving one. I have indeed one thing ſtill to beg, That as Your Grace receiv'd me into Your favourable Opinion, without any Pretenſion that could be made on my ſide, I may have the Honour to continue there, by my firſt Title, Your Grace's meer Goodneſs.

Tho' it be high time to diſclaim thoſe Studies, with which I have amus'd my ſelf and other People; yet I could not take leave of an Art I have long lov'd, without commending the beſt of our Poets to the Protection of the beſt Patron. I have ſometimes had the Honour to hear Your Grace expreſs the particular Pleaſure you have taken in that Greatneſs of Thought, thoſe natural Images, thoſe Paſſions finely touch'd, and that beautiful Expreſſion which is every where to be met with in *Shakeſpear*. And that he may ſtill have the Honour to entertain Your Grace, I have taken ſome Care to redeem him from the Injuries of former Impreſſions. I muſt not pretend to have reſtor'd this Work to the Exactneſs of the Author's Original Manuſcripts: Thoſe are loſt, or, at leaſt, are gone beyond any Inquiry I

could make; so that there was nothing left, but to compare the several Editions, and give the true Reading as well as I could from thence. This I have endeavour'd to do pretty carefully, and render'd very many Places Intelligible, that were not so before. In some of the Editions, especially the last, there were many Lines, (and in *Hamlet* one whole Scene) left out together; these are now all supply'd. I fear Your Grace will still find some Faults, but I hope they are mostly litteral, and the Errors of the Press. Such as it is, it is the best Present of *English* Poetry I am capable of making Your Grace. And I believe I shall be thought no unjust Disposer of this, the Author's Estate in Wit, by humbly Offering it where he would have been proud to have Bequeath'd it.

The Present Age is indeed an unfortunate one for *Dramatick Poetry*; she has been persecuted by Fanaticism, forsaken by her Friends, and oppress'd even by Musick, her Sister and confederate Art, that was formerly employ'd in her Defence and Support. In such perillous Times, I know no Protection for *Shakespear*, more Safe nor more Honourable than Your Grace's: 'Tis the best

Security

Security a Poet can ask for, to be ſhelter'd under that Great Name which preſides over One of the moſt Famous Univerſities of *Europe*. To do publick Benefits, is indeed an Honour Natural and Hereditary to Your Grace's illuſtrious Family; 'tis to that Noble Stock we owe our *Edward* the Sixth; a Prince of the greateſt Hopes which that or any other Age ever produc'd: A Prince, whoſe uncommon Proficiency in Learning made him the Wonder of his own Time; whoſe Care for his People will diſtinguiſh him among the beſt of our Kings, and whoſe Piety and Zeal for the true Religion, will preſerve his Name Dear and Sacred to our Church for ever. But if we look back ſo high as the Reformation, 'twill be impoſſible not to remember the Share Your Grace's Noble Anceſtor had in that good Work: He was the Defence and Ornament of it in his Life, and the Martyr of it in his Dearh. Since it is moſt certain, that thoſe wicked and ambitious Men, who deſign'd the Subverſion of Church and State, and of whom the Chief dy'd a profeſt Papiſt, could not propoſe to have brought about thoſe fatal Deſigns, 'till they had firſt remov'd the Duke of *Somerſet*.

DEDICATION.

I need not tell the World how well Your Grace has follow'd the Examples of Honour and Virtue in your own Family. The Eſtabliſh'd Church, the Crown and Your Country, have receiv'd many Eminent Teſtimonies of Your unalterable Zeal for their Service, and unſhaken Reſolution in their Defence. There was a Time, ſomewhat above twenty Years ago, when the pernicious Councils of ſome Men put the Crown upon taking ſuch Meaſures as might have been fatal in the laſt Degree to both Our Religious and Civil Liberties; when they had the Hardineſs not only to avow a Religion equally deſtructive to the Church and State, but did even preſume to bring in a publick Miniſter from the Biſhop of *Rome*, as it were in Defiance of Our Conſtitution, and in Triumph over Our Laws: It was then, I ſay, that they thought it highly neceſſary to their Purpoſe, that a Man of the firſt Quality and Figure in *England*, ſhould countenance ſo bold and unexampled an Undertaking. They pitch'd upon one, 'tis true, whoſe known Love of his Country might in a good meaſure have taken off the Odiouſneſs of that Action,

and

and even allay'd the Apprehenſions of Danger, which on ſuch an Occaſion People naturally had. It muſt be own'd, that they had thought prudently for themſelves; but they were highly miſtaken in the Man they had choſen, and found him to be above all Temptation; ſuch a one, whom neither the Reſpect he bore to the Perſon of the Prince, (which was very great) nor the Menaces of an inſolent Faction, could prevail upon, for any Regards, to do Violence to his Country, or engage in any thing which might be an Offence to his Honour and Conſcience.

It is with Pleaſure, my Lord, that we compare the troubleſome Condition of thoſe paſt Times, with the Security of theſe preſent. And I cannot but Congratulate Your Grace upon the Proſperity and Succeſs of Her Majeſty's Counſels, in the great Juncture of Affairs which now draws the Eyes and Expectations of all *Europe*. Never, certainly, was there a fairer Proſpect of Happineſs than that which now riſes to our View. There appears to be a general Diſpoſition for Unanimity and good Agreement at Home, as for Peace Abroad. Theſe

are

are the great Rewards given to the Piety of the Beſt of Queens: And it ſeems a Bleſſing peculiarly reſerv'd for Her, to ſave, not only *Europe* in General, but even *France*, her Enemy, from the laſt Ruin. That Your Grace may long enjoy the Happineſs of that Peace, which in Your ſeveral high Stations, either as a Patriot to Your Country, or a faithful Councellor to the Queen, You have ſo largely contributed to, is the moſt humble and hearty Wiſh of, my Lord,

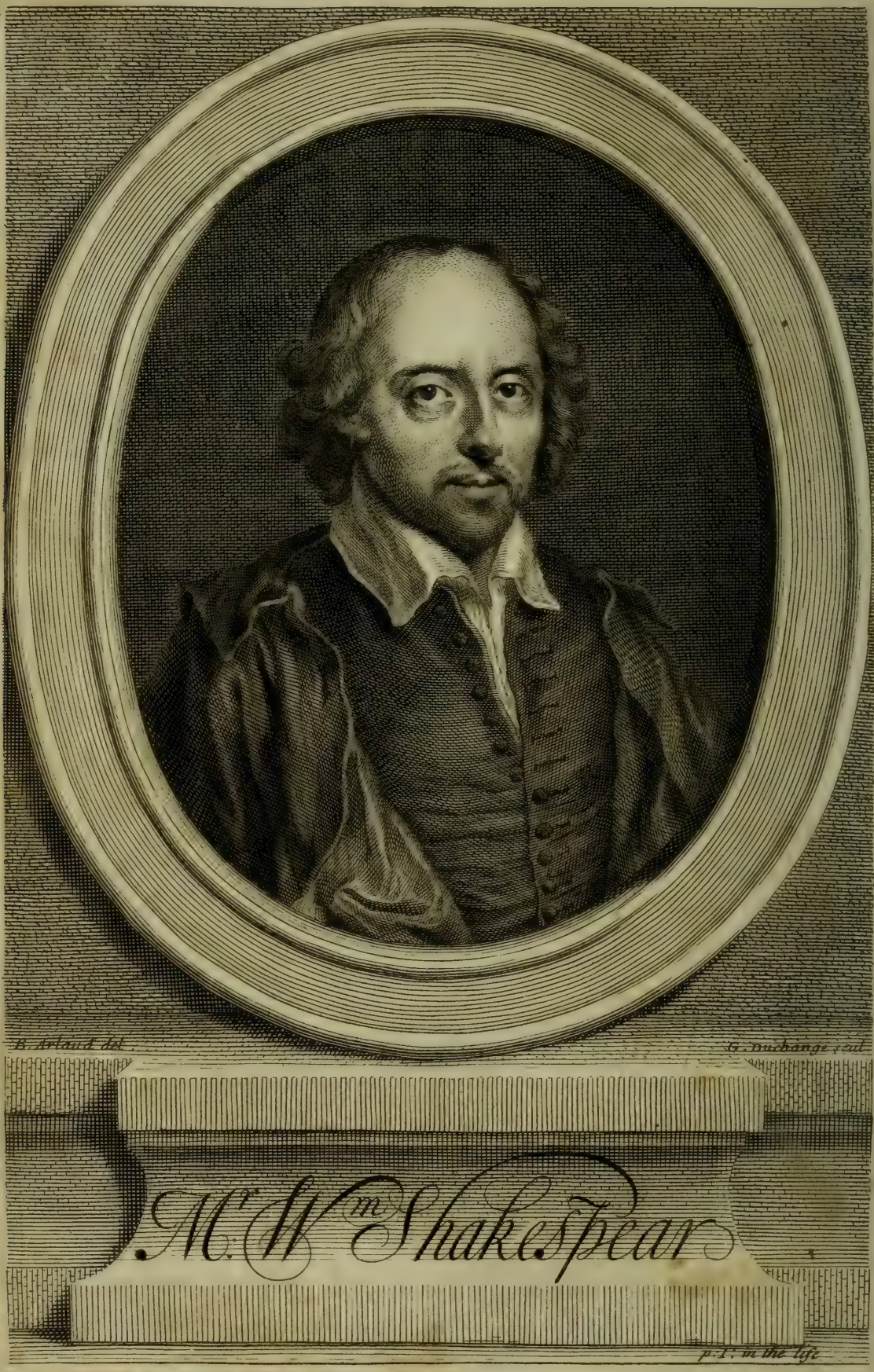
Your GRACE's

Moſt Oblig'd,

Moſt Devoted, and

Obedient Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.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Mr Wm Shakespear
p. I. in the life

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE, *&c.*

OF

Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

IT ſeems to be a kind of Reſpect due to the Memory of Excellent Men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their Wit and Learning have made Famous, to deliver ſome Account of themſelves, as well as their Works, to Poſterity. For this Reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome People of diſcovering any little Perſonal Story of the great Men of Antiquity, their Families, the common Accidents of their Lives, and even their Shape, Make and Features have

been the Subject of critical Enquiries. How trifling ſoever this Curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very Natural; and we are hardly ſatisfy'd with an Account of any remarkable Perſon, 'till we have heard him deſcrib'd even to the very Cloaths he wears. As for what relates to Men of Letters, the knowledge of an Author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his Book: And tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakeſpear* may ſeem to many not to want a Comment, yet I fancy ſome little Account of the Man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the Son of Mr. *John Shakeſpear*, and was Born at *Stratford* upon *Avon*, in *Warwickſhire*, in *April* 1564. His Family, as appears by the Regiſter and Publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good Figure and Faſhion there, and are mention'd as Gentlemen. His Father, who was a conſiderable Dealer in Wool, had ſo large a Family, ten Children in all, that tho' he was his eldeſt Son, he could give him no better Education than his own Employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for ſome time at a Free-School, where 'tis probable he acquir'd that little *Latin* he was Maſter of: But the narrowneſs of his Circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at Home,

Home, forc'd his Father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further Proficiency in that Language. It is without Controverſie, that he had no knowledge of the Writings of the Antient Poets, not only from this Reaſon, but from his Works themſelves, where we find no traces of any thing that looks like an Imitation of 'em; the Delicacy of his Taſte, and the natural Bent of his own Great *Genius*, equal, if not ſuperior to ſome of the beſt of theirs, would certainly have led him to Read and Study 'em with ſo much Pleaſure, that ſome of their fine Images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mix'd with his own Writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them, may be an Argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his Ignorance of the Antients were a diſadvantage to him or no, may admit of a Diſpute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more Correct, yet it is not improbable but that the Regularity and Deference for them, which would have attended that Correctneſs, might have reſtrain'd ſome of that Fire, Impetuoſity, and even beautiful Extravagance which we admire in *Shakeſpear*: And I believe we are better pleas'd with thoſe Thoughts, altogether New and Uncommon,

which his own Imagination ſupply'd him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful Paſſages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a Maſter of the *Engliſh* Language to deliver 'em. Some *Latin* without queſtion he did know, and one may ſee up and down his Plays how far his Reading that way went: In *Love's Labour loſt*, the Pedant comes out with a Verſe of *Mantuan*; and in *Titus Andronicus*, one of the *Gothick* Princes, upon reading

Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu ——

ſays, *'Tis a Verſe in* Horace, *but he remembers it out of his* Grammar: Which, I ſuppoſe, was the Author's Caſe. Whatever *Latin* he had, 'tis certain he underſtood *French*, as may be obſerv'd from many Words and Sentences ſcatter'd up and down his Plays in that Language; and eſpecially from one Scene in *Henry* the Fifth written wholly in it. Upon his leaving School, he ſeems to have given intirely into that way of Living which his Father propos'd to him; and in order to ſettle in the World after a Family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet

yet very Young. His Wife was the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial Yeoman in the Neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of Settlement he continu'd for ſome time, 'till an Extravagance that he was guilty of, forc'd him both out of his Country and that way of Living which he had taken up; and tho' it ſeem'd at firſt to be a Blemiſh upon his good Manners, and a Misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *Genius*'s that ever was known in Dramatick Poetry. He had, by a Misfortune common enough to young Fellows, fallen into ill Company; and amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of Deer-ſtealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was proſecuted by that Gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill Uſage, he made a Ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the firſt Eſſay of his Poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the Proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his Buſineſs and Family in *Warwickſhire*, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in *London*.

It is at this Time, and upon this Accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt Acquaintance in the Play-houſe. He was receiv'd into the Company then in being, at firſt in a very mean Rank; But his admirable Wit, and the natural Turn of it to the Stage, ſoon diſtinguiſh'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His Name is Printed, as the Cuſtom was in thoſe Times, amongſt thoſe of the other Players, before ſome old Plays, but without any particular Account of what ſort of Parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have inquir'd, I could never meet with any further Account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from ſome certain Authority, which was the firſt Play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleaſure to any Man, curious in Things of this Kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt Eſſay of a Fancy like *Shakeſpear*'s. Perhaps we are not to look for his Beginnings, like thoſe of other Authors, among their leaſt perfect Writings; Art had ſo little, and Nature ſo large a Share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the Performances of his Youth, as they

they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of Imagination in 'em, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his Fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be Independent on the Rule and Government of Judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly ſo Great, ſo juſtly and rightly Conceiv'd in it ſelf, that it wanted little or no Correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial Judgment at the firſt ſight. Mr. *Dryden* ſeems to think that *Pericles* is one of his firſt Plays; but there is no judgment to be form'd on that, ſince there is good Reaſon to believe that the greateſt part of that Play was not written by him; tho' it is own'd, ſome part of it certainly was, particularly the laſt Act. But tho' the order of Time in which the ſeveral Pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are Paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their Dates. So the *Chorus* in the beginning of the fifth Act of *Henry* V. by a Compliment very handſomly turn'd to the Earl of *Eſſex*, ſhews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland*: And his Elogy upon Q. *Elizabeth*, and her Succeſſor K. *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry* VIII, is a Proof of that Play's being written after the Acceſſion

of the latter of thoſe two Princes to the Crown of *England*. Whatever the particular Times of his Writing were, the People of his Age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of Diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to ſee a *Genius* ariſe amongſt 'em of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a Vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite Entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his Wit, he was in himſelf a good-natur'd Man, of great ſweetneſs in his Manners, and a moſt agreeable Companion; ſo that it is no wonder if with ſo many good Qualities he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt Converſations of thoſe Times. Queen *Elizabeth* had ſeveral of his Plays Acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious Marks of her Favour: It is that Maiden Princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

——*A fair Veſtal, Throned by the Weſt.*

Midſummer Night's Dream, Vol. 2. p. 480.

And that whole Paſſage is a Compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomly apply'd to her. She was ſo well pleas'd with that admirable Character of *Falſtaff*, in the two Parts of *Henry* the Fourth, that ſhe commanded

manded him to continue it for one Play more, and to ſhew him in Love. This is ſaid to be the Occaſion of his Writing *The Merry Wives of* Windſor. How well ſhe was obey'd, the Play it ſelf is an admirable Proof. Upon this Occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this Part of *Falſtaff* is ſaid to have been written originally under the Name of *Oldcaſtle*; ſome of that Family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of *Falſtaff*. The preſent Offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond Choice, ſince it is certain that Sir *John Falſtaff*, who was a Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant-General, was a Name of diſtinguiſh'd Merit in the Wars in *France* in *Henry* the Fifth's and *Henry* the Sixth's Times. What Grace ſoever the Queen confer'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the Fortune which the Reputation of his Wit made. He had the Honour to meet with many great and uncommon Marks of Favour and Friendſhip from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the Hiſtories of that Time for his Friendſhip to the unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*. It was to that Noble Lord that he Dedicated his *Venus* and *Adonis*, the

the only Piece of his Poetry which he ever publiſh'd himſelf, tho' many of his Plays were ſurreptitiouſly and lamely Printed in his Life-time. There is one Inſtance ſo ſingular in the Magnificence of this Patron of *Shakeſpear*'s, that if I had not been aſſur'd that the Story was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his Affairs, I ſhould not have ventur'd to have inſerted, that my Lord *Southampton*, at one time, gave him a thouſand Pounds, to enable him to go through with a Purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A Bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe Generoſity the preſent Age has ſhewn to *French* Dancers and *Italian* Eunuchs.

What particular Habitude or Friendſhips he contracted with private Men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true Taſte of Merit, and could diſtinguiſh Men, had generally a juſt Value and Eſteem for him. His exceeding Candor and good Nature muſt certainly have inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him, as the power of his Wit oblig'd the Men of the moſt delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him. Amongſt theſe was the incomparable Mr. *Edmond Spencer*, who ſpeaks of

of him in his *Tears of the Muſes*, not only with the Praiſes due to a good Poet, but even lamenting his Abſence with the tenderneſs of a Friend. The Paſſage is in *Thalia*'s Complaint for the Decay of Dramatick Poetry, and the Contempt the Stage then lay under, amongſt his Miſcellaneous Works, *p.* 147.

And he the Man, whom Nature's ſelf had made
To mock her ſelf, and Truth to imitate
With kindly Counter under mimick Shade,
Our pleaſant Willy, *ah! is dead of late:*
With whom all Joy and jolly Merriment
Is alſo deaded, and in Dolour drent.

Inſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrility
And ſcorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in Rhimes of ſhameleſs Ribaudry,
Without Regard or due Decorum *kept;*
Each idle Wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learned's Taſk upon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe Pen
Large Streams of Honey and ſweet Nectar *flow,*
Scorning the Boldneſs of ſuch baſe-born Men,
Which dare their Follies forth ſo raſhly throw;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Than ſo himſelf to Mockery to ſell.

I know ſome People have been of Opinion, that *Shakeſpear* is not meant by *Willy* in the firſt *Stanza* of theſe Verſes, becauſe *Spencer*'s Death happen'd twenty Years before *Shakeſpear*'s. But, beſides that the Character is not applicable to any Man of that time but himſelf, it is plain by the laſt *Stanza* that Mr. *Spencer* does not mean that he was then really Dead, but only that he had with-drawn himſelf from the Publick, or at leaſt with-held his Hand from Writing, out of a diſguſt he had taken at the then ill taſte of the Town, and the mean Condition of the Stage. Mr. *Dryden* was always of Opinion theſe Verſes were meant of *Shakeſpear*; and 'tis highly probable they were ſo, ſince he was three and thirty Years old at *Spencer*'s Death; and his Reputation in Poetry muſt have been great enough before that Time to have deſerv'd what is here ſaid of him. His Acquaintance with *Ben Johnſon* began with a remarkable piece of Humanity and good Nature; Mr. *Johnſon*, who was at that Time altogether unknown to the World, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it Acted; and the Perſons into whoſe Hands it was put, after having turn'd it careleſsly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd Anſwer,

that

that it would be of no ſervice to their Company, when *Shakeſpear* luckily caſt his Eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnſon* and his Writings to the Publick. After this they were profeſs'd Friends; tho' I don't know whether the other ever made him an equal return of Gentleneſs and Sincerity. *Ben* was naturally Proud and Inſolent, and in the Days of his Reputation did ſo far take upon him the Supremacy in Wit, that he could not but look with an evil Eye upon any one that ſeem'd to ſtand in Competition with him. And if at times he has affected to commend him, it has always been with ſome Reſerve, inſinuating his Uncorrectneſs, a careleſs manner of Writing, and want of Judgment; the Praiſe of ſeldom altering or blotting out what he writ, which was given him by the Players who were the firſt Publiſhers of his Works after his Death, was what *Johnſon* could not bear; he thought it impoſſible, perhaps, for another Man to ſtrike out the greateſt Thoughts in the fineſt Expreſſion, and to reach thoſe Excellencies of Poetry with the Eaſe of a firſt Imagination, which himſelf with infinite Labour and Study could but hardly attain to. *Johnſon* was certainly

tainly a very good Scholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakeſpear*; tho' at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a Ballance for what Books had given the former; and the Judgment of a great Man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a Converſation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnſon*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profeſs'd Admirer of *Shakeſpear*, had undertaken his Defence againſt *Ben Johnſon* with ſome warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, hearing *Ben* frequently reproaching him with the want of Learning, and Ignorance of the Antients, told him at laſt, *That if Mr.* Shakeſpear *had not read the Antients, he had likewiſe not ſtollen any thing from 'em*; (a Fault the other made no Conſcience of) *and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame Subject at leaſt as well written by* Shakeſpear. *Johnſon* did indeed take a large liberty, even to the tranſcribing and tranſlating of whole Scenes together; and ſometimes, with all Deference to ſo great a Name as his, not altogether for the advantage of the

Authors

Authors of whom he borrow'd. And if *Auguſtus* and *Virgil* were really what he has made 'em in a Scene of his *Poetaſter*, they are as odd an Emperor and a Poet as ever met. *Shakeſpear*, on the other Hand, was beholding to no body farther than the Foundation of the Tale, the Incidents were often his own, and the Writing intirely ſo. There is one Play of his, indeed, *The Comedy of Errors*, in a great meaſure taken from the *Menœchmi* of *Plautus*. How that happen'd, I cannot eaſily Divine, ſince, as I hinted before, I do not take him to have been Maſter of *Latin* enough to read it in the Original, and I know of no Tranſlation of *Plautus* ſo Old as his Time.

As I have not propos'd to my ſelf to enter into a Large and Compleat Criticiſm upon Mr. *Shakeſpear*'s Works, ſo I ſuppoſe it will neither be expected that I ſhould take notice of the ſevere Remarks that have been formerly made upon him by Mr. *Rhymer*. I muſt confeſs, I can't very well ſee what could be the Reaſon of his animadverting with ſo much Sharpneſs, upon the Faults of a Man Excellent on moſt Occaſions, and whom all the World ever was and will be inclin'd to have an Eſteem and Veneration for. If it was to ſhew his own

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Knowledge in the Art of Poetry, beſides that there is a Vanity in making that only his Deſign, I queſtion if there be not many Imperfections as well in thoſe Schemes and Precepts he has given for the Direction of others, as well as in that Sample of Tragedy which he has written to ſhew the Excellency of his own *Genius*. If he had a Pique againſt the Man, and wrote on purpoſe to ruin a Reputation ſo well eſtabliſh'd, he has had the Mortification to fail altogether in his Attempt, and to ſee the World at leaſt as fond of *Shakeſpear* as of his Critique. But I won't believe a Gentleman, and a good-natur'd Man, capable of the laſt Intention. Whatever may have been his Meaning, finding fault is certainly the eaſieſt Task of Knowledge, and commonly thoſe Men of good Judgment, who are likewiſe of good and gentle Diſpoſitions, abandon this ungrateful Province to the Tyranny of Pedants. If one would enter into the Beauties of *Shakeſpear*, there is a much larger, as well as a more delightful Field; but as I won't preſcribe to the Taſtes of other People, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due Submiſſion to the Judgment of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe Things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His

His Plays are properly to be diſtinguiſh'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Thoſe which are called Hiſtories, and even ſome of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongſt 'em. That way of Trage-Comedy was the common Miſtake of that Age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the *Engliſh* Taſt, that tho' the ſeverer Critiques among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our Audiences ſeem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. *The Merry Wives of* Windſor, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the reſt, however they are call'd, have ſomething of both Kinds. 'Tis not very eaſie to determine which way of Writing he was moſt Excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of Entertainment in his Comical Humours; and tho' they did not then ſtrike at all Ranks of People, as the Satyr of the preſent Age has taken the Liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſh'd Variety in thoſe Characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falſtaff* is allow'd by every body to be a Maſter-piece; the Character is always well-ſuſtain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the Account of his Death, given by his Old

Landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the firſt Act of *Henry* V. tho' it be extremely Natural, is yet as diverting as any Part of his Life. If there be any Fault in the Draught he has made of this lewd old Fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a Thief, Lying, Cowardly, Vainglorious, and in ſhort every way Vicious, yet he has given him ſo much Wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I don't know whether ſome People have not, in remembrance of the Diverſion he had formerly afforded 'em, been ſorry to ſee his Friend *Hal* uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the Crown in the End of the Second Part of *Henry* the Fourth. Amongſt other Extravagances, in *The Merry Wives of* Windſor, he has made him a Dear-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his *Warwickſhire* Proſecutor, under the Name of Juſtice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the ſame Coat of Arms which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of that County, deſcribes for a Family there, and makes the *Welſh* Parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon 'em. That whole Play is admirable; the Humours are various and well oppos'd; the main Deſign, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreaſonable Jealouſie, is extreme-

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ly well conducted. *Falſtaff*'s *Billet-doux*, and Maſter *Slender*'s

Ah! Sweet Ann Page!

are very good Expreſſions of Love in their Way. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly Ridiculous and Pleaſant in the fantaſtical Steward *Malvolio*. The Paraſite and the Vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's Well that ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that Kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon Piece of Humour. The Converſation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much ado about Nothing*, and of *Roſalind* in *As you like it*, have much Wit and Sprightlineſs all along. His Clowns, without which Character there was hardly any Play writ in that Time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Therſites* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be Maſter-Pieces of ill Nature, and ſatyrical Snarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable Character of *Shylock* the *Jew*, in *The Merchant of* Venice; but tho' we have ſeen that Play Receiv'd and Acted as a Comedy, and the Part of the *Jew* perform'd by an Excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it

was deſign'd Tragically by the Author. There appears in it ſuch a deadly Spirit of Revenge, ſuch a ſavage Fierceneſs and Fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of Cruelty and Miſchief, as cannot agree either with the Stile or Characters of Comedy. The Play it ſelf, take it all together, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſh'd of any of *Shakeſpear*'s. The Tale indeed, in that Part relating to the Caskets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of Bond given by *Antonio*, is a little too much remov'd from the Rules of Probability: But taking the Fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the Friendſhip of *Antonio* to *Baſſanio* very Great, Generous and Tender. The whole fourth Act, ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the Fact to be probable, is extremely Fine. But there are two Paſſages that deſerve a particular Notice. The firſt is, what *Portia* ſays in praiſe of Mercy, *pag.* 577; and the other on the Power of Muſick, *pag.* 587. The Melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if what *Horace* ſays

Difficile eſt proprie communia Dicere,

'Twill be a hard Task for any one to go beyond

yond him in the Deſcription of the ſeveral Degrees and Ages of Man's Life, tho' the Thought be old, and common enough.

——*All the World's a Stage,*
And all the Men and Women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one Man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being ſeven Ages. At firſt the Infant
Mewling and puking in the Nurſe's Arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his Satchel,
And ſhining Morning-face, creeping like Snail
Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs' Eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of ſtrange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in Honour, ſudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the Cannon's Mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With Eyes ſevere, and Beard of formal Cut,
Full of wiſe Saws and modern Inſtances;
And ſo he plays his Part. The ſixth Age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Noſe, and Pouch on Side;
His youthful Hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk Shank; and his big manly Voice
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble Pipes,

And Whiſtles in his Sound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond Childiſhneſs and meer Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, ſans Eyes, ſans Taſt, ſans ev'ry thing.
p. 625.

His Images are indeed ev'ry where ſo lively, that the Thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs ev'ry Part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; 'tis an Image of Patience. Speaking of a Maid in Love, he ſays,

——*She never told her Love,*
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud
Feed on her Damask Cheek: She pin'd in Thought,
And ſate like Patience *on a Monument,*
Smiling at Grief.

What an Image is here given! and what a Task would it have been for the greateſt Maſters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have expreſs'd the Paſſions deſign'd by this Sketch of Statuary? The Stile of his Comedy is, in general, Natural to the Characters, and eaſie in it ſelf; and the Wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into Dogrel Rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*,

and

and a Paſſage or two in ſome other Plays. As for his Jingling ſometimes, and playing upon Words, it was the common Vice of the Age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the Pulpit, made uſe of as an Ornament to the Sermons of ſome of the Graveſt Divines of thoſe Times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this Author's Genius do's no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his Imagination an entire Looſe, and raiſes his Fancy to a flight above Mankind and the Limits of the viſible World. Such are his Attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be plac'd the firſt by the former Publiſhers of his Works, can never have been the firſt written by him: It ſeems to me as perfect in its Kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the Unities are kept here with an Exactneſs uncommon to the Liberties of his Writing: Tho' that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valu'd himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his Excellencies were all of another Kind. I am very ſenſible that he do's, in this Play, depart too much from that likeneſs to Truth which ought to be obſerv'd in theſe ſort of Writings; yet

he do's it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more Faith for his ſake, than Reaſon does well allow of. His Magick has ſomething in it very Solemn and very Poetical: And that extravagant Character of *Caliban* is mighty well ſuſtain'd, ſhews a wonderful Invention in the Author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild Image, and is certainly one of the fineſt and moſt uncommon Groteſques that was ever ſeen. The Obſervation, which I have been inform'd * three very great Men concurr'd in making upon this Part, was extremely juſt. *That* Shakeſpear *had not only found out a new Character in his* Caliban, *but had alſo devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.* Among the particular Beauties of this Piece, I think one may be allow'd to point out the Tale of *Proſpero* in the Firſt Act; his Speech to *Ferdinand* in the Fourth, upon the breaking up the Maſque of *Juno* and *Ceres*; and that in the Fifth, where he diſſolves his Charms, and reſolves to break his Magick Rod. This Play has been alter'd by Sir *William D'Avenant* and Mr. *Dryden*; and tho' I won't Arraign the Judgment of thoſe two great Men, yet I think I may be allow'd to ſay, that there are ſome things

* *Ld.* Falkland, *Ld. C. J.* Vaughan, *and Mr.* Selden.

things left out by them, that might, and even ought to have been kept in. Mr. *Dryden* was an Admirer of our Author, and, indeed, he owed him a great deal, as thoſe who have read them both may very eaſily obſerve. And, I think, in Juſtice to 'em both, I ſhould not on this Occaſion omit what Mr. *Dryden* has ſaid of him.

Shakeſpear, *who, taught by none, did firſt impart*
To Fletcher *Wit, to lab'ring* Johnſon *Art.*
He, Monarch-like, gave thoſe his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they Paint and Draw.
Fletcher *reach'd that which on his heights did grow,*
Whilſt Johnſon *crept and gather'd all below:*
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digeſt,
One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
If they have ſince out-writ all other Men, [*Pen.*
'Tis with the Drops which fell from Shakeſpear's
*The * Storm which vaniſh'd on the neighb'ring Shoar,*
Was taught by Shakeſpear's *Tempeſt firſt to roar.*
That Innocence and Beauty which did ſmile
In Fletcher, *grew on this* Enchanted Iſle.
But Shakeſpear's *Magick could not copied be,*
Within that Circle none durſt walk but he.

* Alluding to the Sea-Voyage of *Fletcher.*

I muſt confeſs 'twas bold, nor would you now
That Liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick ſupernatural things:
But Shakeſpear's *Pow'r is Sacred as a King's.*

Prologue to *The Tempeſt*, as it is alter'd by Mr. *Dryden*.

It is the ſame Magick that raiſes the Fairies in *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with Thoughts and Language ſo proper to the Parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the Talent of this Writer. But of the two laſt of theſe Plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakeſpear*. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe Rules which are eſtabliſh'd by *Ariſtotle*, and taken from the Model of the *Grecian* Stage, it would be no very hard Task to find a great many Faults: But as *Shakeſpear* liv'd under a kind of mere Light of Nature, and had never been made acquainted with the Regularity of thoſe written Precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a Law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a Man that liv'd in a State of almoſt univerſal Licenſe and Ignorance: There was no eſtabliſh'd Judge, but every one took the liberty to Write according to the Dictates of his own Fancy.

When

When one conſiders, that there is not one Play before him of a Reputation good enough to entitle it to an Appearance on the preſent Stage, it cannot but be a Matter of great Wonder that he ſhould advance Dramatick Poetry ſo far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the firſt, among thoſe that are reckon'd the conſtituent Parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt Difficult or Beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the Contrivance and Courſe of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be conſider'd, the fit Diſpoſition, Order and Conduct of its ſeveral Parts. As it is not in this Province of the *Drama* that the Strength and Maſtery of *Shakeſpear* lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd Trouble to point out the ſeveral Faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true Hiſtory, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made uſe of 'em in that Order, with thoſe Incidents, and that extent of Time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old Book, call'd, *The Delectable Hiſtory of* Doraſtus *and* Faunia, contains the ſpace of ſixteen or ſeventeen Years, and the Scene

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is ſometimes laid in *Bohemia*, and ſometimes in *Sicily*, according to the original Order of the Story. Almoſt all his Hiſtorical Plays comprehend a great length of Time, and very different and diſtinct Places: And in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greateſt Part of the *Roman* Empire. But in Recompence for his Careleſsneſs in this Point, when he comes to another Part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in Acting or Speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhown by the Poet*, he may be generally juſtify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe Plays which he has taken from the *Engliſh* or *Roman* Hiſtory, let any Man compare 'em, and he will find the Character as exact in the Poet as the Hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one Action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King* John, *King* Richard, *&c.* What can be more agreeable to the Idea our Hiſtorians give of *Henry* the Sixth, than the Picture *Shakeſpear* has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the ſame with the Story; one finds him ſtill deſcrib'd with Simplicity, paſſive Sanctity, want of Courage, weakneſs of Mind, and eaſie Submiſſion to the Gover-

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nance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the ſame time the Poet do's Juſtice to his good Qualities, and moves the Pity of his Audience for him, by ſhowing him Pious, Diſintereſted, a Contemner of the Things of this World, and wholly reſign'd to the ſevereſt Diſpenſations of God's Providence. There is a ſhort Scene in the Second Part of *Henry* VI. *Vol. III. pag.* 1504. which I cannot but think admirable in its Kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Glouceſter*, is ſhewn in the laſt Agonies on his Death-Bed, with the good King praying over him. There is ſo much Terror in one, ſo much Tenderneſs and moving Piety in the other, as muſt touch any one who is capable either of Fear or Pity. In his *Henry* VIII. that Prince is drawn with that Greatneſs of Mind, and all thoſe good Qualities which are attributed to him in any Account of his Reign. If his Faults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the Shades in this Picture do not bear a juſt Proportion to the Lights, it is not that the Artiſt wanted either Colours or Skill in the Diſpoſition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, ſince it could have been no very great Reſpect to the Memory

mory of his Miſtreſs, to have expos'd ſome certain Parts of her Father's Life upon the Stage. He has dealt much more freely with the Miniſter of that Great King, and certainly nothing was ever more juſtly written, than the Character of Cardinal *Wolſey*. He has ſhewn him Tyrannical, Cruel, and Inſolent in his Proſperity; and yet, by a wonderful Addreſs, he makes his Fall and Ruin the Subject of general Compaſſion. The whole Man, with his Vices and Virtues, is finely and exactly deſcrib'd in the ſecond Scene of the fourth Act. The Diſtreſſes likewiſe of Queen *Katherine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the Art of the Poet has skreen'd King *Henry* from any groſs Imputation of Injuſtice, yet one is inclin'd to wiſh, the Queen had met with a Fortune more worthy of her Birth and Virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the Perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerv'd, in thoſe Characters taken from the *Roman* Hiſtory; and of this, the Fierceneſs and Impatience of *Coriolanus*, his Courage and Diſdain of the common People, the Virtue and Philoſophical Temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular Greatneſs of Mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful Proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find 'em exactly as they are deſcrib'd by

Plutarch,

Plutarch, from whom certainly *Shakeſpear* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his Original pretty cloſe, and taken in ſeveral little Incidents that might have been ſpar'd in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his Deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great Men in the ſeveral Fortunes and Accidents of their Lives, than to take any ſingle great Action, and form his Work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his Pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one Action only. Such are more eſpecially, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The Deſign in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, is plainly the Puniſhment of their two Families, for the unreaſonable Feuds and Animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between 'em, and occaſion'd the Effuſion of ſo much Blood. In the management of this Story, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully Tender and Paſſionate in the Love-part, and very Pitiful in the Diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engag'd to Revenge the Death of his Father, their Mothers are equally Guilty, are both concern'd in the Murder of their Husbands, and are afterwards married to the Murderers. There is in the firſt

Part

Part of the *Greek* Trajedy, ſomething very moving in the Grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *D'Acier* has obſerv'd, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the Manners he has given that Princeſs and *Oreſtes* in the latter Part. *Oreſtes* embrues his Hands in the Blood of his own Mother; and that barbarous Action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the Stage, yet ſo near, that the Audience hear *Clytemneſtra* crying out to *Æghyſtus* for Help, and to her Son for Mercy: While *Electra*, her Daughter, and a Princeſs, both of them Characters that ought to have appear'd with more Decency, ſtands upon the Stage and encourages her Brother in the Parricide. What Horror does this not raiſe! *Clytemneſtra* was a wicked Woman, and had deſerv'd to Die; nay, in the truth of the Story, ſhe was kill'd by her own Son; but to repreſent an Action of this Kind on the Stage, is certainly an Offence againſt thoſe Rules of Manners proper to the Perſons that ought to be obſerv'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the Conduct of *Shakeſpear*. *Hamlet* is repreſented with the ſame Piety towards his Father, and Reſolution to Revenge his Death, as *Oreſtes*; he has the ſame Abhorrence for his Mother's Guilt, which, to provoke

voke him the more, is heighten'd by Inceſt: But 'tis with wonderful Art and Juſtneſs of Judgment, that the Poet reſtrains him from doing Violence to his Mother. To prevent any thing of that Kind, he makes his Father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his Vengeance.

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this Act,
Taint not thy Mind; nor let thy Soul contrive
Againſt thy Mother ought; leave her to Heav'n,
And to thoſe Thorns that in her Boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Vol. V. p. 2386.

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper Paſſion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no Dramatick Writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *Terror* in the Minds of an Audience than *Shakeſpear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the Scene where the King is murder'd, in the ſecond Act, as well as this Play, is a noble Proof of that manly Spirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt Motions to our Souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the Advantage with which we have ſeen

this Maſter-piece of *Shakeſpear* diſtinguiſh it ſelf upon the Stage, by Mr. *Betterton*'s fine Performance of that Part. A Man, who tho' he had no other good Qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the Eſteem of all Men of Letters, by this only Excellency. No Man is better acquainted with *Shakeſpear*'s manner of Expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudy'd him ſo well, and is ſo much a Maſter of him, that whatever Part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular Obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the Paſſages relating to his Life, which I have here tranſmitted to the Publick; his Veneration for the Memory of *Shakeſpear* having engag'd him to make a Journey into *Warwickſhire*, on purpoſe to gather up what Remains he could of a Name for which he had ſo great a Value. Since I had at firſt reſolv'd not to enter into any Critical Controverſie, I won't pretend to enquire into the Juſtneſs of Mr. *Rhymer*'s Remarks on *Othello*; he has certainly pointed out ſome Faults very judiciouſly; and indeed they are ſuch as moſt People will agree, with him, to be Faults: But I wiſh he would likewiſe have obſerv'd ſome of the

Beauties

Beauties too; as I think it became an Exact and Equal Critique to do. It ſeems ſtrange that he ſhould allow nothing Good in the whole: If the Fable and Incidents are not to his Taſte, yet the Thoughts are almoſt every where very Noble, and the Diction manly and proper. Theſe laſt, indeed, are Parts of *Shakeſpear*'s Praiſe, which it would be very hard to Diſpute with him. His Sentiments and Images of Things are Great and Natural; and his Expreſſion (tho' perhaps in ſome Inſtances a little Irregular) juſt, and rais'd in Proportion to his Subject and Occaſion. It would be even endleſs to mention the particular Inſtances that might be given of this Kind: But his Book is in the Poſſeſſion of the Publick, and 'twill be hard to dip into any Part of it, without finding what I have ſaid of him made good.

The latter Part of his Life was ſpent, as all Men of good Senſe will wiſh theirs may be, in Eaſe, Retirement, and the Converſation of his Friends. He had the good Fortune to gather an Eſtate equal to his Occaſion, and, in that, to his Wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome Years before his Death at his native *Stratford*. His pleaſurable Wit, and good Nature, engag'd him in the Acquain-

tance, and entitled him to the Friendſhip of the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a Story almoſt ſtill remember'd in that Country, that he had a particular Intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts for his Wealth and Uſury: It happen'd, that in a pleaſant Converſation amongſt their common Friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakeſpear* in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd, he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakeſpear* gave him theſe four Verſes.

Ten in the Hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a Hundred to Ten, his Soul is not ſav'd:
If any Man ask, Who lies in this Tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the Sharpneſs of the Satyr is ſaid to have ſtung the Man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He Dy'd in the 53d Year of his Age, and was bury'd on the North ſide of the Chancel, in the Great Church at *Stratford*, where

p. 37. in the Life.

a Monument, as engrav'd in the Plate, is plac'd in the Wall. On his Grave-Stone underneath is,

Good Friend, for Jeſus ſake, forbear
To dig the Duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the Man that ſpares theſe Stones,
And Curſt be he that moves my Bones.

He had three Daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the Elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom ſhe had three Sons, who all dy'd without Children; and *Suſannah*, who was his Favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a Phyſician of good Reputation in that Country. She left one Child only, a Daughter, who was marry'd firſt to *Thomas Naſh*, Eſq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbington*, but dy'd likewiſe without Iſſue.

This is what I could learn of any Note, either relating to himſelf or Family: The Character of the Man is beſt ſeen in his Writings. But ſince *Ben Johnſon* has made a ſort of an Eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, tho', as I have before hinted, he was not very Cordial in his Friendſhip, I will venture to give it in his Words.

" I remember the Players have often men-
" tion'd it as an Honour to *Shakeſpear*, that in
" Writing (whatſoever he penn'd) he never
" blotted out a Line. My Anſwer hath been,
" *Would he had blotted a thouſand*, which
" they thought a malevolent Speech. I had
" not told Poſterity this, but for their Igno-
" rance, who choſe that Circumſtance to com-
" mend their Friend by, wherein he moſt
" faulted. And to juſtifie mine own Candor,
" (for I lov'd the Man, and do honour his
" Memory, on this ſide Idolatry, as much as
" any.) He was, indeed, Honeſt, and of an
" open and free Nature, had an Excellent
" Fancy, brave Notions, and gentle Expreſſi-
" ons; wherein he flow'd with that Facility,
" that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould be
" ſtopp'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Auguſtus* ſaid
" of *Haterius*. His Wit was in his own Pow-
" er, would the Rule of it had been ſo too.
" Many times he fell into thoſe things could
" not eſcape Laughter; as when he ſaid in the
" Perſon of *Cæſar*, one ſpeaking to him,

" Cæſar *thou doſt me Wrong*.

" He reply'd:

" Cæſar *did never Wrong, but with juſt Cauſe*.

" and

" and such like, which were ridiculous. But " he redeem'd his Vices with his Virtues: " There was ever more in him to be Prais'd " than to be Pardon'd.

As for the Passage which he mentions out of *Shakespear*, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, Vol. V. p. 2260. but without the Absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any Edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnson*. Besides his Plays in this Edition, there are two or three ascrib'd to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise, *Venus* and *Adonis*, and *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, in Stanza's, which have been printed in a late Collection of Poems. As to the Character given of him by *Ben Johnson*, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well expres's'd by what *Horace* says of the first *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* Models, (or indeed translated 'em) in his Epistle to *Augustus*.

——*Naturâ sublimis & Acer*
Nam spirat Tragicum satis & fæliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitq; Lituram.

There

There is a Book of Poems, publiſh'd in 1640, under the Name of Mr. *William Shakeſpear*, but as I have but very lately ſeen it, without an Opportunity of making any Judgment upon it, I won't pretend to determine, whether it be his or no.

THE

P. 1.

THE

TEMPEST.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Alonſo, *King of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *the right Duke of* Millan.
Anthonio, *his Brother, the uſurping Duke of* Millan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old Counſellor.*
Adrian, *and* Franciſco, *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of a Ship, Boat-Swain, and Marriners.
Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*

Iris.
Ceres.
Juno.
Nymphs.
Reapers.
} *Spirits.*

SCENE, *an uninhabited Iſland.*

THE

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A tempeſtuous Noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boatſwain.

MASTER.

BOatſwain.

Boatſ. Here Maſter: What cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' Mariners: Fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelves a-ground, beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey my Hearts, cheerly my Hearts; yare, yare; take in the Top-ſail; tend to th' Maſter's Whiſtle; Blow 'till thou burſt thy Wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatſwain have care: Where's the Maſter? Play the Men.

Boatſ. I pray now keep below.

Ant. Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? You mar our Labour; Keep your Cabins; you do aſſiſt the Storm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boatſ. When the Sea is; hence. What care theſe Roarers for the Name of King? To Cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None that I more love than my ſelf. You are a Counſellor; if you can command theſe Elements to Silence, and work the Peace of the preſent, we will not hand a Rope more; uſe your Authority: If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelf ready in your Cabin for the Miſchance of the Hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly good Hearts: Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks he hath no drowning Mark upon him; his Complexion is perfect Gallows. Stand faſt, good Fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his Deſtiny our Cable, for our own doth little Advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our Caſe is miſerable. [*Exit.*

Enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the Top-Maſt: Yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with Main-courſe. A Plague———

A cry within. Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio *and* Gonzalo.

upon this Howling: They are louder than the Weather, or our Office. Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a Mind to ſink?

Sebaſ. A pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang Cur, hang, you Whoreſon inſolent Noiſemaker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger than a Nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd Wench.

Boatſ. Lay her a hold, a hold; ſet her two Courſes off to Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt, to Prayers, to Prayers, all loſt.

Boatſ. What muſt our Mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince are at Prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our Caſe is s theirs. *Sebaſ.*

Sebaſ. I'm out of Patience.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our Lives by Drunkards, This wide-chopt Raſcal——would thou might'ſt lye drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every Drop of Water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him. [*A confuſed Noiſe within.*
Mercy on us.
We ſplit, we ſplit: Farewel my Wife and Children,
Farewel Brother: We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

Ant. Let's all ſink with the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand Furlongs of Sea for an Acre of barren Ground: Long Heath, brown Furze, any thing; the Wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry Death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deareſt Father) you have
Put the wild Waters in this Roar, allay them:
The Sky it ſeems would pour down ſtinking Pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to the Welkins Cheek,
Daſhes the Fire out. Oh! I have ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A brave Veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble Creature in her)
Daſh'd all to Pieces. Oh! the Cry did knock
Againſt my very Heart: Poor Souls, they periſh'd.
Had I been any God of Power, I would
Have ſunk the Sea within the Earth, or e'er
It ſhould the good Ship ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more Amazement; tell your piteous Heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo, the Day.

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in Care of thee
(Of thee my dear one, thee my Daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better

Than *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poor Cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my Thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis true,
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy Hand,
And pluck my magick Garment from me: So!
Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine Eyes, have Comfort.
The direful Spectacle of the Wrack, which touch'd
The very Virtue of Compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch Compaſſion in mine Art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no Soul loſt,
No not ſo much Perdition as an Hair
Betide to any Creature in the Veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink:
Sit down, for thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to the bootleſs Inquiſition;
Concluding, Stay; not yet.
Pro. The Hour's now come,
The very Minute bids thee ope thine Ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I do not think thou canſt, for then thou waſt not
Out three Years old.
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other Houſe, or Perſon?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy Remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a Dream, than an Aſſurance
That my Remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five Women once that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* But how is it
That this lives in thy Mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and Abyſme of Time?
If thou remembreſt ought e'er thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve Year ſince, *Miranda*, twelve Year ſince

Thy

Thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and
A Prince of Power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pro. Thy Mother was a piece of Virtue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my Daughter, and thy Father
Was Duke of *Millan*, and his only Heir,
And Princeſs; no worſe iſſu'd.

Mira. O the Heav'ns,
What foul Play had we that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my Girl:
By foul Play (as thou ſayeſt) were we heav'd thence,
But bleſſedly holp hither.

Mira. O my Heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my Remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.

Pro. My Brother and thy Uncle, call'd *Anthonio*;
I pray thee mark me, that a Brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious! He, whom next thy ſelf
Of all the World I lov'd, and to him put
The Manage of my State; as at that time
Through all the Signories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In Dignity; and for the Liberal Arts,
Without a Parallel; thoſe being all my Study;
The Government I caſt upon my Brother,
And to my State grew Stranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret Studies. Thy falſe Uncle,
(Doſt thou attend)?

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant Suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To traſh for over-topping; new created
The Creatures that were mine, I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the Key
Of Officer and Office, ſet all Hearts o'th' State
To what Tune pleas'd his Ear, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk,
And ſuckt my Verdure out on't: Thou attend'ſt not?

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me:

I thus neglecting worldly Ends, all dedicated
To Cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my Mind
With that which but by being retired
O'er-priz'd all popular rate; in my falſe Brother
Awak'd an evil Nature, and my Truſt,
Like a good Parent, did beget of him
A Falſhood in its contrary, as great
As my Truſt was; which had indeed no Limit,
A Confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
But what my Power might elſe exact; like one
Who having into Truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a Sinner of his Memory
To credit his own Lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subſtitution
And executing th' outward Face of Royalty
With all Prerogative. Hence his Ambition growing;
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your Tale, Sir, would cure Deafneſs.

Pro. To have no Screen between this Part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for; he needs will be
Abſolute *Millan*; me, poor Man, my Library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal Royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So dry he was for Sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual Tribute, do him Homage,
Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Millan!*)
To much ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. Oh the Heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his Condition, and th' Event, then tell me
If this might be a Brother.

Mira. I ſhould ſin,
To think but nobly of my Grand-mother;
Good Wombs have born bad Sons.

Pro. Now the Condition:
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my Brother's Suit;
Which was, That he in lieu o' th' Premiſes,
Of Homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine

Out

Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Millan*,
With all the Honours, on my Brother. Whereon
A treacherous Army levy'd, one Mid-night
Fated to th' Purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The Gates of *Millan*, and i' th' dead of Darkneſs
The Miniſter for th' Purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mira. Alack for pity!
I not remembring how I cry'd out then
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine Eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent Buſineſs
Which now's upon's, without the which this Story
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That Hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, Wench;
My Tale provokes that Queſtion. Dear, they durſt not;
So dear the Love my People bore me: Nor ſet
A Mark ſo bloody on the Buſineſs; but
With Colours fairer painted their foul Ends.
In few; they hurry'd us aboard a Bark,
Bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten Carcaſs of a Boat, not rigg'd,
Nor Tackle, nor Sail, nor Maſt; the very Rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: There they hoiſt us
To cry to th' Sea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To th' Winds, whoſe Pity ſighing back again
Did us but loving Wrong.
Mira. Alack! what Trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O! a Cherubim
Thou waſt that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a Fortitude from Heav'n,
When I have deck'd the Sea with Drops full ſalt,
Under my Burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing Stomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we a-ſhore?
Pro. By Providence divine;

Some

Some Food we had, and ſome freſh Water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
Out of his Charity (who being then appointed
Maſter of this Deſign) did give us, with
Rich Garments, Linnens, Stuffs, and Neceſſaries
Which ſince have ſteeded much. So of his Gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my Books, he furniſh'd me
From mine own Library, with Volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that Man.

Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our Sea-ſorrow.
Here in this Iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy School-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more Time
For vainer Hours, and Tutors, not ſo careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't. And now I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my Mind) your Reaſon
For raiſing this Sea-ſtorm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By Accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful *Fortune*
(Now my dear Lady) hath mine Enemies
Brought to this Shore: And by my Preſcience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpitious Star, whoſe Influence
If now I court not, but omit, my Fortunes
Will ever after droop: Here ceaſe more Queſtions,
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good Dulneſs,
And give it way; I know thou canſt not chuſe.
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great Maſter, grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt Pleaſure. Be it to fly;
To ſwim, to dive into the Fire; to ride
On the curl'd Clouds: To thy ſtrong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Quality.

Pro. Haſt, thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point the Tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the King's Ship: Now on the Beak,
Now in the Waſte, the Deck, in every Cabin,
I flam'd Amazement. Sometimes I'ld divide,
And burn in many Places; on the Top-maſt,
The Yards and Bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and join. *Jove*'s Lightning, the Precurſers
O'th' dreadful Thunder-claps more momentary,
And Sight out-running were not; the Fire and Cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem to beſiege, and make his bold Waves tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident ſhake.

Pro. My brave Spirit.
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this Coyl
Would not infect his Reaſon?

Ari. Not a Soul
But felt a Feaver of the mad, and plaid
Some Tricks of Deſperation: All but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: The King's Son *Ferdinand*
With Hair up-ſtaring (then like Reeds, not Hair)
Was the firſt Man that leapt; cry'd Hell is empty, and
All the Devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my Spirit:
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my Maſter.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?

Ari. Not a Hair periſhed:
On their ſuſtaining Garments not a Blemiſh,
But freſher than before. And as thou badſt me,
In Troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the Iſle:
The King's Son have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the Air with Sighs,
In an odd Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting,
His Arms in this ſad Knot.

Pro. Of the King's Ship,
The Mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o'th' Fleet?

Ari. Safely in Harbour,
Is the King's Ship; in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at Midnight, to fetch Dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid:

The

The Mariners all under Hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charm join'd to their ſuffered Labour,
I have left aſleep; and for the reſt o'th' Fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the King's Ship wrackt,
And his great Perſon periſh.
Pro. Ariel, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work:
What is the Time o'th' Day?
Ari. Paſt the mid Seaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two Glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ari. Is there more Toil? Since thou doſt give me Pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ari. My Liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? No more.
Ari. I prethee
Remember I have done thee worthy Service,
Told thee no Lies, made thee no Miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or Grudge, or Grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full Year.
Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee? *Ari.* No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and thinkeſt it much to tread the
Ooze of the ſalt Deep;
To run upon the ſharp Wind of the North,
To do me Buſineſs in the Veins o'th' Earth
When it is bak'd with Froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: Haſt thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a Hoop? Haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: Where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt

Once

Once in a Month recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forgetſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For Miſchiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible
To enter human Hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: For one thing ſhe did
They would not take her Life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Sailors; thou my Slave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her Servant.
And, for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd Commands,
Refuſing her grand Heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Miniſters,
And in her moſt unmittigable Rage,
Into a cloven Pyne; within which Rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen Years; within which Space ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: Where thou didſt vent thy Groans
As faſt as Mill Wheels ſtrike. Then was this Iſland
(Save for the Son that ſhe did litter here
A frekel'd Whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human Shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her Son.

Pro. Dull Thing, I ſay ſo: He, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in Service. Thou beſt know'ſt
What Torment I did find thee in; thy Groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breaſts
Of ever-angry Bears; it was a Torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: It was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, Maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oak
And peg thee in his knotty Entrails, 'till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve Winters.

Ari. Pardon, Maſter.
I will be correſpondent to Command,
And do my Spriting gently.

Pro. Do ſo: And after two Days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari.

Ari. That's my noble Maſter:
What ſhall I do? Say what? What ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thy ſelf like to a Nymph o'th' Sea.
Be ſubject to no Sight but thine, and mine: Inviſible
To every Eye-ball elſe. Go take this Shape,
And hither come in't: Go, hence
With Diligence. [*Exit.*

Pro. Awake, dear Heart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.

Mira. The Strangeneſs of your Story put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll viſit *Caliban*, my Slave, who never
Yields us kind Anſwer.

Mira. 'Tis a Villain, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſs him: He does make our Fire,
Fetch in our Wood, and ſerves Offices
That profit us. What hoa! Slave! *Caliban*!
Thou Earth thou! ſpeak.

Cal. (*within.*) There's Wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I ſay, there's other Buſineſs for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when?

Enter Ariel *like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine Apparition: My quaint *Ariel*,
Hearkin thine Ear.

Ari. My Lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poiſonous Slave, got by the Devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother bruſh'd
With Ravens Feather from unwholſome Fen,
Drop on you both: A South-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er.

Pro. For this, be ſure, to Night thou ſhalt have Cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy Breath up, Urchins
Shall for that waſte of Night, that they may work
All Exerciſe on thee: Thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as Hony-comb, each Pinch more ſtinging
Than Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I muſt eat my Dinner;

This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; Would'ſt give me
Water with Berries in't; And teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſs,
That burn by Day and Night: And then I lov'd thee,
And ſhewed thee all the Qualities o' the Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren Place and fertile.
Curs'd be I that I did ſo! All the Charms
Of *Sycorax*; Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you!
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine own King: And here you ſty me
In this hard Rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the Iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying Slave,
Whom Stripes may move, not Kindneſs; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with human Care, and lodg'd
In mine own Cell, 'till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The Honour of my Child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopl'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slave,
Which any Print of Goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all Ill: I pitied thee,
Took Pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each Hour
One thing or other: When thou didſt not, Savage,
Know thine own Meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt bruitiſh, I endow'd thy Purpoſes
With Words that made them known. But thy vile Race
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good Natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this Rock, who hadſt
Deſerv'd more than a Priſon.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my Profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: The Red-plague rid you
For learning me your Language.

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in Fewel, and be quick, thou wer't beſt
To anſwer other Buſineſs: Shrug'ſt thou, Malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly

What

What I command, I'll rack thee with old Cramps,
Fill all thy Bones with Aches, make thee roar,
The Beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such Pow'r,
It would control my Dam's God *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Pro. So Slave, hence. [*Exit* Caliban.

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel *invisible, playing and singing.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto these yellow Sands,
And then take Hands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kist,
The wild Waves whist;
Foot it featly here and there, and sweet Sprights bear
The Burthen. [Burthen dispersedly.
Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: The Watch-Dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.

Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear the Strain of strutting Chanticlere,*
Cry Cock-adoodle-do

Fer. Where should this Musick be? I'th'Air, or th'Earth?
It sounds no more: And sure it waits upon
Some God o'th' Island, sitting on a Bank,
Weeping against the King my Father's Wrack.
This Musick crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their Fury, and my Passion
With its sweet Air: Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full Fathom five thy Father lyes
Of his Bones are Coral made:
Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change,
Into something rich, and strange.
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell.
[Burthen: Ding-dong.
Hark now I hear them, ding-dong Bell.

Fer.

Fer. The Ditty does remember my drown'd Father;
This is no mortal Buſineſs, nor no Sound
That the Earth owes: I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine Eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't, a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave Form. But 'tis a Spirit.
Pro. No Wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch Senſes
As we have; ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the Wreck: And but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With Grief (that's Beauty's Canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly Perſon. He hath loſt his Fellows,
And ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, I ſee,
As my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit, I'll free thee
Within two Days for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſs
On whom theſe Ayres attend. Vouchſafe my Pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good Inſtruction give
How I may bear me here: My prime Requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is, O you Wonder,
If you be made, or no?
Mira. No Wonder, Sir,
But certainly a Maid.
Fer. My Language! Heav'ns!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this Speech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: My ſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine Eyes (never ſince at Ebb) beheld
The King my Father wrackt.
Mira. Alack, for Mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millan*

And his brave Son, being twain.
Pro. The Duke of *Millan*
And his more braver Daughter could controll thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt Sight
They have chang'd Eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this. A Word, good Sir,
I fear you have done your ſelf ſome Wrong: A Word.
Mira. Why ſpeaks my Father ſo ungently? This
Is the third Man that e'er I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for: Pity move my Father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth; I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft Sir, one Word more.
They are both in eithers Pow'r: But this ſwift Buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light winning
Make the Prize light. One Word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me; thou doſt here uſurp
The Name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelf
Upon this Iſland, as a Spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a Man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a Temple.
If the ill Spirit have ſo fair an Houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.
Speak not you for him: He's a Traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy Neck and Feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy Food ſhall be
The freſh-brook Muſcles, wither'd Roots, and Husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch Entertainment, 'till
Mine Enemy has more Pow'r.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mira. O dear Father,
Make not too raſh a Trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What I ſay,
My Foot my Tutor? Put thy Sword up, Traitor,
Who mak'ſt a Shew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy Conſcience

Is poſſeſt with Guilt: Come from thy Ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this Stick,
And make thy Weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, Father.
Pro. Hence: Hang not on my Garments.
Mira. Sir, have Pity;
I'll be his Surety.
Pro. Silence: One Word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An Advocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh!
Thou think'ſt there are no more ſuch Shapes as he,
(Having ſeen but him and *Caliban)* fooliſh Wench,
To th' moſt of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My Affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no Ambition
To ſee a goodlier Man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again,
And have no Vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up.
My Father's loſs, the Weakneſs which I feel,
The Wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my Priſon once a Day
Behold this Maid: All Corners elſe o' th' Earth
Let Liberty make uſe of; Space enough
Have I, in ſuch a Priſon.
Pro. It works: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel:* Follow me.
Hark what thou elſe ſhalt do me.
Mira. Be of Comfort,
My Father's of a better Nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As Mountain Winds; but then exactly do
All Points of my Command.
Ari. To th' Syllable.
Pro. Come follow: Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *and others.*

Gonz. BEſeech you Sir, be merry: You have Cauſe,
(So have we all) of Joy; for our Eſcape
Is much beyond our Loſs; our Hint of Wo
Is common, every Day, ſome Sailor's Wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Have juſt our Theam of Wo: But for the Miracle,
(I mean our Preſervation) few in Millions
Can ſpeak like us: Then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our Sorrow with our Comfort.

Alon. Prethee Peace.

Seb. He receives Comfort like cold Porridge.

Ant. The Viſitor will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the Watch of his Wit, By and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. On: Tell.

Gon. When every Grief is entertain'd That's offer'd; comes to the Entertainer——

Seb. A Dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a Spend-thrift is he of his Tongue?

Alon. I prethee ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of he, or *Adrian,* for a good Wager, Firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cock.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The Wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A Match.

Adr. Though this Iſland ſeem to be deſert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant.

Ant. So: You're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.——

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate Temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate Wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The Air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a Fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to Life.

Ant. True, ſave Means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the Graſs looks? How green?

Ant. The Ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an Eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: He doth but miſtake the Truth totally.

Gon. But the Rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond Credit——

Seb. As many voucht Rarities are.

Gon. That our Garments, being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their Freſhneſs and Gloſſes, being rather new dy'd than ſtain'd with ſalt Water.

Ant. If but one of his Pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his Report.

Gon. Methinks our Garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Affrick*, at the Marriage of the King's fair Daughter *Claribel*, to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet Marriage, and we proſper well in our Return.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince Widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a Pox o' that: How came that Widow in? Widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid Widower *Æneas* too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adri. Carthage.

Gon. I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His Word is more than the miraculous Harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the Wall, and Houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Iſland home in his Pocket, and give it his Son for an Apple.

Ant. And ſowing the Kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our Garments ſeem now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the Marriage of your Daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, Widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, Widow *Dido*? Ay, Widow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not my Doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt Day I wore it? I mean in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your Daughter's Marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe Words into mine Ears againſt
The Stomach of my Senſe. Would I had never
Married my Daughter there! For coming thence
My Son is loſt, and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from *Italy* removed,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine Heir
Of *Naples* and of *Millan*, what ſtrange Fiſh
Hath made his Meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live,
I ſaw him beat the Surges under him,
And ride upon their Backs; he trod the Water,
Whoſe Enmity he flung aſide; and breaſted
The Surge moſt ſwollen that met him: His bold Head
'Bove the contentious Waves he kept, and oared
Himſelf with his good Arms in luſty Strokes
To th' Shore; that o'er his wave-worn Baſis bow'd

As

As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank your ſelf for this great Loſs,
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather loſe her to an *Affrican*;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your Eye,
Who hath Cauſe to wet the Grief on't.
Alon. Prethee Peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us: And the fair Soul her ſelf
Weigh'd between Loathneſs and Obedience, at
Which End o'th' Beam ſhould bow. We have loſt your Son
I fear for ever: *Millan* and *Naples* have
More Widows in them of this buſineſs making,
Than we bring Men to comfort them:
The Fault's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'ſt o'th' Loſs.
Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*,
The Truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome Gentleneſs
And Time to ſpeak it in: You rub the Sore
When you ſhould bring the Plaiſter.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And moſt Chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul Weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul Weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I the Plantation of this Iſle, my Lord.
Ant. He'd ſow't with Nettle-ſeed.
Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.
Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.
Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would, by contraries,
Execute all things: For no kind of Traffick
Would I admit; no Name of Magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; Riches, Poverty,
And uſe of Service, none; Contract, Succeſſion,
Born, Bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none;
No uſe of Metal, Corn, or Wine, or Oyl;
No Occupation, all Men idle, all,

And Women too; but innocent and pure:
No Soveraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce
Without Sweat or Endeavour. Treaſon, Felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine
Would I not have; but Nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all Foyzon, all Abundance
To feed my innocent People.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects?

Ant. None, Man; all idle; Whores and Knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch Perfection govern, Sir,
T' excell the Golden Age.

Seb. Save his Majeſty.

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo.*

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Prethee no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs, and did it to miniſter Occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: So you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a Blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of a brave Metal; you would lift the Moon out of her Sphere, if ſhe would continue in it five Weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel *playing ſolemn Muſick.*

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my Lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my Diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh mine Eyes would, with themſelves, ſhut up my Thoughts:
I find they are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir, Do

Do not omit the heavy Offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits Sorrow; when it doth, it is a Comforter.
Ant. We two, my Lord, will guard your Perſon,
While you take your Reſt, and watch your Safety.
Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.
[*All ſleep but* Seb. *and* Ant.
Seb. What a ſtrange Drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the Quality o'th' Climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our Eye-lids ſink? I find
Not my ſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my Spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by Conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebaſtian*—— O, what might—— no more.
And yet, methinks I ſee it in thy Face,
What thou ſhouldſt be: The Occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong Imagination ſees a Crown
Dropping upon thy Head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language, and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy Sleep: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange Repoſe, to be aſleep
With Eyes wide open: Standing, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy Fortune ſleep; die rather: Wink'ſt
Whilſt thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's Meaning in thy Snores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my Cuſtom. You
Muſt be ſo too, if you heed me; which to do,
Trebbles thee o'er.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding Water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: To ebb,
Hereditary Sloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the Purpoſe cheriſh,

Whilſt

Whilſt thus you mock it; how in ſtripping it
You more inveſt it: Ebbing Men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo, near the Bottom, run,
By their own Fear or Sloth.
Seb. Prethee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine Eye and Cheek proclaim
A Matter from thee; and a Birth, indeed,
Which throws thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weak Remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little Memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a Spirit of Perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King his Son's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no Hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no Hope,
What great Hope have you? No Hope that way, is
Another way ſo high an Hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a Wink beyond,
But doubt Diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me who's the next Heir of *Naples?*
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten Leagues beyond Man's Life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no Note, unleſs the Sun were Poſt,
The Man i' th' Moon's too ſlow, 'till new-born Chins
Be rough, and razorable; ſhe from whom
We all were Sea-ſwallow'd, tho' ſome caſt again,
And by that Deſtiny to perform an Act;
Whereof, what's paſt in Prologue, what to come
In yours, and my Diſcharge——
Seb. What Stuff is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true, my Brother's Daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe Heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome Space.

Ant.

Ant. A Space whoſe ev'ry Cubit
Seems to cry out, How ſhall that *Claribel*
Meaſure us back by *Naples?* keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were Death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleeps; Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily
As this *Gonzalo*; I my ſelf could make
A Chough of as deep Chat; O, that you bore
The Mind that I do; what a Sleep were this
For your Advancement? Do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your Content
Tender your own good Fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brother *Proſpero.*
Ant. True:
And look how well my Garments ſit upon me,
Much feater than before. My Brother's Servants
Were then my Fellows, now they are my Men.
Seb. But for your Conſcience.
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that? If 'twere a Kybe
'Twould put me to my Slipper: But I feel not
This Deity in my Boſom. Twenty Conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me and *Millan*, candied be they,
And melt e'er they moleſt. Here lyes your Brother,
No better than the Earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient Steel, three Inches of it,
Can lay to Bed for ever: Whilſt you doing thus,
To the perpetual Wink for ay might put
This ancient Morſel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our Courſe. For all the reſt
They'll take Suggeſtion, as a Cat laps Milk;
They'll tell the Clock, to any Buſineſs that
We ſay befits the Hour.
Seb. Thy Caſe, dear Friend,
Shall be my Preſident: As thou got'ſt *Millan*,
I'll come by *Naples.* Draw thy Sword, one Stroke
Shall free thee from the Tribute which thou payeſt,

And

And I the King ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my Hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*

Seb. O, but one Word.

Enter Ariel *with Muſick and Song.*

Ari. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the Danger
That you, his Friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his Project dies) to keep them living.

[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do Snoaring lye,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of Life you keep a Care,
Shake off Slumber, and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerve the King. [*They wake.*

Alon. Why how now ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly Looking?

Gon. What's the Matter?

Seb. Whilſt we ſtood here ſecuring your Repoſe,
Even now we heard a hollow Burſt of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lions; did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine Ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a Din to fright a Monſter's Ear;
To make an Earthquake: Sure it was the Roar
Of a whole Herd of Lions.

Alon. Heard you this, *Gonzalo?*

Gon. Upon mine Honour, Sir, I heard a Humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me!
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd, as mine Eyes open'd,
I ſaw their Weapons drawn: There was a Noiſe,
That's verily. 'Tis beſt we ſtand upon our Guard;
Or that we quit this Place; let's draw our Weapons.

Alon. Lead off this Ground, and let's make further Search
For my poor Son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe Beaſts:
For he is ſure i'th' Iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari.

Ari. *Proſpero*, my Lord, ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy Son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Caliban *with a Burden of Wood; a Noiſe of Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the Infections that the Sun ſucks up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By Inch-meal a Diſeaſe: His Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with Urchin ſhews, pitch me i' th' Mire,
Nor lead me, like a Fire-brand, in the Dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me;
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my Bare-foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my Foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven Tongues
Do hiſs me into Madneſs. Lo! now! lo! [*Enter* Trinculo.
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing Wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither Buſh nor Shrub to bear off any Weather at all, and another Storm brewing; I hear it ſing i' th' Wind: Yond ſame black Cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul Bumbard that would ſhed his Liquor. If it ſhould Thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my Head: Yond ſame Cloud cannot chuſe but fall by Pailfuls. What have we here, a Man or a Fiſh? dead or alive? A Fiſh; he ſmells like a Fiſh: A very ancient and fiſh-like Smell. A kind of, not of the neweſt *Poor John:* A ſtrange Fiſh; were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this Fiſh painted, not an Holy-day-fool there but would give a piece of Silver; there would this Monſter make a Man; any ſtrange Beaſt there makes a Man: When they will not give a Doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian.* Leg'd like a Man! and his Fins like Arms! warm o' my troth: I do now let looſe my Opinion, hold it no longer; this is no Fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffer'd by a Thunderbolt: Alas! the Storm is come

again. My beſt way is to creep under his Gaberdine: There is no other Shelter hereabout; Miſery acquaints a Man with ſtrange Bedfellows: I will here ſhrowd 'till the Dregs of the Storm be paſt.

Enter Stephano *ſinging.*

Ste. *I ſhall no more to Sea, to Sea, here ſhall I die a-ſhore.* This is a very ſcurvy Tune to ſing at a Man's Funeral: Well, here's my Comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. *The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boatſwain and I,*
The Gunner, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For ſhe had a Tongue with a Tang,
Would cry to a Sailor go hang:
She lov'd not the Savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea, Boys, and let her go hang.
That is a ſcurvy Tune too:
But here's my Comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not Torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the Matter?
Have we Devils here?
Do you put Tricks upon's with Salvages, and Men of *Inde*? ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four Legs; for it hath been ſaid, as proper a Man as ever went on four Legs cannot make him give Ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breathes at Noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, with four Legs; who has got, as I take it, an Ague: Where the Devil ſhould he learn our Language? I will give him ſome Relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on Neats-Leather.

Cal. Do not Torment me, prethee: I'll bring my Wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his Fit now; and does not talk after the Wiſeſt: He ſhall taſte of my Bottle. If he have never drunk Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for

for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little Hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy Trembling: Now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your Mouth; here is that which will give Language to you, Cat; open your Mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: You cannot tell who's your Friend; open your Chaps again.

Tri. I ſhould know that Voice:
It ſhould be,——
But he is drown'd; and theſe are Devils; O! defend me.

Ste. Four Legs, and two Voices; a moſt delicate Monſter: His forward Voice now is to ſpeak of his Friend; his backward Voice is to utter foul Speeches, and to detract. If all the Wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague: Come! *Amen,* I will pour ſome in thy other Mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other Mouth call me? Mercy! Mercy! This is a Devil, and no Monſter: I will leave him; I have no long Spoon.

Tri. Stephano: If thou beeſt *Stephano,* touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good Friend *Trinculo.*

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo,* come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer Legs: If any be *Trinculo*'s Legs, theſe are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: How cam'ſt thou to be the Siege of this Moon-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo*'s!

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a Thunder-ſtroke; but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now thou art not drown'd: Is the Storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead Moon-calf's Gaberdine, for fear of the Storm: And art thou living, *Stephano?* O *Stephano,* two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. Prethee do not turn me about, my Stomack is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not Sprights: That's a brave God, and bears Celeſtial Liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?

How

How cam'ſt thou hither?
Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a Butt of Sack, which the Sailors heav'd o'er-board, by this Bottle! which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own Hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that Bottle, to be thy true Subject; for the Liquor is not earthly:

Ste. Here: Swear then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom a-ſhore, Man, like a Duck; I can ſwim like a Duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the Book.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Duck, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano,* haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole Butt, Man; my Cellar is in a Rock by th' Sea-ſide, where my Wine is hid:
How now, Moon-calf, how does thine Ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from Heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' Moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the Man in th' Moon when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: My Miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come ſwear to that; kiſs the Book: I will furniſh it anon with the new Contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good Light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afraid of him? a very ſhallow Monſter:
The Man i' th' Moon?
A moſt poor credulous Monſter:
Well drawn, Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile Inch o' th' Iſle; and I will kiſs thy Foot: I prethee be my God.

Tri. By this Light, a moſt perfidious and drunken Monſter; when's God's aſleep he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy Foot. I'll ſwear my ſelf thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: Down, and ſwear.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelf to Death at this Puppy-headed Monſter: A moſt ſcurvy Monſter: I could find in my Heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Tri. But that the poor Monſter's in drink:
An abominable Monſter.

Cal.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt Springs; I'll pluck thee Berries; I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee Wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I ſerve;
I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous Man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous Monſter, to make a Wonder of a poor Drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow, and I with my long Nails will dig thee Pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Jay's Neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet; I'll bring thee to cluſtring Filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our Company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here; here, bear my Bottle; Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban *ſings drunkenly.*

Farewel, Maſter; farewel, farewel.

Tri. A howling Monſter; a drunken Monſter.

Cal. *No more Dams I'll make for Fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape Trenchering, nor waſh Diſh.
Ban', Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day Freedom, Freedom, hey-day Freedom.

Ste. O brave Monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a Log.*

Fer. THERE be ſome Sports are painful, and their Labour
Delight in them ſets off: Some kinds of Baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor Matters
Point to rich Ends; this my mean Task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtreſs which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my Labours Pleaſures: O ſhe is

Ten times more gentle, than her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of Harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe Logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore Injunction; my ſweet Miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch Baſeneſs
Had never like Executor; I forget;
But theſe ſweet Thoughts do even refreſh my Labours,
Moſt buſie leaſt, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, *and* Proſpero *at a Diſtance unſeen.*

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the Lightning had
Burnt up thoſe Logs that thou art enjoyn'd to pile:
Pray ſet it down, and reſt you; when this burns
'Twill weep for having weary'd you; my Father
Is hard at Study, pray now reſt your ſelf,
He's ſafe for theſe three Hours.

Fer. O moſt dear Miſtreſs,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your Logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the Pile.

Fer. No, precious Creature,
I had rather crack my Sinews, break my Back,
Than you ſhould ſuch Diſhonor undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it
With much more Eaſe; for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poor Worm, thou art infected,
This Viſitation ſhews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble Miſtreſs, 'tis freſh Morning with me,
When you are by at Night. I do beſeech you;
Chiefly that I might ſet it in my Prayers,
What is your Name?

Mira. Miranda. O my Father,
I have broke your Heſt to ſay ſo.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeed the Top of Admiration, worth

What's

What's deareſt to the World; full many a Lady
I have ey'd with beſt Regard, and many a time
Th' Harmony of their Tongues hath into Bondage
Brought my too diligent Ear; for ſeveral Virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral Women, never any
With ſo full Soul, but ſome Defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt Grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the Foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every Creatures beſt.

Mira. I do not know
One of my Sex; no Woman's Face remember,
Save, from my Glaſs, mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call Men, than you good Friend,
And my dear Father; how Features are abroad
I am skilleſs of; but my Modeſty,
The Jewel in my Dower, I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the World but you;
Nor can Imagination form a Shape,
Beſides your ſelf, to like of; but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Father's Precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my Condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*, I do think a King;
I would not ſo, and would no more endure
This wooden Slavery, than to ſuffer
The Fleſh-flie blow my Mouth. Hear my Soul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My Heart fly to your Service, there reſides
To make me Slave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Log-man.

Mira. Do you love me!

Fer. O Heav'n, O Earth, bear Witneſs to this Sound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind Event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to Miſchief; I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th' World,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a Fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair Encounter

Of two moſt rare Affections! Heav'ns rain Grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine Unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give, and much leſs take
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeeks to hide it ſelf,
The bigger Bulk it ſhews. Hence baſhful Cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy Innocence.
I am your Wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll dye your Maid: To be your Fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your Servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My Husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a Heart ſo willing
As Bondage e'er of Freedom; here's my Hand.

Mira. And mine, with my Heart in't; and now farewel
'Till half an Hour hence.

Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my Book,
For yet e'er Supper-time muſt I perform
Much Buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Caliban, Stephano *and* Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the Butt is out we will drink Water, not a Drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, Servant Monſter; drink to me.

Trin. Servant Monſter! the Folly of this Iſland! they ſay there's but five upon this Iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drink, Servant Monſter, when I bid thee; thy Eyes are almoſt ſet in thy Head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave Monſter indeed if they were ſet in his Tail.

Ste. My Man-monſter hath drown'd his Tongue in Sack; for my Part the Sea cannot drown me. I ſwam, e'er I could recover

recover the Shore, five and thirty Leagues, off and on; by this Light thou ſhalt be my Lieutenant, Monſter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant, if you liſt, he's no Standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monſieur Monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lye like Dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy Life, if thou beeſt a good Moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy Honour? Let me lick thy Shooe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a Conſtable; why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh, thou, was there ever Man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sack as I to Day? wilt thou tell me a monſtrous Lie, being but half a Fiſh and half a Monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: Wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to Death, I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good Tongue in your Head; if you prove a Mutineer, the next Tree——the poor Monſter's my Subject, and he ſhall not ſuffer Indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd once again to hearken to the Suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariel *inviſible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am Subject to a Tyrant,
A Sorcerer, that by his Cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting Monkey thou;
I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee;
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's Tale,
By this Hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your Teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle,

From me he got it. If thy Greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the Party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a Nail into his Head.

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a pyde Ninny's this? Thou ſcurvy Patch!
I do beſeech thy Greatneſs give him Blows,
And take his Bottle from him; when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but Brine, for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick Freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further Danger:
Interrupt the Monſter one Word further, and by this Hand
I'll turn my Mercy out o' Doors, and make a Stock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing;
I'll go no further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he ly'd:

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? Take you that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the Lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the Lie; out o' your Wits and Hearing too?
A pox o' your Bottle, this can Sack and Drinking do:
A murrrain on your Monſter, and the Devil take your Fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale; prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further; come proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a Cuſtom with him
I' th' Afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his Books; or with a Log
Batter his Skull, or paunch him with a Stake,
Or cut his Wezand with thy Knife. Remember

Firſt to poſſeſs his Books; for without them
He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his Books;
He has brave Utenſils, for ſo he calls them,
Which when he has an Houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The Beauty of his Daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a Non-pareil: I never ſaw a Woman
But only *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a Laſs?

Cal. Ay, Lord; ſhe will become thy Bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave Brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this Man: His Daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces; and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-Roys.
Doſt thou like the Plot, *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy Hand; I am ſorry I beat thee:
But while thou liv'ſt keep a good Tongue in thy Head.

Cal. Within this half Hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine Honour.

Ari. This will I tell my Maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of Pleaſure:
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy Requeſt, Monſter, I will do Reaſon,
And Reaſon: Come on, *Trinculo*, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and cout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the Tune.

[Ariel *plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the Tune of our Catch, plaid by the Picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a Man, ſhew thy ſelf in thy Likeneſs:
If thou be'ſt a Devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgive me my Sin.

Ste. He that dies pays all Debts: I defie thee.
Mercy on us.
Cal. Art thou afraid?
Ste. No, Monſter, not I.
Cal. Be not afraid; the Iſle is full of Noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet Airs, that give Delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments
Will hum about mine Ears; and ſometimes Voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long Sleep,
Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming,
The Clouds methought would open, and ſhew Riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave Kingdom to me,
Where I ſhall have my Muſick for nothing.
Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.
Ste. That ſhall be by and by:
I remember the Story.
Trin. The Sound is going away;
Let's follow it, and after do our Work.
Ste. Lead, Monſter;
We'll follow. I would I could ſee this Taborer:
He lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come?
I'll follow *Stephano.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old Bones ake: Here's a Maze trod indeed
Through Forth-rights and Meanders: By your Patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.
Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my ſelf attach'd with Wearineſs
To th' dulling of my Spirits; ſit down and reſt:
Even here I will put off my Hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterer: He is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate Search on Land. Well, let him go.

Ant.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of Hope.
Do not, for one Repulſe, forego the Purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t' effect.
Seb. The next Advantage will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to Night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with Travel, they
Will not, nor cannot uſe ſuch Vigilance
As when they are freſh.

Solemn and ſtrange Muſick, and Proſpero *on the Top inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutations, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Seb. I ſay to Night: No more.
Alon. What Harmony is this? My good Friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous ſweet Muſick!
Alon. Give us kind Keepers, Heav'ns; what are theſe?
Seb. A living Drollery. Now I will believe
That there are Unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix Throne, one Phœnix
At this Hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want Credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though Fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlanders:
(For certes theſe are People of the Iſland)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous Shape, yet note
Their Manners are more gentle kind, than of
Our human Generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than Devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such Shapes, ſuch Geſture, and ſuch Sound, expreſſing,
Although they want the uſe of Tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb Diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.

Fra,

Fra. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their Viands behind; for we have Stomachs.
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith Sir, you need not fear. When we were Boys,
Who would believe that there were Mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like Bulls, whoſe Throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of Fleſh? or that there were ſuch Men
Whoſe Heads ſtood in their Breaſts? which now we find
Each Putter out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my Lord, the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel *like a Harpy, claps his Wings upon the Table, and with a queint Device the Banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three Men of Sin, whom Deſtiny,
That hath to Inſtruments this lower World,
And what is in't, the never-ſurfeited Sea
Hath caus'd to belch you up; and on this Iſland,
Where Man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt Men
Being moſt unfit to live: I have made you mad;
And even with ſuch like Valour Men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves: You Fools, I and my Fellows
Are Miniſters of Fate; the Elements
Of whom your Swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud Winds, or with bemockt-at Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing Waters, as diminiſh
One Dowle that's in my Plume: My Fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your Swords are now too maſſie for your Strength,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
For that's my Buſineſs to you, that you three
From *Millan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*;
Expos'd unto the Sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent Child: For which foul Deed
The Powers delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd

Incens'd the Seas and Shores, yea, all the Creatures,
Againſt your Peace: Thee of thy Son, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingring Perdition, worſe than any Death
Can be at once, ſhall Step by Step attend
You and your Ways, whoſe Wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe falls
Upon your Heads, is nothing but Heart's-ſorrow,
And a clear Life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in Thunder: Then, to ſoft Muſick, Enter the Shapes again, and dance with Mocks and Mowes, and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the Figure of this Harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a Grace it had devouring:
Of my Inſtruction haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou hadſt to ſay: So with good Life,
And Obſervation ſtrange, my meaner Miniſters
Their ſeveral Kinds have done; my high Charms work,
And theſe, mine Enemies, are all knit up
In their Diſtractions: They now are in my Power;
And in theſe Fits I leave them, while I viſit
Young *Ferdinand*, whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,
And his, and my lov'd Darling.

Gon. I'th' Name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you in this ſtrange Stare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought the Billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The Winds did ſing it to me, and the Thunder,
That deep and dreadful Organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Proſper:* It did baſe my Treſpaſs,
Therefore my Son i'th' Ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er Plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one Fiend at a time,
I'll fight their Legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy Second. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great Guilt,
Like Poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the Spirits. I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler Joints, follow them ſwiftly,

And

And hinder them from what this Extaſie
May now provoke them to.
Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pro. IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your Compenſation makes Amends; for I
Have given you here a Third of mine own Life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I render to thy Hand: All thy Vexations
Were but my Trials of thy Love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the Teſt. Here afore Heav'n
I ratifie this my rich Gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will out-ſtrip all Praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it
Againſt an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my Gift, and thine own Acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter.
If thou doſt break her Virgin-knot before
All ſanctimonious Ceremonies may,
With full and holy Rite, be miniſtred,
No ſweet Aſperſions ſhall the Heav'ns let fall
To make this Contract grow; but barren Hate,
Sour-ey'd Diſdain, and Diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The Union of your Bed with Weeds ſo lothly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s Lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet Days, fair Iſſue, and long Life,
With ſuch Love as 'tis now, the murkieſt Den,
The moſt opportune Place, the ſtrong'ſt Suggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine Honour into Luſt, to take away
The Edge of that Day's Celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus* Steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke;
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious Servant, *Ariel.*

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent Maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner Fellows, your laſt Service
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another Trick; go bring the Rabble,
O'er whom I give thee Power, here, to this Place;
Incite them to quick Motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the Eyes of this young Couple
Some Vanity of mine Art; it is my Promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a Twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, ſo;
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with Mop and Mow.
Do you love me, Maſter? No.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach
'Till thou do'ſt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give Dalliance
Too much the Rein; the ſtrongeſt Oaths are Straw
To th' Fire i' th' Blood: Be more Abſtemious,
Or elſe good-night your Vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold Virgin-Snow, upon my Heart,
Abates the Ardours of my Liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolary,
Rather than want a Spirit, appear, and pertly. [*Soft Muſick.*
No Tongue; all Eyes; be ſilent.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous Lady, the rich Leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Peaſe;
Thy turfy Mountains, where live nibling Sheep,
And flat *Medes* thetch'd with Stover, them to keep;
Thy Banks with pioned, and tulip'd Brims,
Which ſpungy *April*, at thy Heſt betrims,

To

To make cold Nymphs chaſte Crowns; and thy Broom-groves,
Whoſe Shadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loves,
Being Laſs-lorn; thy pole-clipt Vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge ſteril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thy ſelf do'ſt Air; the Queen o' th' Sky,
Whoſe watry Arch, and Meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe, and with her Sov'raign Grace,
Here on this Graſs-plot, in this very Place [Juno *deſcends.*
To come, and ſport; her Peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd Meſſenger, that ne'er
Do'ſt diſobey the Wife of *Jupiter:*
Who, with thy Saffron Wings, upon my Flowers
Diffuſeſt Honey Drops, refreſhing Showers,
And with each end of thy blue Bow do'ſt Crown
My bosky Acres, and my unſhrub'd Down,
Rich Scarf to my proud Earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs'd Green?

Iris. A Contract of true Love to celebrate,
And ſome Donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heav'nly Bow,
If *Venus* or her Son, as thou do'ſt know,
Do now attend the Queen? ſince they did plot
The Means, that dusky *Dis*, my Daughter, got:
Her, and her blind Boy's ſcandal'd Company,
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her Society
Be not afraid; I met her Deity
Cutting the Clouds towards *Paphos*, and her Son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton Charm upon this Man and Maid,
Whoſe Vows are, that no Bed-right ſhall be paid
'Till *Hymen*'s Torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed Son has broke his Arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right-out.

Cer. Higheſt Queeen of State,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her Gate.

Ju.

Ju. How does my bounteous Sister? Go with me
To bless this Twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their Issue. [*They sing.*

Ju. *Honour, Riches, Marriage Blessing,*
Long Continuance and encreasing,
Hourly Joys be still upon you,
Juno *sings her Blessings on you:*
Earth's Increase, and Foyzon plenty,
Barns and Garners never empty,
Vines, with clustring Bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly Burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very End of Harvest:
Scarcity and Want shall shun you,
Ceres *Blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majestick Vision, and
Harmonious charmingly; may I be bold
To think these Spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from all their Confines call'd, to enact
My present Fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd Father, and a Wife,
Makes this Place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, Silence:
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our Spell is marr'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on Imployment.*

Iris. You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of the winding Brooks,
With your sedg'd Crowns, and ever-harmless Looks,
Leave your crisp Channels, and on this Green-land
Answer your Summons, *Juno* does Command:
Come, temperate Nymphs, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen, of *August* weary,
Come hither from the Furrow, and be merry;
Make Holy-day; your Rye-straw Hats put on,
And these fresh Nymphs encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the End whereof Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which to a ſtrange, hollow and confuſed Noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul Conſpiracy
Of the Beaſt *Caliban*, and his Confederates,
Againſt my Life; the Minute of their Plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.
Fer. This is ſtrange; your Father's in ſome Paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
Mira. Never 'till this Day
Saw I him touch'd with Anger, ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my Son, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir,
Our Revels now are ended: Theſe our Actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air;
And like the baſeleſs Fabrick of their Viſion,
The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The ſolemn Temples, the great Globe it ſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And like this inſubſtantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Rack behind; we are ſuch Stuff
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my Weakneſs, my old Brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my Infirmity;
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe; a Turn or two I'll walk
To ſtill my beating Mind.
Fer. Mira. We wiſh you Peace. [*Exit.*
Pro. Come with a Thought; I thank thee, *Ariel:* Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy Thoughts I cleave to; what's thy Pleaſure?
Pro. Spirit, we muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*
Ari. Ay, my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leſt I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe Varlets?

Ari.

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of Valour, that they ſmote the Air
For breathing in their Faces; beat the Ground
For kiſſing of their Feet; yet always bending
Towards their Project: Then I beat my Tabor,
At which, like unbackt Colts, they prickt their Ears,
Advanc'd their Eye-lids, lifted up their Noſes,
As they ſmelt Muſick; ſo I charm'd their Ears,
That, Calf-like, they my Lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd Briars, ſharp Furzes, pricking Goſs and Thorns,
Which enter'd their frail Shins: At laſt I left them
I' th' filthy mantled Pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th' Chins, that the foul Lake
O'er-ſtunk their Feet.

Pro. This was well done, my Bird;
Thy Shape inviſible retain thou ſtill;
The Trumpry in my Houſe, go bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe Thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A Devil, a born Devil, on whoſe Nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my Pains,
Humanly taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with Age, his Body uglier grows,
So his Mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang them on this Line.

Enter Ariel *loaden with gliſtering Apparel, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind Mole may not hear a Foot fall; we now are near his Cell.

Ste. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs *Fairy*, Has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all Horſe-piſs, at which My Noſe is in great Indignation.

Ste. So is mine: Do you hear, Monſter? If I ſhould Take a Diſpleaſure againſt you; look you——

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy Favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the Prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this Miſchance; therefore ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſht as Midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our Bottles in the Pool.

Ste. There is not only Disgrace, and Dishonour in that, Monster, but an infinite Loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:
Yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my Bottle,
Tho' I be o'er Ears for my Labour.

Cal. Prethee, my King, be quiet: Seest thou here
This is the Mouth o' th' Cell; no Noise, and enter;
Do that good Mischief which may make this Island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy Foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy Hand;
I do begin to have bloody Thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!*
Look what a Wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone, thou Fool, it is but Trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, Monster; we know what belongs to a Frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that Gown, *Trinculo*, by this Hand I'll have that Gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The Dropsie drown this Fool; what do you mean
To doat thus on such Luggage? Let's alone,
And do the Murder first: If he awake,
From Toe to Crown he'll fill our Skins with Pinches;
Make us strange Stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, Monster. Mistress Line, is not this my Jerkin? Now is the Jerkin under the Line: Now Jerkin you are like to lose your Hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by Line and Level, and 't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that Jest, here's a Garment for't; Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this Country: Steal by Line and Level, is an excellent Pass of Pate; there's another Garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come put some Lime upon your Fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our Time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes,
With Foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your Fingers; help to bear this away, where my Hogſhead of Wine is, or I'll turn you out of my Kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A Noiſe of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in ſhape of Hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.*

Pro. Hey *Mountain*, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver.*

Pro. Fury, Fury; there *Tyrant*, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their Joints
With dry Convulſions, ſhorten up their Sinews
With aged Cramps, and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this Hour
Lye at my Mercy all mine Enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my Labours end, and thou
Shalt have the Air at Freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me Service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Proſpero *in his Magick Robes, and* Ariel.

Pro. NOW does my Project gather to a head:
My Charms crack not; my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his Carriage: How's the Day?

Ari. On the ſixth Hour, at which time, my Lord,
You ſaid our Work ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo
When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt; ſay, my Spirit,
How fares the King and's Followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame Faſhion as you gave in charge,
Juſt as you left them, all Priſoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-grove* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot budge 'till you releaſe. The King,

His Brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of Sorrow and Diſmay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*.
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter Drops
From Eaves of Reeds; your Charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your Affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.

Haſt thou, which art but Air, a Touch, a Feeling
Of their Afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelf,
One of their Kind, that reliſh all as ſharply
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high Wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler Reaſon, againſt my Fury,
Do I take part; the rarer Action is
In Virtue than in Vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole Driſt of my Purpoſe doth extend
Not a Frown further: Go releaſe them, *Ariel*;
My Charms I'll break, their Senſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, ſtanding Lakes and Groves,
And ye that on the Sands with printleſs Foot
Do Chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you Demy-puppets that
By Moon-ſhine do the green ſour Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites; and you whoſe Paſtime
Is to make Midnight Muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn Curfew, by whoſe Aid,
Weak Maſters tho' ye be, I have be-dimn'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War: To the dread ratling Thunder
Have I given Fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout Oak
With his own Bolt: The ſtrong'd bas'd Promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the Spurs pluckt up
The Pine and Cedar: Graves at my Command
Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth

By

By my ſo potent Art. But this rough Magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly Muſick, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their Senſes, that
This airy Charm is for, I'll break my Staff,
Bury it certain Fadoms in the Earth,
And deeper than did ever Plummet ſound
I'll drown my Book. [*Solemn Muſick.*

Here enters Ariel *before; then* Alonſo *with a frantick Geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the Circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks:*

A ſolemn Air, and the beſt Comforter
To an unſetled Fancy, cure thy Brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil within thy Skull; there ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt.
Holy *Gonzalo,* honourable Man,
Mine Eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly Drops: The Charm diſſolves apace,
And as the Morning ſteals upon the Night,
Melting the Darkneſs, ſo their riſing Senſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant Fumes that mantle
Their clearer Reaſon. O good *Gonzalo,*
My true Preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy Graces
Home both in Word and Deed. Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonſo,* uſe me, and my Daughter:
Thy Brother was a Furtherer in the Act;
Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian.* Fleſh and Blood,
You, Brother mine, that entertain'd Ambition,
Expell'd Remorſe and Nature, who with *Sebaſtian,*
Whoſe inward Pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong,
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their Underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching Tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable Shore,
That now lyes foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me; *Ariel,*
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell;

I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime *Millan:* Quickly, Spirit;
Thou ſhalt e'er long be free.

Ariel *ſings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a Cowſlip's Bell I lye:
There I crouch when Owls do cry.
On the Bat's Back I do fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*; I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have Freedom. So, ſo, ſo.
To the King's Ship, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the Mariners aſleep
Under the Hatches; the Maſter and the Boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this Place,
And preſently, I prethee.

Ari. I drink the Air before me, and return
Or e'er your Pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All Torment, Trouble, Wonder and Amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heav'nly Power guide us
Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Millan*, *Proſpero:*
For more Aſſurance that a living Prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy Body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty Welcome.

Alon. Where thou beeſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted Trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy Pulſe
Beats as of Fleſh and Blood, and ſince I ſaw thee
Th' Affliction of my Mind amends, with which
I fear a Madneſs held me; this muſt crave,
And if this be at all, a moſt ſtrange Story:
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my Wrongs: But how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble Friend,

Let

Let me embrace thine Age, whoſe Honour cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.
Pro. You do yet taſte
Some Subtilties o' th' Iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my Friends all;
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs Frown upon you,
And juſtifie you Traitors; at this time
I will tell no Tales.
Seb. The Devil ſpeaks in him.
Pro. No!
For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call Brother
Would even infect my Mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt Faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.
Alon. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*,
Give us Particulars of thy Preſervation,
How thou haſt met us here, who three Hours ſince
Were wrackt upon this Shore? where I have loſt,
(How ſharp the Point of this Remembrance is!)
My dear Son *Ferdinand*.
Pro. I am wo for't, Sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the Loſs, and Patience
Says, it is paſt her Cure.
Pro. I rather think
You have not ſought her Help, of whoſe ſoft Grace,
For the like Loſs, I have her ſoveraign Aid,
And reſt my ſelf content.
Alon. You the like Loſs?
Pro. As great to me, as late, and inſupportable
To make the dear Loſs, have I Means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my Daughter.
Alon. A Daughter?
Oh Heavens! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wiſh
My ſelf were mudded in that Oozy Bed
Where my Son lyes. When did you loſe your Daughter?

Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceive theſe Lords
At this Encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their Reaſon, and ſcarce think
Their Eyes do Offices of Truth, their Words
Are natural Breath; but howſoever you have
Been juſtled from your Senſes, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millan*; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this Shore, where you were wrackt, was landed
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a Chronicle of Day by Day,
Not a Relation for a Breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt Meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court; here have I few Attendants,
And Subjects none abroad; pray you look in;
My Dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt, bring forth a Wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at Cheſs.*

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No, my deareſt Love,
I would not for the World.

Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair Play.

Alon. If this prove
A Viſion of the Iſland, one dear Son
Shall I twice loſe.

Seb. A moſt high Miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without Cauſe.

Alon. Now all the Bleſſings
Of a glad Father compaſs thee about;
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.

Mira. O Wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here?
How beauteous Mankind is! O brave new World,
That has ſuch People in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon.

Alon. What is this Maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt Acquaintance cannot be three Hours;
Is ſhe the Goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is Mortal;
But by Immortal Providence ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not ask my Father
For his Advice; nor thought I had one: She
Is Daughter to this famous Duke of *Millan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard Renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond Life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers;
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt ask my Child Forgiveneſs?
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our Remembrances with
An Heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke e'er this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this Couple drop a bleſſed Crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the Way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I ſay *Amen*, *Gonzalo*.
Gon. Was *Millan* thruſt from *Millan*, that his Iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples?* O rejoyce
Beyond a common Joy, and ſet it down
With Gold on laſting Pillars: In one Voyage
Did *Claribel* her Husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero*, his Dukedom,
In a poor Iſle; and all of us, our ſelves,
When no Man was his own.
Alon. Give me your Hands:
Let Grief and Sorrow ſtill embrace his Heart,
That doth not wiſh you Joy.
Gon. Be it ſo, *Amen.*
Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.*
O look Sir, look, here is more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a Gallows were on Land

This Fellow could not drown: Now, Blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt Grace o'er-board, not an Oath on Shore.
Haſt thou no Mouth by Land?
What is the News?

Boatſ. The beſt News is, that we have ſafe found
Our King and Company; the next, our Ship,
Which but three Glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tite, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.

Ari. Sir, all this Service
Have I done ſince I went.

Pro. My trickſey Spirit.

Alon. Theſe are not natural Events; they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange to ſtranger: Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you: We were dead of ſleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under Hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral Noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling Chains,
And more diverſity of Sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway at Liberty;
Where we, in all our Trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant Ship; our Maſter
Capring to eye her; on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a Dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my Diligence; thou ſhalt be free.

Alon. This is as ſtrange a Maze as e'er Men trod,
And there is in this Buſineſs more than Nature
Was ever Conduct of; ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our Knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infect your Mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this Buſineſs; at pickt Leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle, I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd Accidents; 'till when, be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, Spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his Companions free:
Untie the Spell. How fares my gracious Sir?

There

There are yet missing of your Company
Some few odd Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their stollen Apparel.*

Ste. Every Man shift for all the rest, and let
No Man take care for himself; for all is
But Fortune: *Coragio*, Bully-Monster, *Coragio.*

Trin. If these be true Spies which I wear in my Head,
Here's a goodly Sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeed!
How fine my Master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio*!
Will Mony buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the Badges of these Men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen Knave,
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controul the Moon, make Flows and Ebbs,
And deal in her Command without her Power:
These three have robb'd me, and this Demy-Devil,
For he's a Bastard one, had plotted with them
To take my Life; two of these Fellows you
Must know and own, this thing of Darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to Death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunk now:
Where had he Wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe; where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will never out of my Bones;
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not; I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' Isle, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon.

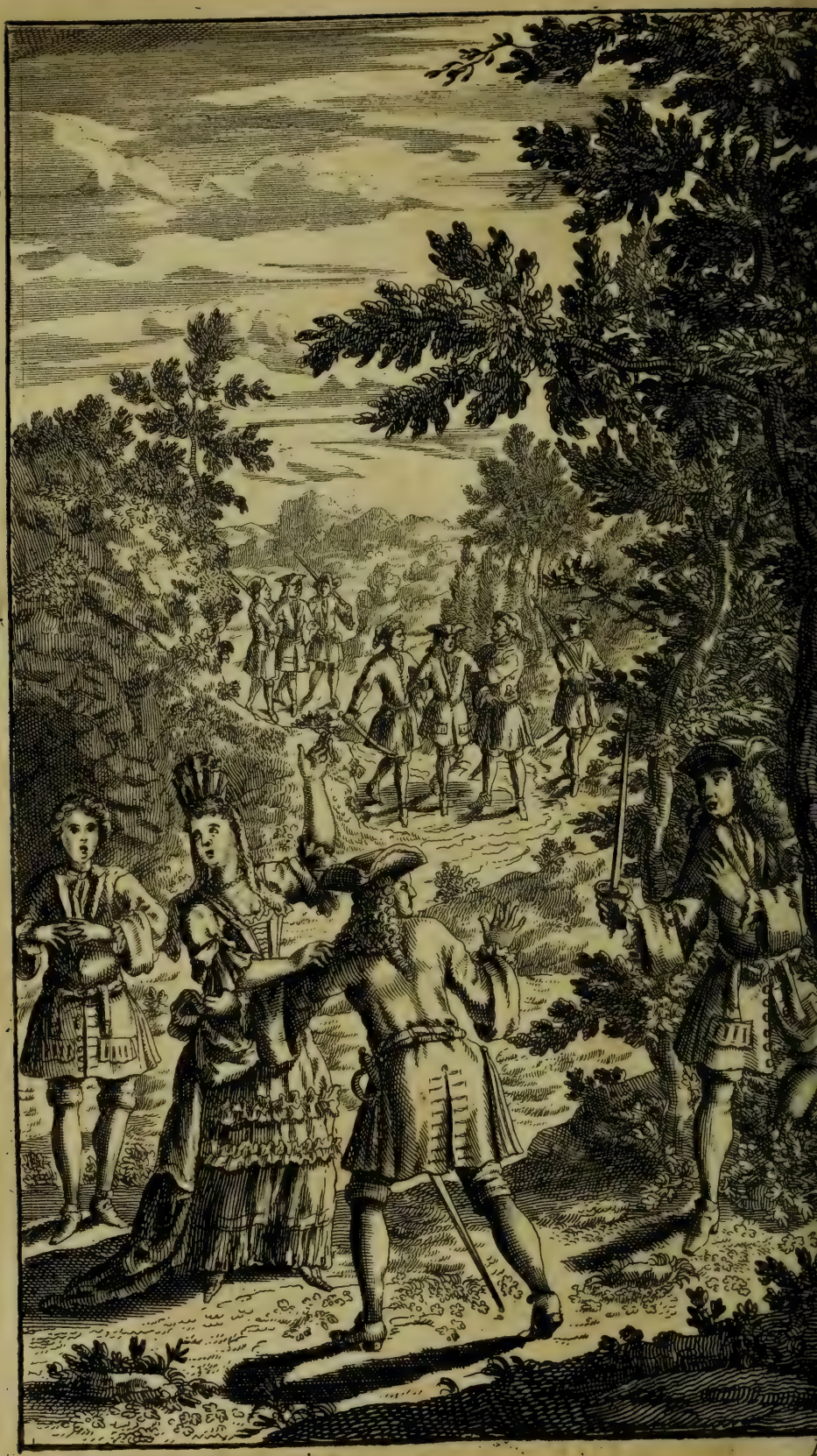
Alon. 'Tis a ſtrange thing as e'er I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners
As in his Shape: Go, Sirrah, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions; as you look
To have my Pardon, trim it handſomly.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for Grace. What a thrice double Aſs
Was I to take this Drunkard for a God?
And worſhip this dull Fool?
Pro. Go to, away.
Alon. Hence, and beſtow your Luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your Train
To my poor Cell; where you ſhall take your Reſt
For this one Night, which, Part of it, I'll waſte
With ſuch Diſcourſe, as I not doubt ſhall make it
Go quick away; the Story of my Life,
And the particular Accidents gone by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the Morn
I'll bring you to your Ship; and ſo to *Naples*.
Where I have hope to ſee the Nuptials
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Millan*, where
Every third Thought ſhall be my Grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the Story of your Life, which muſt
Take the Ear ſtrangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promiſe you calm Seas, auſpicious Gales,
And Sail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royal Fleet far off: My *Ariel*, Chick,
That is thy Charge; then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well. Pleaſe you draw near.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Proſpero.*

NOW, now my Charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what Strength I have's mine own,
Which is moſt faint: Now 'tis true
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. *Let me not,*
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the Deceiver, dwell
In this bare Iſland by your Spell;
But releaſe me from my Bands,
With the help of your good Hands.
Gentle Breath of yours, my Sails
Muſt fill, or elſe my Project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, Arts to enchant;
And my ending is Deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by Prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelf, and frees all Faults.
As you from Crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free.



THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA*. A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE, *Father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *Father to* Protheus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.
Eglamore, *Agent for* Silvia *in her Eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where* Julia *lodges.*
Out-laws *with* Valentine.
Speed, *a clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.
Launce, *the like to* Protheus.
Panthion, *Servant to* Anthonio.

Julia, *beloved of* Protheus.
Silvia, *beloved of* Valentine.
Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

THE

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine *and* Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping Youth have ever homely Wits;
Wer't not Affection chains thy tender Days,
To the ſweet Glances of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would intreat thy Company,
To ſee the Wonders of the World abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy Youth with ſhapeleſs Idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou haply ſeeſt
Some rare Note-worthy Object in thy Travel:
Wiſh me Partaker in thy Happineſs
When thou doſt meet good Hap; and in thy Danger,
If ever Danger do environ thee,

Commend thy Grievance to my holy Prayers;
For I will be thy Bead's-man, *Valentine.*
Val. And on a Love-book pray for my Succeſs?
Pro. Upon ſome Book I love I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on ſome ſhallow Story of deep Love,
How young *Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. That's a deep Story of a deeper Love;
For he was more than over Shoes in Love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over Boots in Love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. Over the Boots? Nay, give me not the Boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in Love where Scorn is bought with Groans,
Coy Looks, with heart-ſore Sighs; one fading Moment's Mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious Nights,
If haply won, perhaps an hapleſs Gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous Labour won;
However, but a Folly bought with Wit,
Or elſe a Wit by Folly vanquiſhed.
Pro. So, by your Circumſtance, you call me Fool.
Val. So, by your Circumſtance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis Love you cavil at; I am not Love.
Val. Love is your Maſter; for he maſters you.
And he that is ſo yoked by a Fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for Wiſe.
Pro. Yet Writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt Bud
The eating Canker dwells; ſo eating Love
Inhabits in the fineſt Wits of all.
Val. And Writers ſay, as the moſt forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker, e'er it blow;
Even ſo by Love the young and tender Wit
Is turn'd to Folly, blaſting in the Bud,
Loſing his Verdure even in the Prime,
And all the fair Effects of future Hopes.
But wherefore waſte I Time to counſel thee,
That art a Votary to fond Deſire?
Once more adieu: My Father at the Road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus,* no: Now let us take our Leave.

At *Millan* let me hear from thee by Letters
Of thy Succeſs in Love; and what News elſe
Betideth here in Abſence of thy Friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All Happineſs bechance to thee in *Millan.*

Val. As much to you at home; and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after Honours hunts, I after Love;
He leaves his Friends, to dignifie them more;
I love my ſelf, my Friends, and all for Love.
Thou *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my Studies, loſe my Time,
War with good Counſel, ſet the World at nought;
Made Wit, with Muſing, weak; Heart ſick, with Thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, ſave you; ſaw you my Maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for *Millan.*

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed a Sheep doth very often ſtray,
And if the Shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my Maſter is a Shepherd then, and I a Sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my Horns are his Horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly Anſwer, and fitting well a Sheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a Sheep.

Pro. True; and thy Maſter a Shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a Circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The Shepherd ſeeks the Sheep, and not the Sheep the Shepherd; but I ſeek my Maſter, and my Maſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no Sheep.

Pro. The Sheep for Fodder follow the Shepherd, the Shepherd for Food follows not the Sheep; thou for Wages followeſt thy Maſter, thy Maſter for Wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a Sheep.

Speed. Such another Proof will make me cry *Baâ.*

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my Letter to *Julia?*

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a loſt-Mutton, gave your Letter to her, a lac'd-Mutton; and ſhe, a lac'd-Mutton, gave me, a loſt-Mutton, nothing for my Labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Speed. If the Ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray; 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a Pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the Pound, a Pin-fold.

Speed. From a Pound to a Pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a Letter to your Lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Ay.

Pro. Nod-I; why, that's Noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir, I ſaid ſhe did nod:
And you ask me if ſhe did nod, and I ſaid, Ay.

Pro. And that ſet together, is Noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the Pains to ſet it together, take it for your Pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the Letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the Letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the Word Noddy for my Pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick Wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow Purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the Matter in brief; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your Purſe, that the Mony and the Matter may be both deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your Pains; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a Ducket for delivering your Letter,
And being ſo hard to me that brought your Mind,
I fear ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her Mind.
Give her no Token but Stones; for ſhe's as hard as Steel.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as take this for thy Pains:
To teſtifie your Bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me:

In

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your Letter your ſelf: And ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier Death on Shore.
I muſt go ſend ſome better Meſſenger:
I fear my *Julia* would not deign my Lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs Poſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Wouldſt thou then counſel me to fall in Love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair Reſort of Gentlemen,
That every Day with Parle encounter me,
In thy Opinion which is worthieſt Love?

Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their Names, I'll ſhew my Mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple Skill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour?*

Luc. As of a Knight well-ſpoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*

Luc. Well of his Wealth; but of himſelf ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*

Luc. Lord, Lord! to ſee what Folly reigns in us.

Jul. How now? what means this Paſſion at his Name?

Luc. Pardon, dear Madam; 'tis a paſſing Shame,
That I, unworthy Body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.

Jul. Your Reaſon?

Luc. I have no other but a Woman's Reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Jul. And wouldſt thou have me caſt my Love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your Love not caſt away.

Jul. Why he, of all the reſt, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the reſt, I think beſt loves ye.

Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his Love but ſmall.

Luc. Fire that's cloſeſt kept burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not ſhew their Love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt that let Men know their Love.
Jul. I would I knew his Mind.
Luc. Peruſe this Paper, Madam.
Jul. To *Julia*; ſay, from whom?
Luc. That the Contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s Page; and ſent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have given it you, but I being in the Way,
Did in your Name receive it; pardon the Fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my Modeſty, a goodly Broker;
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton Lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my Youth?
Now truſt me, 'tis an Office of great Worth,
And you an Officer fit for the Place.
There; take the Paper; ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe return no more into my Sight.
Luc. To plead for Love deſerves more Fee than Hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the Letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a Fault, for which I chid her.
What Fool is ſhe that knows I am a Maid,
And would not force the Letter to my View?
Since Maids, in Modeſty, ſay No to that
Which they would have the Profferer conſtrue, Ay.
Fie, fie; how way-ward is this fooliſh Love,
That, like a teſty Babe, will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the Rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my Brow to frown,
When inward Joy enforc'd my Heart to ſmile?
My Penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask Remiſſion for my Folly paſt.
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladyſhip?
Jul. Is't near Dinner-time?

Luc.

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your Stomach on your Meat,
And not upon your Maid.
Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a Paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that Paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe Interpreter.
Jul. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rime.
Luc. That I might ſing it, Madam, to a Tune;
Give a Note; your Ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch Toys as may be poſſible;
Beſt ſing it to the Tune of *Light O Love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a Tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike it hath ſome Burthen then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your Song:
How now Minion?
Luc. Keep Tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this Tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, Madam, 'tis too ſharp.
Jul. You, Minion, are too ſawcy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the Concord with too harſh a Deſcant:
There wanteth but a Mean to fill your Song.
Jul. The Mean is drown'd with your unruly Baſe.
Luc. Indeed I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*
Jul. This Babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a Coil with Proteſtation!
Go, get you gone; and let the Papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another Letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful Hands, to tear ſuch loving Words;
Injurious Waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet Honey,
And kill the Bees that yield it with your Stings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral Paper for amends:
Look, here is writ, kind *Julia*; unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy Ingratitude,
I throw thy Name againſt the bruiſing Stones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy Diſdain.
And here is writ, *Love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded Name; my Boſom, as a Bed,
Shall lodge thee 'till thy Wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſoveraign Kiſs.
But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm, good Wind, blow not a Word away,
'Till I have found each Letter in the Letter,
Except mine own Name: That ſome Whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging Rock,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Lo, here in one Line is his Name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus:
To the ſweet Julia: That I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining Names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, Dinner is ready, and your Father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe Papers lye, like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee you have a Month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, Madam, you may ſay what Sights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, wilt pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, *Panthion*, what ſad Talk was that
Wherewith my Brother held you in the Cloyſter?
Pant. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your Lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his Youth at home,
While other Men of ſlender Reputation
Put forth their Sons to ſeek Preferment out:
Some to the Wars, to try their Fortune there;
Some to diſcover Iſlands far away;
Some to the ſtudious Univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe Exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus*, your Son, was meet;
And did requeſt me to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great Impeachment to his Age,
In having known no Travel in his Youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this Month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of Time;
And how he cannot be a perfect Man,
Not being try'd, nor tutor'd in the World:
Experience is by Induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift Courſe of time;
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pant. I think your Lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his Companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his Royal Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordſhip ſent him thither;
There ſhall he practiſe Tilts and Turnaments;
Hear ſweet Diſcourſe, converſe with Noblemen,
And be in Eye of every Exerciſe
Worthy his Youth, and Nobleneſs of Birth.
Ant. I like thy Counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The Execution of it ſhall make known;

Even

Even with the ſpeedieſt Expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's Court.

Pant. To Morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other Gentlemen of good Eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor,
And to commend their Service to his Will.

Ant. Good Company: With them ſhall *Protheus* go.
And in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet Love, ſweet Lines, ſweet Life;
Here is her Hand, the Agent of her Heart;
Here is her Oath for Love, her Honour's Pawn.
O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves,
To ſeal our Happineſs with their Conſents.
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a Word or two
Of Commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a Friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter; let me ſee what News.

Pro. There is no News, my Lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, Partner of his Fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his Wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhip's Will,
And not depending on his friendly Wiſh.

Ant. My Will is ſomething ſorted with his Wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an End.
I am reſolv'd that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's Court:
What Maintenance he from his Friends receives,
Like Exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To Morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you deliberate a Day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'ſt ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of Stay; to Morrow thou muſt go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you ſhall be imploy'd

To

To haſten on his Expedition. [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Pant.

Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the Fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my Father *Julia*'s Letter,
Leſt he ſhould take Exceptions to my Love;
And with the vantage of mine own Excuſe,
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my Love.
Oh, how this Spring of Love reſembleth
The uncertain Glory of an *April* Day,
Which now ſhews all the Beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a Cloud takes all away.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your Father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: My Heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

Speed. SIR, your Glove.

Val. Not mine; my Gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha? let me ſee: Ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament that decks a Thing divine.
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia!*

Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*

Val. How now Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your Worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to Sir, tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*

Speed. She that your Worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in Love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial Marks: Firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your Arms like a Male-content, to reliſh a Love-Song like a *Robin-red-breaſt*, to walk

walk alone like one that had the Peſtilence, to ſigh like a School-boy that had loſt his *A, B, C,* to weep like a young Wench that had loſt her Grandam, to faſt like one that takes Diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to ſpeak puling like a Beggar at *Hollowmaſs:* You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a Cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the Lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after Dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of Mony: And now you are metamorphos'd with a Miſtreſs, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my Maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: But you are ſo without theſe Follies, that theſe Follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the Water in an Urinal; that not an Eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my Lady *Silvia?*

Speed. She that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at Supper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? Even ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, Boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough,

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her Beauty is exquiſite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all Count.

Val. How painted? and how out of Count?

Speed. Marry Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no Man counts of her Beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her Beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed.

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe Love is blind. O that you had mine Eyes, or your own Eyes had the Lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd.

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent Folly, and her paſſing Deformity: For he, being in Love, could not ſee to garter his Hoſe; and you, being in Love, cannot ſee to put on your Hoſe.

Val. Belike, Boy, then you are in Love; for laſt Morning you could not ſee to wipe my Shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in Love with my Bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my Love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In Concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your Affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt Night ſhe enjoin'd me
To write ſome Lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, Boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent Motion! Oh exceeding Puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Miſtreſs, a thouſand Good-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye Good-ev'n; here's a million of Manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and Servant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her Intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you have injoin'd me, I have writ your Letter
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs Friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my Duty to your Ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle Servant, 'tis very Clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, Madam, it came hardly off:

For

For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much Pains?
Val. No, Madam, ſo it ſteed you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet——
Sil. A pretty Period; well, I gueſs the Sequel;
And yet I will not name it, and yet I care not,
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*
Val. What means your Ladyſhip?
Do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes; the Lines are very quaintly writ;
But, ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, Ay? you writ them, Sir, at my Requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your Ladyſhip another.
Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.
Val. If it pleaſe me, Madam, what then?
Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your Labour;
And ſo Good-morrow, Servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. Oh Jeſt unſeen, inſcrutible, inviſible,
As a Noſe on a Man's Face, or a Weathercock on a Steeple;
My Maſter ſues to her, and ſhe hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupil, to become her Tutor:
Oh excellent Device! was there ever heard a better?
That my Maſter being Scribe,
To himſelf ſhould write the Letter?
Val. How now, Sir?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelf?
Speed. Nay, I was riming; 'tis you that have the Reaſon.
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia.*
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your ſelf; why, ſhe woos you by a Figure.
Val. What Figure?

Speed.

Speed. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay.
Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to your ſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the Jeſt?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir:
But did you perceive her Earneſt?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry Word.
Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her Friend.
Speed. And that Letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there's an end.
Val. I would it were no worſe.
Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and ſhe in Modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle Time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome Meſſenger that might her Mind diſcover,
Her ſelf hath taught her Love himſelf to write unto her Lover.
All this I ſpeak in Print; for in Print I found it.
Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis Dinner-time.
Val. I have din'd,
Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; though the *Cameleon* Love can feed on the Air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my Victuals; and would fain have Meat: Oh be not like your Miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have Patience, gentle *Julia.*
Jul. I muſt, where is no Remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this Remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake. [*Giving a Ring.*
Pro. Why then we'll make Exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. And ſeal this Bargain with a holy Kiſs.
Pro. Here is my Hand for my true Conſtancy:
And when that Hour o'er-ſlips me in the Day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake,

The

The next enſuing Hour ſome foul Miſchance
Torment me, for my Love's Forgetfulneſs.
My Father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:
The Tide is now; nay, not thy Tide of Tears;
That Tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould: [*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewel. What! gone without a Word?
Ay, ſo true Love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For Truth hath better Deeds than Words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come;
Alas! this Parting ſtrikes poor Lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Launce.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this Hour e'er I have done weeping; all the Kind of the *Launces* have this very Fault: I have receiv'd my Proportion, like the prodigious Son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's Court. I think *Crab*, my Dog, be the ſowreſt natur'd Dog that lives: My Mother weeping, my Father wailing, my Siſter crying, our Maid howling, our Cat wringing her Hands, and all our Houſe in great Perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted Cur ſhed one Tear: He is a Stone, a very Pibble-ſtone, and has no more Pity in him than a Dog: A *Jew* would have wept to have ſeen our Parting; why, my Grandam, having no Eyes, look you, wept her ſelf blind at my Parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This Shoe is my Father; no, this left Shoe is my Father; no, no, this left Shoe is my Mother; nay, that cannot be ſo neither; yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer Sole; this Shoe with the Hole in it is my Mother, and this my Father; a Vengeance on't, there 'tis: Now, Sir, this Staff is my Siſter; for look you, ſhe is as white as a Lilly, and as ſmall as a Wand; this Hat is *Nan*, our Maid; I am the Dog; no, the Dog is himſelf, and I am the Dog: Oh, the Dog is me, and I am my ſelf; ay, ſo, ſo: Now come I to my Father; Father, your Bleſſing: Now ſhould not the Shoe ſpeak a Word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my Father; well, he weeps on: Now come I to my Mother; oh that ſhe could ſpeak now like a Would-woman; well, I kiſs her; why

why there 'tis; here's my Mother's Breath up and down: Now come I to my Sister; mark what Moan she makes: Now the Dog all this while sheds not a Tear, nor speaks a Word; but see how I lay the Dust with my Tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy Master is shipp'd and thou art to post after with Oars: What's the Matter? why weep'st thou, Man? away Ass, you will lose the Tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the Tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide that ever any Man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest Tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my Dog.

Pant. But, Man, I mean, thou'lt lose the Flood; and in losing the Flood, lose thy Voyage; and in losing thy Voyage, lose thy Master; and in losing thy Master, lose thy Service; and in losing thy Service,——Why dost thou stop my Mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy Tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my Tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pant. In thy Tail.

Laun. Lose the Tide, and the Voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the Tide; why, Man, if the River were dry, I am able to fill it with my Tears; if the Wind were down, I could drive the Boat with my Sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, Man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay Boy, it's for Love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.
Sil. Servant, you are ſad.
Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeem ſo.
Thu. Seem you that you are not?
Val. Haply I do.
Thu. So do Counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What ſeem I that I am not?
Val. Wiſe.
Thu. What Inſtance of the contrary?
Val. Your Folly.
Thu. And how quote you my Folly?
Val. I quote it in your Jerkin.
Thu. My Jerkin is a Doublet.
Val. Well then, I'll double your Folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio?* do you change Colour?
Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of *Camelion.*
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your Blood, than live in your Air.
Val. You have ſaid, Sir.
Thu. Ay Sir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end e'er you begin.
Sil. A fine Volly of Words, Gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the Giver.
Sil. Who is that, Servant?
Val. Your ſelf, ſweet Lady, for you gave the Fire:
Sir *Thurio* borrows his Wit from your Ladyſhip's Looks,
And ſpends what he borrows kindly in your Company.
Thu. Sir, if you ſpend Word for Word with me, I ſhall make your Wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, Sir, you have an Exchequer of Words,
And, I think, no other Treaſure to give your Followers:
For it appears, by their bare Liveries,
That they live by your bare Words.
Sil. No more, Gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my Father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, Daughter *Silvia,* you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine,* your Father is in good Health:

What

What ſay you to a Letter from your Friends
Of much good News?
Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any Meſſenger from thence.
Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your Countryman?
Val. Ay, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of Worth, and worthy Eſtimation,
And not without Deſert ſo well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a Son?
Val. Ay, my good Lord, a Son that well deſerves
The Honour and Regard of ſuch a Father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him as my ſelf, for from our Infancy
We have converſt, and ſpent our Hours together:
And tho' my ſelf have been an idle Truant,
Omitting the ſweet Benefit of Time,
To clothe mine Age with Angel-like Perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his Name,
Made Uſe and fair Advantage of his Days:
His Years but young, but his Experience old;
His Head unmellow'd, but his Judgment ripe;
And in a Word, for far behind his Worth
Come all the Praiſes that I now beſtow,
He is compleat in Feature and in Mind,
With all good Grace to grace a Gentleman.
Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an Empreſs' Love,
As meet to be an Emperor's Counſellor:
Well, Sir, this Gentleman is come to me,
With Commendation from great Potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his Time a while.
I think 'tis no welcome News to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his Worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I will ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* Duke.
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladyſhip
Had come along with me, but that his Miſtreſs
Did hold his Eyes lockt in her Chriſtal Looks.
Sil. Belike that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them

Upon ſome other Pawn for Fealty.

Val. Nay ſure, I think ſhe holds them Priſoners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and being blind,
How could he ſee his Way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty Pair of Eyes.

Thu. They ſay that Love hath not an Eye at all.

Val. To ſee ſuch Lovers, *Thurio*, as your ſelf:
Upon a homely Object Love can wink.

Enter Prothcus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the Gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus:* Miſtreſs, I beſeech you
Confirm this Welcome with ſome ſpecial Favour.

Sil. His Worth is Warrant for his Welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

Val. Miſtreſs, it is: Sweet Lady, entertain him
To be my Fellow-ſervant to your Ladyſhip.

Sil. Too low a Miſtreſs for ſo high a Servant.

Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady; but too mean a Servant
To have a Look of ſuch a worthy Miſtreſs.

Val. Leave off Diſcourſe of Diſability:
Sweet Lady entertain him for your Servant.

Pro. My Duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

Sil. And Duty never yet did want his Meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs Miſtreſs.

Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo but your ſelf.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Thu. Madam, my Lord, your Father, would ſpeak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his Pleaſure: Come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more, new Servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home Affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladyſhip.

[*Ex.* Sil. *and* Thu.

Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your Friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in Health.

Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your Love?

Pro. My Tales of Love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a Love-diſcourſe.

Val.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that Life is alter'd now;
I have done Penance for contemning Love,
Whoſe high imperious Thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter Faſts, with penitential Groans,
With nightly Tears and daily heart-ſore Sighs:
For in revenge of my Contempt of Love,
Love hath chac'd Sleep from my enthralled Eyes,
And made them Watchers of mine own Heart's Sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mighty Lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſs
There is no Wo to his Correction;
Nor to his Service, no ſuch Joy on Earth.
Now no Diſcourſe, except it be of Love;
Now can I break my Faſt, dine, ſup and ſleep
Upon the very naked Name of Love.

Pro. Enough: I read your Fortune in your Eye.
Was this the Idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heav'nly Saint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for Love delights in Praiſe.

Pro. When I was ſick you gave me bitter Pills,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the Truth by her: If not divine,
Yet let her be a Principality,
Soveraign to all the Creatures on the Earth.

Pro. Except my Miſtreſs.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my Love.

Pro. Have I not Reaſon to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignify'd with this high Honour,
To bear my Lady's Train, leſt the baſe Earth
Should from her Veſture chance to ſteal a Kiſs;
And of ſo great a Favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the Summer-ſwelling Flower,
And make rough Winter everlaſtingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what Bragadiſm is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can is nothing,
To her, whoſe Worth makes other Worthies nothing:
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the World: Why, Man, ſhe is mine own,
And I as rich in having ſuch a Jewel,
As twenty Seas, if all their Sand were Pearl,
The Water Nectar, and the Rock pure Gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my Love.
My fooliſh Rival, that her Father likes,
Only for his Poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For Love, thou know'ſt, is full of Jealouſie.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed; nay more, our Marriage Hour,
With all the cunning manner of our Flight,
Determin'd of; how I muſt climb her Window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the Means
Plotted and 'greed on for my Happineſs.
Good *Protheus* go with me to my Chamber,
In theſe Affairs to aid me with thy Counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall inquire you forth.
I muſt unto the Road, to diſembark
Some Neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe,
And then I'll preſently attend you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will. [*Exit* Val.

Even as one Heat another Heat expels,
Or as one Nail by Strength drives out another;
So the Remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer Object quite forgotten:
Is it mine then, or *Valentino*'s Praiſe?
Her true Perfection, or my falſe Tranſgreſſion,
That makes me reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She is fair; and ſo is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love; for now my Love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen Image 'gainſt a Fire,
Bears no Impreſſion of the thing it was:
Methinks my Zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O! but I love his Lady too too much;
And that's the Reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more Advice,

That

That thus without Advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her Picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled ſo my Reaſon's Light:
But when I look on her Perfections,
There is no Reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring Love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my Skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. *Launce,* by mine Honeſty welcome to *Padua.*

Laun. Forſwear not thy ſelf, ſweet Youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a Man is never undone 'till he is hang'd, nor never welcome a to Place, 'till ſome certain Shot be paid, and the Hoſteſs ſay Welcome.

Speed. Come on, you Mad-cap; I'll to the Ale-houſe with you preſently, where, for one Shot of five Pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand Welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Julia?*

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in Jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a Fiſh.

Speed. Why then, how ſtands the Matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an Aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a Block art thou, that thou canſt not? My Staff underſtands me.

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: Look thee, I'll but lean, and my Staff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-under, and underſtand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a Match?

Laun. Ask my Dog: If he ſay ay, it will; if he ſay no, it will; if he ſhake his Tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The Concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a Secret from me, but by a Parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: But, *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my Maſter is become a notable Lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreſon Aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why Fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy Maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in Love: If thou wilt go with me to the Alehouſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the Name of a *Chriſtian.*

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much Charity in thee as to go the Ale-houſe with a *Chriſtian:* Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy Service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; ſhall I be forſworn?
To love fair *Silvia*; ſhall I be forſwon?
To wrong my Friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that Pow'r which gave me firſt my Oath,
Provokes me to this threefold Perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and Love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet ſuggeſting Love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted Subject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Star,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial Sun:
Unheedful Vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants Wit that wants reſolved Will,
To learn his Wit t' exchange the bad for better:
Fie, fie, unreverend Tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe Sov'raignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd,

With

With twenty thouſand Soul-confirming Oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe my ſelf:
If I loſe them, thus find I but their Loſs,
For *Valentine*, my ſelf, for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
I to my ſelf am dearer than a Friend;
For Love is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelf:
And *Silvia*, witneſs Heav'n that made her Fair,
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my Love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an Enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter Friend:
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelf,
Without ſome Treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This Night he meaneth, with a corded Ladder,
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s Chamber-Window,
My ſelf in Council his Competitor:
Now preſently I'll give her Father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended Flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*;
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his Daughter.
But *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly Trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull Proceeding.
Love lend me Wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me Wit to plot his Drift. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counſel, *Lucetta*; gentle Girl, aſſiſt me,
And even in kind Love I do conjure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my Thoughts
Are viſibly Character'd and Engrav'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good Mean,
How with my Honour I may undertake
A Journey to my loving *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas, the Way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true devoted Pilgrim is not weary

To

To meaſure Kingdoms with his feeble Steps,
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath Love's Wings to fly;
And when the Flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine Perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear 'till *Protheus* make Return.

Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his Looks are my Soul's Food?
Pity the Dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that Food ſo long a time:
Didſt thou but know the inly Touch of Love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle Fire with Snow,
As ſeek to quench the Fire of Love with Words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your Love's hot Fire,
But qualifie the Fire's extream Rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the Bounds of Reaſon.

Jul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The Current that with gentle Murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair Courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet Muſick with th' ennamel'd Stones,
Giving a gentle Kiſs to every Sedge
He overtaketh in his Pilgrimage:
And ſo by many winding Nooks he ſtrays,
With willing Sport, to the wild Ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my Courſe;
I'll be as patient as a gentle Stream,
And make a Paſtime of each weary Step,
'Till the laſt Step have brought me to my Love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much Turmoil,
A bleſſed Soul doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what Habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a Woman; for I would prevent
The looſe Encounters of laſcivious Men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch Weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladyſhip muſt cut your Hair.

Jul. No, Girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken Strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love Knots:
To be fantaſtick, may become a Youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhow to be.

Luc. What Faſhion, Madam, ſhall I make your Breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me, good my Lord,

What

What compaſs will you wear your Farthingale?
Why, even what Faſhion thou beſt likes, *Lucetta.*
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a Cod-piece, Madam.
Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*, that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round Hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a Pin,
Unleſs you have a Cod-piece to ſtick Pins on.
Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, Wench, how will the World repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a Journey?
I fear me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on Infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your Journey when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my Fear:
A thouſand Oaths, an Ocean of his Tears,
And Inſtances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus.*
Luc. All theſe are Servants to deceitful Men.
Jul. Baſe Men that uſe them to ſo baſe Effect:
But truer Stars did govern *Protheus* Birth;
His Words are Bonds, his Oaths are Oracles,
His Love ſincere, his Thoughts immaculate,
His Tears pure Meſſengers ſent from his Heart,
His Heart as far from Fraud as Heav'n from Earth.
Luc. Pray Heav'n he prove ſo when you come to him.
Jul. Now as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that Wrong,
To bear a hard Opinion of his Truth;
Only deſerve my Love by loving him.
And preſently go with me to my Chamber,
To take a Note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing Journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy Diſpoſe,
My Goods, my Lands, my Reputation,
Only in lieu thereof diſpatch me hence.
Come, anſwer not; but to it preſently:
I am impatient of my Tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Thurio *and* Protheus.

Duke. SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome Secrets to confer about. [*Ex.* Thu.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your Will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would diſcover
The Law of Friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to Mind your gracious Favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My Duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which elſe no worldly Good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine*, my Friend,
This Night intends to ſteal away your Daughter:
My ſelf am one made privy to the Plot.
I know you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle Daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtoll'n away from you,
It would be much Vexation to your Age.
Thus, for my Duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my Friend in his intended Drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your Head
A pack of Sorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprepared, to your timeleſs Grave.
Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt Care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This Love of theirs my ſelf have often ſeen,
Haply when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her Company, and my Court:
But fearing leſt my jealous Aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the Man,
A Raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd;
I gave him gentle Looks, thereby to find
That which thy ſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou may'ſt perceive my Fear of this;
Knowing that tender Youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nighly lodge her in an upper Tower,

The

The Key whereof my ſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her Chamber-Window will aſcend,
And with a corded Ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my Diſcovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my Friend,
Hath made me Publiſher of this Pretence.
Duke. Upon mine Honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any Light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir *Valentine* is coming. [*Ex.* Pro.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?
Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my Letters to my Friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much Import?
Val. The Tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My Health, and happy being at your Court.
Duke. Nay, then no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome Affairs
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my Friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my Daughter.
Val. I know it well, my Lord, and ſure the Match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the Gentleman
Is full of Virtue, Bounty, Worth and Qualities,
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife as your fair Daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, truſt me, ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking Duty,
Neither regarding that ſhe is my Child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her Father:
And may I ſay to thee, this Pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my Love from her;
And where I thought the Remnant of mine Age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her Child-like Duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a Wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her Beauty be her Wedding-Dowre;
For me and my Possessions she esteems not.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a Lady in *Verona* here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged Eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor,
For long agone I have forgot to Court;
Besides, the Fashion of the Time is chang'd,
How, and which way I may bestow my self,
To be regarded in her Sun-bright Eye.
Val. Win her with Gifts, if she respects not Words;
Dumb Jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick Words, do move a Woman's Mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a Present that I sent her.
Val. A Woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For Scorn at first makes After-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more Love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the Fools are mad if left alone.
Take no Repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, Get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their Graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have Angels Faces.
That Man that hath a Tongue, I say, is no Man,
If with his Tongue he cannot win a Woman.
Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her Friends
Unto a youthful Gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from Resort of Men,
That no Man hath Access by Day to her.
Val. Why then I would resort to her by Night.
Duke. Ay, but the Doors be lockt, and Keys kept safe,
That no Man hath Recourse to her by Night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her Window?
Duke. Her Chamber is aloft far from the Ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his Life.

Val.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring Hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s Tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duke. Now as thou art a Gentleman of Blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a Ladder.
Val. When would you uſe it? pray Sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very Night; for Love is like a Child
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven a Clock I'll get you ſuch a Ladder.
Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the Ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my Lord, that you may bear it
Under a Cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A Cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good Lord.
Duke. Then let me ſee thy Cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why any Cloak will ſerve the turn, my Lord.
Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a Cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy Cloak upon me.
What Letter is this ſame? what's here? to *Silvia?*
And here an Engine fit for my Proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the Seal for once. [Duke *Reads.*

My Thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And Slaves they are to me that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their Maſter come, and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge where, ſenſeleſs, they are lying:
My Herald Thoughts in thy pure Boſom reſt them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the Grace that with ſuch Grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelf do want my Servants Fortune:
I curſe my ſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia, this Night will I infranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo; and here's the Ladder for the Purpoſe.
Why *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merop*'s Son,
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heav'nly Car?
And with thy daring Folly burn the World?
Wilt thou reach Stars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?

Go, baſe Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Beſtow thy fawning Smiles on equal Mates,
And think my Patience, more than thy Deſert,
Is Privilege for thy Departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the Favours
Which, all too much, I have beſtowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer than ſwifteſt Expedition
Will give thee time to leave our Royal Court,
By Heav'n, my Wrath ſhall far exceed the Love
I ever bore my Daughter, or thy ſelf:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain Excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy Life, make ſpeed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not Death, rather than living Torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from my ſelf,
And *Silvia* is my ſelf; baniſh'd from her
Is ſelf from ſelf: A deadly Baniſhment!
What Light is Light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What Joy is Joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the Shadow of Perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the Night,
There is no Muſick in the Nightingale:
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the Day,
There is no Day for me to look upon:
She is my Eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair Influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not Death to fly his deadly Doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on Death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from Life.

Enter Protheus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, Boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.

Laun. Soa-hough, Soa-hough——

Pro. What ſeeſt thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:
There's not an Hair on's Head but 'tis a *Valentine.*

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro.

Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you.
Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: Friend *Valentine*, a Word.
Val. My Ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good News,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumb Silence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for ſacred *Silvia*:
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me:
What is your News?
Laun. Sir, there is a Proclamation that you are vaniſhed.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh that's the News,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy Friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this Wo already;
And now Exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſh'd?
Pro. Ay, Ay; and ſhe hath offered to the Doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual Force,
A Sea of melting Pearl, which ſome call Tears:
Thoſe at her Father's churliſh Feet ſhe tender'd,
With them upon her Knees, her humble ſelf,
Wringing her Hands, whoſe Whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for Wo.
But neither bended Knees, pure Hands held up,
Sad Sighs, deep Groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding Tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her Interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy Repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe Priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter Threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unleſs the next Word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome malignant Power upon my Life:
If ſo, I pray thee breathe it in mine Ear,
As ending Anthem of my endleſs Dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy Help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the Nurſe and Breeder of all Good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy Love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy Life.
Hope is a Lover's Staff, walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing Thoughts.
Thy Letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white Boſom of thy Love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the City-gate,
And, e'er I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy Love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, tho' not for thy ſelf,
Regard thy Danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my Boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the North-Gate.

Pro. Go Sirrah, find him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!* [*Exeunt.*

Laun. I am but a Fool, look you, and yet I have the Wit to think my Maſter is a kind of a Knave: But that's all one, if he be but one Knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a Teem of Horſe ſhall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a Woman; but what Woman I will not tell my ſelf; and yet 'tis a Milk-maid; yet 'tis not a Maid, for ſhe hath had Goſſips; yet 'tis a Maid, for ſhe is her Maſter's Maid, and ſerves for Wages: She hath more Qualities than a Water-Spaniel, which is much in a bare Chriſtian. Here is the Cate-log [*Pulling out a Paper*] of her Conditions; *Imprimis*, She can fetch and carry; why a Horſe can do no more, nay a Horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is ſhe better than a Jade. *Item*, ſhe can milk; look you, a ſweet Virtue in a Maid with clean Hands.

Enter

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce?* What News with your Maſterſhip?

Laun. With my Maſterſhip? Why, it is at Sea.

Speed. Well, your old Vice ſtill; miſtake the Word: What News then in your Paper?

Laun. The blackeſt News that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why Man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as Ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, Jolthead, thou canſt not read.

Speed. Thou lieſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the Son of my Grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate Loiterer, it was the Son of thy Grand-mother; this proves that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come Fool, come, try me in thy Paper.

Laun. There, and S. *Nicholas* be thy Speed.

Speed. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, ſhe brews good Ale.

Laun. And therefore comes the Proverb, *Bleſſing of your Heart, you brew good Ale.*

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *Can ſhe ſo?*

Speed. Item, ſhe can knit.

Laun. What need a Man care for a Stock with a Wench, When ſhe can knit him a Stock?

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial Virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the World on Wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs Virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard Virtues,* that indeed know not their Fathers, and therefore have no Names.

Speed. Here follow her Vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the Heels of her Virtues.

Speed. Item, ſhe is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her Breath.

Laun. Well, that Fault may be mended with a Breakfaſt: Read on.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet Mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour Breath.

Speed. Item, ſhe doth talk in her Sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her Talk.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in Words.

Laun. Oh Villain! that ſet down among her Vices! To be ſlow in Words is a Woman's only Virtue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief Virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: It was *Eve*'s Legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath no Teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love Cruſts.

Speed. Item, ſhe is curſt.

Laun. Well, the beſt is ſhe hath no Teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her Liquor.

Laun. If her Liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not I will, for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

Laun. Of her Tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of; of her Purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut; now of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more Hairs than Wit, and more Faults than Hairs, and more Wealth than Faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that Article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more Hair than Wit.

Laun. More Hair than Wit; it may be I'll prove it: The Cover of the Salt hides the Salt, and therefore it is more than the Salt; the Hair that covers the Wit is more than the Wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more Faults than Hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous: Oh that that were out.

Speed. And more Wealth than Faults.

Laun. Why that Word makes the Faults gracious: Well, I'll have her; and if it be a Match, as nothing is impoſſible——

Speed.

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtays for thee at the North-Gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? He hath ſtaid for a better Man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? Pox on your Love-Letters.

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter: An unmannerly Slave, that will thruſt himſelf into Secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the Boy's Correction. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you, Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her Sight.

Thu. Since his Exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt, Forſworn my Company, and rail'd at me, That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak Impreſs of Love, is as a Figure Trenched in Ice, which with an Hour's Heat Diſſolves to Water, and doth loſe his Form. A little time will melt her frozen Thoughts, And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*; is your Countryman, According to our Proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Duke. My Daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my Lord, will kill that Grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo. *Protheus*, the good Conceit I hold of thee, For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good Deſert, Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace, Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt how willingly I would effect

The Match between Sir *Thurio* and my Daughter.
Pro. I do, my Lord.
Duke. And alſo I do think thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my Will.
Pro. She did, my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſeveres ſo.
What might we do to make the Girl forget
The Love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?
Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With Falſhood, Cowardiſe, and poor Deſcent:
Three things that Women highly hold in Hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think that it is ſpoken in Hate.
Pro. Ay, if his Enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt with Circumſtance be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteems as his Friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my Lord, I ſhall be loath to do;
'Tis an ill Office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very Friend.
Duke. Where your good Word cannot advantage him,
Your Slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the Office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your Friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my Lord: If I can do it,
By ought that I can ſpeak in his Diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue Love to him.
But ſay this wean her Love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio*.
Thu. Therefore as you unwind her Love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in Worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine*.
Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s Report,
You are already Love's firm Votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your Mind.
Upon this Warrant ſhall you have Acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your Friend's ſake, will be glad of you;

Where

Where you may temper her, by your Perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my Friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her Deſires
By wailful Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable Vows.
Duke. Ay, much is the Force of Heav'n-bred Poeſie.
Pro. Say, that upon the Altar of her Beauty
You ſacrifice your Tears, your Sighs, your Heart:
Write 'till your Ink be dry, and with your Tears
Moiſt it again, and frame ſome feeling Line
That may diſcover ſuch Integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute was ſtrung with Poets Sinews,
Whoſe golden Touch could ſoften Steel and Stones,
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forſake unſounded Deeps, and dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by Night your Lady's Chamber-Window
With ſome ſweet Conſort: To their Inſtruments
Tune a deploring Dump; the Night's dead Silence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining Grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This Diſcipline ſhews thou haſt been in Love.
Thu. And thy Advice this Night I'll put in practice;
Therefore ſweet *Protheus*, my Direction-giver,
Let us into the City preſently
To ſort ſome Gentlemen well skill'd in Muſick;
I have a Sonnet that will ſerve the turn
To give the Onſet to thy good Advice.
Duke. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace 'till after Supper,
And afterwards determine our Proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Foreſt.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* FEllows, ſtand faſt: I ſee a Paſſenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the Villains
That all the Travellers do fear ſo much.
Val. My Friends.
1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your Enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay by my Beard will we; for he is a proper Man.
Val. Then know that I have little to loſe:
A Man I am, croſs'd with Adverſity;
My Riches are theſe poor Habiliments;
Of which, if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the Sum and Subſtance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To *Verona.*
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millan.*
3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?
Val. Some ſixteen Months, and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked Fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what Offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a Man, whoſe Death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in Fight,
Without falſe Vantage, or baſe Treachery.
1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo.
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a Fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a Doom.
2 *Out.* Have you the Tongues?
Val. My youthful Travel therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3. *Out.*

3 *Out.* By the bare Scalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat Friar,
This Fellow were a King for our wild Faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a Word.
Speed. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honourable Kind of Thievery.
Val. Peace, Villain.
2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my Fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the Fury of ungovern'd Youth
Thruſt from the Company of awful Men:
My ſelf was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a Lady,
An Heir, and Neice, ally'd unto the Duke.
2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my Mood, I ſtabb'd unto the Heart.
1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty Crimes as theſe.
But to the Purpoſe; for we cite our Faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs Lives;
And partly ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly Shape, and, by your own Report,
A Linguiſt, and a Man of ſuch Perfection
As we do in our Quality much want.
2 *Out.* Indeed becauſe you are a baniſh'd Man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a Virtue of Neceſſity,
And live as we do in the Wilderneſs?
3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our Conſort?
Say, Ay, and be the Captain of us all:
We'll do thee Homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander and our King.
1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our Courteſie, thou dy'ſt.
2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your Offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no Outrages
On ſilly Women, or poor Paſſengers.
3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe Practiſes.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our Crews,
And ſhew thee all the Treaſure we have got;
Which, with our ſelves, all reſt at thy Diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the Colour of commending him,
I have Acceſs my own Love to prefer;
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs Gifts.
When I proteſt true Loyalty to her,
She twits me with my Falſhood to my Friend:
When to her Beauty I commend my Vows,
She bids me think how I have been forſworn
In breaking Faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd.
And notwithſtanding all her ſudden Quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a Lover's Hope,
Yet, Spaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my Love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio*: Now muſt we to her Window,
And give ſome Evening Muſick to her Ear.

Enter Thurio *and* Muſicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that Love
Will creep in Service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia?*

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: Now Gentlemen
Let's turn, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, *and* Julia *in Boys Cloaths.*

Hoſt. Now my young Gueſt; methinks you're allycholly:
I pray what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine *Hoſt*, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear Muſick, and ſee the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be Muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark.

Jul.

Jul. Is he among theſe?
Hoſt. Ay; but Peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe?*
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wiſe is ſhe,
The Heav'n ſuch Grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kind as ſhe is fair?
For Beauty lives with Kindneſs.
Love doth to her Eyes repair,
To help him of his Blindneſs:
And being help'd inhabits there.
Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*
That Silvia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull Earth dwelling:
To her let us Garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? How do you, Man? the Muſick likes you not.
Jul. You miſtake; the Muſician likes me not.
Hoſt. Why, my pretty Youth?
Jul. He plays falſe, Father.
Hoſt. How, out of tune on the Strings?
Jul. Not ſo; but yet
So falſe, that he grieves my very Heart-ſtrings.
Hoſt. You have a quick Ear. (Heart.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a ſlow
Hoſt. I perceive you delight not in Muſick.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.
Hoſt. Hark what fine Change is in the Muſick.
Jul. Ay; that Change is the Spight.
Hoſt. You would have them play always but one thing.
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, Hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often reſort unto this Gentlewoman?
Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce*, his Man, told me,
He lov'd her out of all Nick.
Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his Dog, which to Morrow, by his Maſter's Command, he muſt carry for a Preſent to his Lady.

Jul. Peace, ſtand aſide, the Company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning Drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregory*'s Well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exit* Thu. *and* Muſic.

Enter Silvia *above.*

Pro. Madam, good Even to your Ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your Muſick, Gentlemen:
Who is that that ſpake?

Pro. One, Lady, if you knew his pure Heart's Truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his Voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus?*

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle Lady, and your Servant.

Sil. What's your Will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your Wiſh; my Will is ever this,
That preſently you hie you home to Bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal Man,
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy Flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many by thy Vows?
Return, return, and make thy Love amends.
For me, by this pale Queen of Night I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy Requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful Suit;
And, by and by, intend to chide my ſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet Love, that I did love a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not bury'd.

Sil. Say that ſhe be; yet *Valentine*, thy Friend,
Survives; to whom, thy ſelf art Witneſs,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy Importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his Grave,
Aſſure thy ſelf, my Love is buried.

Pro.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the Earth.
Sil. Go to thy Lady's Grave, and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in hers ſepulchre thine.
Jul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your Heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my Love,
The Picture that is hanging in your Chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For ſince the Subſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a Shadow;
And to your Shadow will I make true Love.
Jul. If 'twere a Subſtance you would ſure deceive it,
And make it but a Shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idol, Sir;
But ſince your Falſhood ſhall become you well,
To worſhip Shadows, and adore falſe Shapes,
Send to me in the Morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo good Reſt.
Pro. As Wretches have o'er Night,
That wait for Execution in the Morn. [*Exeunt* Pro. *and* Sil.
Jul. Hoſt, will you go?
Hoſt. By my Hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you where lyes Sir *Protheus?*
Hoſt. Marry, at my Houſe:
Truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt Day.
Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt Night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the Hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her Mind:
There's ſome great Matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

Enter Silvia *above.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your Servant and your Friend;
One that attends your Ladyſhip's Command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times Good-morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy Lady, to your ſelf:
According to your Ladyſhip's Impoſe,

I am thus early come, to know what Service
It is your Pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a Gentleman;
Think not I flatter, for I ſwear I do not;
Valiant, wiſe, remorſeful, well-accompliſh'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good Will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my Father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very Soul abhor'd.
Thy ſelf haſt lov'd, and I have heard thee ſay,
No Grief did come ſo near thy Heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true Love dy'd;
Upon whoſe Grave thou vow'dſt pure Chaſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear he makes Abode:
And, for the Ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy Company;
Upon whoſe Faith and Honour I repoſe.
Urge not my Father's Anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my Grief, a Lady's Grief,
And on the Juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy Match,
Which Heav'n and Fortune ſtill rewards with Plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a Heart
As full of Sorrows as the Sea of Sands,
To bear me Company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your Grievances;
Which, ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give Conſent to go along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all Good befortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This Evening coming.
Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?
Sil. At Friar *Patrick*'s Cell;
Where I intend holy Confeſſion.
Egl. I will not fail your Ladyſhip:
Good Morrow, gentle Lady.
Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Launce.

Laun. WHEN a Man's Servant ſhall play the Cur with him, look you, it goes hard! One that I brought up of a Puppy, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or Four of his blind Brothers and Siſters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a Dog. I was ſent to deliver him as a Preſent to Miſtreſs *Silvia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the Dining-Chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteals her Capon's-Leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a Cur cannot keep himſelf in all Companies. I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a Dog indeed, to be, as it were, a Dog at all things. If I had not had more Wit than he, to take a Fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't, ſure as I live he had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge: He thruſts me himſelf into the Company of three or four Gentleman-like Dogs, under the Duke's Table; he had not been there, bleſs the Mark, a piſſing while, but all the Chamber ſmelt him: Out with the Dog, ſays one; what Cur is that? ſays another; whip him out, ſays the third; hang him up, ſays the Duke: I having been acquainted with the Smell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the Fellow that whips the Dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the Dog? Ay marry do I, quoth he. You do him the more Wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of; he makes no more ado, but whips me out of the Chamber. How many Maſters would do this for his Servant? Nay, I'll be ſworn I have ſate in the Stocks for Puddings he has ſtoll'n, otherwiſe he had been executed; I have ſtood on the Pillory for Geeſe he has kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't: Thou think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I remember the Trick you ſerv'd me when I took my Leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? When didſt thou ſee me heave up my Leg, and make Water againſt a Gentlewoman's Farthingale? Didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a Trick?

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy Name? I like thee well,

And

And will imploy thee in ſome Service preſently.
Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now, you Whore-Son Peſant,
Where have you been theſe two Days loitering?
Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd Miſtreſs *Silvia* the Dog you bad me.
Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little Jewel?
Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your Dog was a Cur, and tells you, curriſh Thanks is good enough for ſuch a Preſent.
Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my Dog?
Laun. No indeed ſhe did not:
Here have I brought him back again.
Pro. What, did'ſt thou offer her this from me?
Laun. Ay Sir; the other Squirrel was ſtoll'n from me
By the Hangman's Boy in the Market-Place;
And then I offer'd her mine own, who is a Dog
As big as ten of yours, and therefore the Gift the greater.
Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my Dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my Sight:
Away, I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A Slave, that ſtill an end turns me to Shame. [*Exit* Laun.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of ſuch a Youth,
That can with ſome Diſcretion do my Buſineſs;
For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh Lowt:
But chiefly for thy Face and thy Behavior,
Which, if my Augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, Fortune and Truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It ſeems you lov'd not her, to leave her Token:
She is dead belike.
Pro. Not ſo: I think ſhe lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?
Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?
Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well

As you do love your Lady *Silvia*:
She dreams on him that has forgot her Love;
You doat on her that cares not for your Love.
'Tis pity Love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry alas.
Pro. Well, give her that Ring, and therewithal
This Letter; that's her Chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claim the Promiſe for her heav'nly Picture.
Your Meſſage done, hye home unto my Chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. [*Exit* Pro.
Jul. How many Women would do ſuch a Meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Fox to be the Shepherd of thy Lambs:
Alas, poor Fool, why do I pity him
That with his very Heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This Ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good Will;
And now I am, unhappy Meſſenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his Faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my Maſter's true confirmed Love,
But cannot be true Servant to my Maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe Traitor to my ſelf:
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, Heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.
Enter Silvia.
Gentlewoman, good Day; I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Jul. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your Patience
To hear me ſpeak the Meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a Picture?
Jul. Ay, Madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my Picture there.
Go, give your Maſter this; tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing Thoughts forgot,

Would better fit his Chamber than this Shadow.
Jul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a Paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your Maſter's Lines,
I know they are ſtuft with Proteſtations,
And full of new-found Oaths, which he will break
As eaſie as I do tear his Paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your Ladyſhip this Ring.
Sil. The more Shame for him that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his Departure:
Tho' his falſe Finger hath prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much Wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know my ſelf.
To think upon her Woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her.
Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of Sorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is;
When ſhe did think my Maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my Judgment, was as fair as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her Looking-Glaſs,
And threw her Sun-expelling Mask away,
The Air hath ſtarv'd the Roſes in her Cheeks,
And pinch'd the Lilly-Tincture of her Face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Jul. About my Stature: For at *Penticoſt*,
When all our Pageants of Delight were plaid,
Our Youth got me to play the Woman's Part,

And

And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s Gown,
Which ſerved me as fit, by all Mens Judgments,
As if the Garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable Part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* paſſioning
For *Theſeus* Perjury, and unjuſt Flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my Tears,
That my poor Miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in Thought felt not her very Sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle Youth.
Alas, poor Lady! deſolate and left;
I weep my ſelf to think upon thy Words.
Here Youth, there is a Purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet Miſtreſs ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her:
Farewel. [*Exit* Silvia.

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous Gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my Maſter's Suit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtreſs Love ſo much.
Alas! how Love can trifle with it ſelf!
Here is her Picture; let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a Tire, this Face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with my ſelf too much.
Her Hair is Auburn, mine is perfect Yellow.
If that be all the Difference in his Love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd Perriwig.
Her Eyes are grey as Graſs, and ſo are mine;
Ay, but her Forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in my ſelf,
If this fond Love were not a blinded God?
Come, Shadow, come, and take this Shadow up;
For 'tis thy Rival. O thou ſenſeleſs Form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there Senſe in this Idolatry,
My Subſtance ſhould be Statue in thy ſtead.

I'll uſe thee kindly for thy Miſtreſs ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing Eyes,
To make my Maſter out of Love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. THE Sun begins to gild the Weſtern Sky,
And now it is about the very Hour
That *Silvia*, at Friar *Patrick*'s Cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for Lovers break not Hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their Expedition.
See where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy Evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen: Go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the Poſtern by the Abby-wall;
I fear I am attended by ſome Spies.
Egl. Fear not; the Foreſt is not three Leagues off;
If we recover that, we are ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Thurio, Protheus *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my Suit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes Exceptions at your Perſon.
Thu. What, that my Leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a Boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But Love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loath.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my Face?
Pro. She ſays it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the Wanton lies; my Face is black.
Pro. But Pearls are fair; and the old Saying is,
Black Men are Pearls in beauteous Ladies Eyes.
Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch Pearls as put out Ladies Eyes;

For

For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*
Thu. How likes ſhe my Diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when they talk of War,
But well when I diſcourſe of Love and Peace.
Jul. But better indeed when you hold your Peace.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my Valour?
Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it Cowardiſe.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my Birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a Gentleman to a Fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an Aſs ſhould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus?* how now, *Thurio?*
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Not I.
Duke. Saw you my Daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto the Peſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her Company:
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he, in Penance, wander'd through the Foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſt that it was ſhe;
But being mask'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides, ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patrick*'s Cell this Even, and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her Flight from hence.
Therefore I pray you ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the Riſing of the Mountain Foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet Gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit* Duke.
Thu. Why this it is to be a peeviſh Girl.
That flies her Fortune where it follows her:

I'll after, more to be reveng'd on *Eglamour*,
Than for the Love of wreckleſs *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s Love,
Than Hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that Love,
Than Hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Silvia *and* Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Come, come, be patient;
We muſt bring you to our Captain.
Sil. A thouſand more Miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him.
Go thou with her to the Weſt end of the Wood,
There is our Captain: We'll follow him that's fled.
The Thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captain's Cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable Mind,
And will not uſe a Woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How Uſe doth breed a Habit in a Man!
This ſhadowy Deſart, unfrequented Woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled Towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes
Tune my Diſtreſſes, and record my Woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my Breaſt,
Leave not the Manſion ſo long Tenantleſs,
Leſt, growing ruinous, the Building fall,
And leave no Memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy Preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle Nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn Swain.
What Hollowing, and what Stir is this to Day?
Theſe are my Mates, that make their Wills their Law,

Have

Have some unhappy Passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil Outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine:* Who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this Service have I done for you,
Tho' you respect not ought your Servant doth,
To hazard Life, and rescue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your Honour and your Love.
Vouchsafe me for my Meed but one fair Look,
A smaller Boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I am sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a Dream is this? I see and hear:
Love, lend me Patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, e'er I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy Approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your Presence. [*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry Lion,
I would have been a Breakfast to the Beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh Heav'n be Judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose Life's as tender to me as my Soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*;
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous Action, stood it next to Death,
Would I not undergo for one calm Look?
Oh, 'tis the Curse in Love, and still approv'd,
When Women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia*'s Heart, thy first best Love,
For whose dear Sake thou didst then rend thy Faith
Into a thousand Oaths; and all those Oaths
Descended into Perjury to deceive me.
Thou hast no Faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: Better have none
Than plural Faith, which is too much by one;
Thou Counterfeit to thy true Friend.

Pro. In Love,
Who respects Friend?

Sil. All Men but *Protheus.*

Pro. Nay, if the gentle Spirit of moving Words
Can no way change you to a milder Form;
I'll move you like a Soldier, at Arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the Nature of Love; force ye.

Sil. Oh Heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my Deſire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil Touch,
Thou Friend of an ill Faſhion.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common Friend, that's without Faith or Love;
For ſuch is a Friend now: Tho', treacherous Man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my Hopes; nought but mine Eye
Could have perſuaded me. Now I dare not ſay
I have one Friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me:
Who ſhould be truſted now, when ones right Hand
Is perjur'd to the Boſom? *Protheus,*
I am ſorry I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the World a Stranger for thy ſake.
The private Wound is deepeſt. Oh time, moſt accurſt;
'Mongſt all Foes, that a Friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My Shame and Guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty Sorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſom for Offence,
I tender there; I do as truly ſuffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then am I paid;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by Repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of Heav'n nor Earth, for theſe are pleas'd;
By Penitence th' Eternal's Wrath's appeas'd.
And that my Love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy!

Pro. Look to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?
Why Wag, how now? what's the Matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my Maſter charg'd me to deliver a Ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that Ring, Boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: This is it.

Pro. How? Let me ſee: Why;

Why, this is the Ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the Ring you ſent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this Ring? At my Depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her ſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* her ſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia?*

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy Oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her Heart:
How oft haſt thou with Perjury cleft the Root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this Habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt Rayment. If Shame live
In a Diſguiſe of Love,
It is the leſſer Blot Modeſty finds,
Women to change their Shapes, than Men their Minds.

Pro. Than Men their Minds? 'Tis true, oh Heav'n, were
Man but conſtant, he were perfect; that one Error
Fills him with Faults, makes him run through all th'Sins:
Inconſtancy falls off e'er it begins.
What is in *Silvia*'s Face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s with a conſtant Eye?

Val. Come, come; a Hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy Cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch Friends ſhould be long Foes.

Pro. Bear Witneſs, Heav'n, I have my Wiſh for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Duke, Thurio *and* Out-laws.

Out. A Prize, a Prize, a Prize.

Val. Forbear, forbear, I ſay: It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is Welcome to a Man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine?*

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia:* And *Silvia*'s mine.

Val. Thurio, give back; or elſe embrace thy Death:
Come not within the meaſure of my Wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,
Verona ſhall not hold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but Poſſeſſion of her with a Touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my Love.

Thu. Sir

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a Fool that will endanger
His Body for a Girl that loves him not:
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight Conditions.
Now, by the Honour of my Anceſtry,
I do applaud thy Spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an Empreſs Love:
Know then, I here forget all former Griefs,
Cancel all Grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new State in thy arrival'd Merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace; the Gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your Daughter's ſake,
To grant one Boon that I ſhall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd Men that I have kept withal,
Are Men endu'd with worthy Qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great Imployment, worthy Lord.
Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Diſpoſe of them as thou know'ſt their Deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all Jars
With Triumphs, Mirth, and all Solemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our Diſcourſe to make your Grace to ſmile.
What think you of this Page, my Lord?
Duke. I think the Boy hath Grace in him, he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you, my Lord, more Grace than Boy.
Duke. What mean you by that Saying?
Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your Penance but to hear
The Story of your Loves diſcovered:
That done, our Day of Marriage ſhall be yours,
One Feaſt, one Houſe, one mutual Happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

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THE
Merry Wives
OF
WINDSOR.
A
COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR John Falſtaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, in Love with Mrs.* Anne Page.

Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*

Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Cointry Squire.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*

Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*

Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *Sharpers attending on* Falſtaff.
Nym, }

Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.

Simple, *Servant to* Slender.

Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in Love with* Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE *Windſor.*

THE

THE

Merry Wives of *Windſor*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* Matter of it: If he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſq;

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter*, Juſtice of Peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, Couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Maſter Parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred Years.

Slen. All his Succeſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his Anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white Lowſes do become an old Coat well; it agrees well Paſſant; it is a familiar Beaſt to Man, and ſignifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the Freſh-fiſh, the Salt-fiſh is an old Coat.

Slen.

Slen. I may quarter, Coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes per-lady; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three Skirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple Conjectures; but that is all one: If Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed Diſparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my Benevolence, to make Atonements and Compremiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot; there is no Fear of Got in a Riot: The Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the Fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my Life, if I were young again, the Sword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword, and end it; and there is alſo another Device in my Prain, which peradventure prings good Diſcretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty Virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown Hair, and ſpeaks like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry Perſon for all the Orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred Pounds of Monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-ſire upon his Deaths-bed (Got deliver to a joyful Reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen Years old: It were a good Motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a Marriage between Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred Pound?

Eva. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter Penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman; ſhe has good Gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds, and poſſibility is goot Gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page:* Is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva.

Eva. Shall I tell you a Lie? I do deſpiſe a Liar as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beſeech you be ruled by your Well-wiſhers. I will peat the Door [*Knocks*] for Maſter *Page*. What hoa? Got bleſs your Houſe here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your Friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young Maſter *Slender*; that peradventures ſhall tell you another Tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip's well: I thank you for my Veniſon, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good Heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Miſtreſs *Page?* And I thank you always with my Heart, la; with my Heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more ſaid? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good Office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Maſter *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, Mr. *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Council; You'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good Worts.

Fal. Good Worts? Good Cabage. *Slender*, I broke your Head: What Matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have Matter in my Head againſt you, and againſt your Cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Piſtol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheeſe.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay, *pauca, pauca:* Slice, that's my Humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my Man? Can you tell, Couſin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you: Now let us underſtand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, Maſter *Page*, *fidelicet*, Maſter *Page*; and there is my ſelf, *fidelicet*, my ſelf; and the three Party is, laſtly, and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a Prief of it in my Note-book, and we will afterwards orke upon the Cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol.

Piſt. He hears with Ears.

Eva. The Tevil and his Tam; what Phraſe is this, he hears with Ear? Why, it is Affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick Mr. *Slender*'s Purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe Gloves did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again elſe, of ſeven Groats

Groats in Mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that coſt me two Shilling and two Pence a piece, of *Yead Miller*; by theſe Gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a Pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou Mountain Foreigner: Sir *John*, and Maſter mine, I combate Challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe: Word of Denial in thy *Labras* here; word of Denial; Froth and Scum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By theſe Gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good Humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the Nut-hooks Humour on me; this is the very Note of it.

Slen. By that Hat, then he in the red Face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the Gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five Sentences.

Eva. It is his five Senſes: Fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo Concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whil'ſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly Company for this Trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the Fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous Mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe Matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with Wine.*

Page. Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in; we'll drink within.

Slen. Oh Heav'n! this is Miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now Miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my Truth you are very well met; by your leave, good Miſtreſs.

Page. Wife, bid theſe Gentlemen Welcome: Come, we have a hot Veniſon Paſty to Dinner; Come, Gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all Unkindneſs. [*Ex.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty Shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Allhollowmas* laſt, a Fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz; we ſtay for you: A word with you Coz: Marry this, Coz, there is, as 'twere, a Tender, a kind of Tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: If it be ſo, I ſhall do that is Reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his Motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will deſcription the Matter to you, if you be Capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you pardon me; he's a Juſtice of Peace in his Country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the Queſtion: The Queſtion is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable Demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your Mouth, or of your Lips: For divers Philoſophers hold, that the Lips is Parcel of the Mouth: Therefore preciſely, can you marry your good Will to the Maid?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it ſhall become one that would do Reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carre-her your Deſires towards her.

Shal.

Shal. That you muſt:
Will you, upon good Dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Requeſt, Couſin, in any Reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet Coz, what I do is to pleaſure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your Requeſt: But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heav'n may decreaſe it upon better Acquaintaince, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another; I hope upon Familiarity will grow more Content: But if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry diſcretion Anſwer; ſave the fall is in th'Ord diſſolutely: The Ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang', la.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Miſtreſs *Anne*: Would I were Young for your ſake, Miſtreſs *Anne*.

Anne. The Dinner is on the Table; my Father deſires your Worſhip's Company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Miſtreſs *Anne*.

Eva. Od's pleſſed Will, I will not be abſence at the Grace. [*Ex.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your Worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you Forſooth heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you Forſooth: Go Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Couſin *Shallow*; a Juſtice of Peace ſometime may be beholding to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worſhip; they will not ſit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my Shin th' other Day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence, three Veneys for a Diſh of ſtew'd Prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the ſmell of hot Meat ſince. Why do your Dogs bark ſo? be there Bears i' th' Town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the Sport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any Man in *England*. You are afraid if you ſee the Bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's Meat and Drink to me now; I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain; but, I warrant you, the Women have ſo cry'd and ſhriekt at it, that it paſt: But Women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Pye you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the Way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius* Houſe which is the Way; and there dwells one Miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe, or his dry Nurſe, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this Letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers Acquaintance with Miſtreſs *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſollicit your Maſter's Deſires to Miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. What ſays my Bully *Rock?* ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine Hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my Followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, Bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten Pounds a Week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Phaezer*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap, ſaid I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do ſo, good mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph follow him, a Tapſter is a good Trade; an old Cloak makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving-man, a freſh Tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard It is a Life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive. [*Exit* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* Wight, wilt thou the Spigot wield.

Nym. He was gotten in Drink; is not the Humour conceited.

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox; his Thefts were too open, his Filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good Humour is to ſteal at a Minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the Wiſe it call: Steal? foh; a fico for the Phraſe.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at Heels.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young Ravens muſt have Food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Piſt. I ken the Wight, he is of Subſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two Yards and more.

Fal. No Quips now, *Piſtol*: Indeed I am in the Waſte two Yards about; but I am now about no Waſte, I am about Thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make Love to *Ford*'s Wife: I ſpy Entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the Leer of Invitation; I can conſtrue the Action of her familiar Stile, and the hardeſt Voice of her Behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir* John Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her Will, and tranſlated her Will, out of Honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that Humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the Report goes, ſhe has all the Rule of her Husband's Purſe: He hath a Legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, ſay I.

Nym. The Humour riſes; it is good; humour me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s Wife, who even now gave me good Eyes too, examin'd my Parts with moſt judicious Illiads; ſometimes the Beam of her view guided my Foot, ſometimes my portly Belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on Dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that Humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my Exteriors with ſuch a greedy Intention, that the Appetite of her Eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a Burning-glaſs: Here's another Letter to her; ſhe bears the Purſe too; ſhe is a Region in *Guiana*, all Gold and Bounty. I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this Letter to Miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to Miſtreſs *Ford*: We will thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become;
And by my Side wear Steel? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no baſe Humour: Here take the Humour-Letter, I will keep the Haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you theſe Letters rightly,
Sail like my Pinnace to theſe golden Shores.

Rogues,

Rogues, hence, avaunt, vaniſh like Hail-ſtones; go,
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack:
Falſtaff will learn the Honour of the Age,
French Thrift, you Rogues, my ſelf, and skirted *Page*.
[*Exit.* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy Guts; for Gourd, and *Fullam* holds; and high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in Pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk*.

Nym. I have Operations,
Which be Humours of Revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her Star.

Piſt. With Wit, or Steel?

Nym. With both the Humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the Humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaff*, Varlet vile,
His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,
And his ſoft Couch defile.

Nym. My Humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with Poiſon, I will poſſeſs him with Yellowneſs, for the Revolt of mine is dangerous: That is my true Humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents*: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly, Simple *and* John Rugby.

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! I pray thee go to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the Houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's Patience, and the King's *Engliſh*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a Poſſet for't ſoon at Night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal Fire: An honeſt, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant ſhall come in Houſe withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate; his worſt Fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is ſome-

thing peeviſh that way; but no body but has his Fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple* you ſay your Name is.

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

Simp. Ay, Forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glover's Pairing-knife?

Simp. No, Forſooth; he hath but a little Wee-face, with a little yellow Beard, a Cain-colour'd Beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſpirited Man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, Forſooth; but he is as tall a Man of his Hands, as any is between this and his Head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? Oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his Head, as it were? And ſtrut in his Gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n ſend *Anne Page* no worſe Fortune. Tell Maſter Parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wiſh ——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my Maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young Man; go into this Cloſet; [*ſhuts* Simple *in the Cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* What *John!* I ſay; go *John*, go enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home; *and down, down, adown'a*, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des Toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Cloſet, *un boitier verd*; a Box, a green-a Box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a Box.

Quic. Ay Forſooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himſelf; if he had found the young Man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, Il fait fort chaud, je m'en va a la Cour——la grande Affaire.

Quic. Is it this Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mette le au mon Pocket, *Depêch* Quickly: Vere is dat Knave *Rugby?*

Quic.

Quic. What, *John Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my Heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Porch.

Caius. By my Trot I tarry too long: Od's me: *Que ay je oublie:* Dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſet, dat I will not for the Varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Cloſet? Villanie, *Larron. Rugby*, my Rapier.

Quic. Good Maſter be content.

Caius. Wherefore ſhould I be content-a?

Quic. The young Man is an honeſt Man.

Caius. What ſhall de honeſt Man do in my Cloſet; dere is no honeſt Man dat ſhall come in my Cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an Errand to me from Parſon *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your Tongue, ſpeak-a your Tale.

Simp. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman, your Maid, to ſpeak a good Word to Miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my Finger in the Fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome Paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is ſo quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: But notwithſtanding, Man, I'll do for your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French* Doctor my Maſter, I may call him my Maſter, look you, for I keep his Houſe, and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs Meat and Drink, make the Beds, and do all my ſelf.

Simp. 'Tis a great Charge to come under one body's Hand.

Quic.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you ſhall find it a great Charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your Ear, I would have no words of it, my Maſter himſelf is in Love with Miſtreſs *Anne Page*; but notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s Mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, Jack'Nape; give'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his Troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy Jack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle or make.——You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two Stones, by gar, he ſhall not have a Stone to trow at his Dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat; do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? by gar, I vill kill de Jack Prieſt; and I have appointed mine Hoſt of *de Jartere* to meaſure our Weapon: By gar I will my ſelf have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: We muſt give Folks leave to prate; what the good-jer.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your Head out of my Door; follow my Heels, *Rugby*. [*Ex.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You ſhall have *Anne* Fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s Mind for that; that never a Woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s Mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. [*within*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? Come near the Houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to ask.

Fent. What News? how does pretty Miſtreſs *Anne*?

Quic. In truth Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the Way, I praiſe Heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my Suit?

Quic.

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his Hands above; but notwithſtanding, Maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a Book ſhe loves you: Have not your Worſhip a Wart above your Eye?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt Maid as ever broke Bread; we had an Hours talk of that Wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that Maid's Company; but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to Allicholly and Muſing, but for you—— Well——go to.——

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to Day; hold, there's Mony for thee: Let me have thy Voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me.——

Quic. Will I? Ay faith that we will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your Worſhip. Truly an honeſt Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; for I know *Anne*'s Mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Miſtreſs Page *with a Letter.*

Mrs. *Page.* WHAT, have I 'ſcap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day-time of my Beauty, and am I now a Subject for them? let me ſee:

Ask me no Reaſon why I love you; for tho' Love uſe Reaſon for his Preciſian, he admits him not for his Counſellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better Sympathy? Let it ſuffice thee, Miſtreſs Page, *at the leaſt, if the Love of a Soldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, Pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like Phraſe; but I ſay, Love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by Day or Night,
Or any kind of Light, with all his Might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked World! One that is well nigh worn to pieces with Age, To ſhow himſelf a young Gallant? What unwayed Behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* Drunkard pickt, I' th' Devil's Name, out of my Converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my Company: What ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my Mirth, Heav'n forgive me: Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men; how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his Guts are made of Puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your Houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith you do, in my Mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome Counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O Woman! if it were not for one trifling Reſpect, I could come to ſuch Honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the Trifle, Woman, take the Honour; what is it? diſpenſe with Trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to Hell for an eternal Moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford!* theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the Article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn Day-light, here; read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat Men as long as I have an Eye to make difference of Men's liking; and yet he would not ſwear, praiſe Women's Modeſty, and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved Reproof to all Uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his Diſpoſition would have gone to the Truth of his Words; but they do no more adhere, and keep Place together, than the hundredth Pſalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*. What

Tempeſt,

Tempeſt, I trow, threw this Whale, with ſo many Tun of Oil in his Belly, a' ſhore at *Windſor?* How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with Hope, 'till the wicked Fire of Luſt have melted him in his own Greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page.* Letter for Letter, but that the Name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great Comfort in this myſtery of ill Opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine never ſhall. I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different Names, nay more; and theſe are of the ſecond Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the Preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a Gianteſs, and lye under *Mount-Pelion.* Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious Turtles, e'er one chaſte Man.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, this is the very ſame, the very Hand, the very Words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own Honeſty. I'll entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for ſure, unleſs he knew ſome Strain in me, that I know not my ſelf, he would never have boarded me in this Fury.

Mrs. *Ford.* Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above Deck.

Mrs. *Page.* So will I; if he come under my Hatches, I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a Meeting, give him a ſhow of Comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited Delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his Horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I will conſent to act any Villany againſt him that may not ſully the Charineſs of our Honeſty: Oh that my Husband ſaw this Letter, it would give eternal Food to his Jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look where he comes, and my good Man too; he's as far from Jealouſie as I am from giving him Cauſe, and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable Diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come hither.

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a Curtal-dog in ſome Affairs.
Sir *John* affects your Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Piſt. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, and one with another, *Ford*; he loves thy Gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife?

Piſt. With Liver burning hot: Prevent,
Or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, with
Ring-wood at thy Heels: O, odious is the Name.

Ford. What Name, Sir?

Piſt. The Horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed, have open Eye; for Thieves do foot by Night.
Take heed e'er Summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away, Sir Corporal *Nym.*
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks Senſe. [*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the Humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome Humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a Sword, and it ſhall bite upon my Neceſſity. He loves your Wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My Name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak it, and I avouch 'tis true, my Name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the Humour of Bread and Cheeſe: Adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. The Humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a Fellow frights *Engliſh* out of his Wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaff.*

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: Well.

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the Prieſt o' th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible Fellow: Well.

Page. How now, *Meg?*

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George?* hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholly?

Ford.

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith thou haſt ſome Crotchets in thy Head. Now will you go, Miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to Dinner, *George?* Look who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our Meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her; ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to ſee my Daughter *Anne?*

Quick. Ay, Forſooth; and I pray how does good Miſtreſs *Anne?*

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us and ſee; we have an Hour's Talk with you. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford *and Mrs.* Quic.

Page. How now, Maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is Truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, Slaves, I do not think the Knight would offer it; but theſe that accuſe him in his Intent towards our Wives are a Yoke of his diſcarded Men, very Rogues now they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter?*

Page. Ay marry does he. If he ſhould intend this Voyage toward my Wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp Words, let it lye on my Head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my Wife, but I would be loath to turn them together; a Man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my Head; I cannot be thus ſatisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting Hoſt of the Garter comes; there is either Liquor in his Pate, or Mony in his Purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How now, mine Hoſt?

Enter Hoſt *and* Shallow.

Hoſt. How now, Bully *Rock?* Thou'rt a Gentleman, Cavalerio-Juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoſt, I follow. Good Even, and twenty,

twenty, good Maſter *Page*. Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have Sport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, Cavaliero-Juſtice; tell him, Bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welſh* Prieſt, and *Caius*, the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th' Garter, a Word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, Bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their Weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary Places; for, believe me, I hear the Parſon is no Jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our Sport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no Suit againſt my Knight, my Gueſt-Cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a Pottle of burnt Sack to give me Recourſe to him, and tell him my Name is *Broom*; only for a Jeſt.

Hoſt. My Hand, Bully; thou ſhalt have Egreſs and Regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy Name ſhall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Hoſt.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good Skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in theſe times you ſtand on Diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'Tis the Heart, Maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

Hoſt. Here Boys, here: Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a ſecure Fool, and ſtand ſo firmly on his Wife's Frailty, yet I cannot put off my Opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his Company at *Page*'s Houſe, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a Diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff*: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my Labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis Labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit*.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a Penny.

Piſt. Why then the World's mine Oyſter, which I with Sword will open.

Fal. Not a Penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my Countenance to Pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the Grate, like a Geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for ſwearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Miſtreſs *Briget* loſt the Handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? Hadſt thou not fifteen Pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you Rogue, Reaſon: Think'ſt thou I'll endanger my Soul *gratis?* At a Word; hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a ſhort Knife, and a Throng, to your Manor of *Pickt-hatcht*; go, you'll not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you ſtand upon your Honour. Why, thou unconfinable Baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the Term of my Honour preciſe. I, I, I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the Fear of Heaven on the left Hand, and hiding mine Honour in my Neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you Rogue will enſconſe your Rags, your Cat-a-Mountain Looks, your Red-Lattice Phraſes, and your bold-beating Oaths, under the Shelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what would thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worſhip Good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good Wife.

Quic. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Fal. Good Maid then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn,
As my Mother was the firſt Hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the Swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your Worſhip a Word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir: I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my ſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay.

Quic. Your Worſhip ſays very true: I pray your Worſhip come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears; mine own People, mine own People.

Quic. Are they ſo? Heav'n bleſs them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well: Miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a Wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, come, Miſtreſs *Ford*.

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a Canaries as 'tis wonderful: The beſt Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a Canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Musk, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in Silk and Gold, and in ſuch alligant Terms, and in ſuch Wine and Sugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any Woman's Heart; and I warrant you they could never get an Eye-wink of her. I had my ſelf twenty Angels given me this Morning; but I defie all Angels, in any ſuch ſort as they ſay, but in the way of Honeſty; and I warrant you they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a Cup with the proudeſt of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? Be brief, my good ſhe-*Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your Letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her Husband will be abſence from his Houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, Forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the Picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: Maſter *Ford*, her Huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet Woman leads an ill Life with him, he's a very jealouſie-Man; ſhe leads a very frampold Life with him, good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven:
Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another Meſſenger to your Worſhip; Miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your Ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who-e'er be the other; and ſhe bad me tell your Worſhip that her Husband is ſeldom from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman ſo doat upon a Man; ſurely I think you have Charms, la; yes in Truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the Attraction of my good Parts aſide, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your Heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Ford*'s Wife and *Page*'s Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a Jeſt indeed; they have not ſo little Grace, I hope; that were a Trick indeed! But Miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page, of all Love: Her Husband has a marvellous Infection to the little Page; and truly Maſter *Page* is an honeſt Man. Never a Wife in *Windſor* leads a better Life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to Bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and truly ſhe deſerves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windſor* truly ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your Page; no Remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe, have a Nay-word, that you may know one anothers Mind, and the Boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children ſhould know any Wickedneſs: Old Folks, you know, have Diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purſe, I am yet thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News diſtracts me. [*Exit* Quic. *and* Robin.

Piſt. This Punk is one of *Cupid*'s Carriers:
Clap on more Sails; purſue; up with your Fights;
Give Fire; ſhe is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.
[*Exit* Piſtol.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old Body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the Expence of ſo much Mony, be now a Gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them ſay, 'tis groſly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one Maſter *Broom* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your Worſhip a Morning's Draught of Sack.

Fal. Broom, is his Name?

Bard. Ay Sir.

Fal. Call him in; ſuch *Brooms* are welcome to me that o'erflows ſuch Liquor. Ah! ah! Miſtreſs *Ford* and Miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? Go to, *via*.

Enter Ford *diſguis'd*.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little Preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your Will? Give us leave, Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have ſpent much; my Name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Maſter *Broom*, I deſire more Acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think my ſelf in better Plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd Intruſion; for they ſay, if Mony go before, all Ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a Bag of Mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the Carriage.

Fal.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Maſter *Broom*, I ſhall be glad to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never ſo good Means as Deſire to make my ſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own Imperfection; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one Eye upon my Follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a Reproof the eaſier, ſith you your ſelf know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an Offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Huſband's Name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir,

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating Obſervance, ingroſs'd Opportunities to meet her, fee'd every ſlight Occaſion that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many Preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: Briefly, I have purſu'd her, as Love hath purſu'd me, which hath been on the Wing of all Occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my Mind, or in my Means, Meed I am ſure I have received none, unleſs Experience be a Jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this.

" *Love like a Shadow flies, when Subſtance Love purſues;*
" *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no Promiſe of Satisfaction at her Hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a Purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what Quality was your Love then?

Ford. Like a fair Houſe built on another Man's Ground, ſo that I have loſt my Edifice, by miſtaking the Place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other Places ſhe enlargeth her Mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd Conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the Heart of my Purpoſe: You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding, admirable Diſcourſe, of great Admittance, authentick in your Place and Perſon, generally allow'd for your many War-like, Court-like, and learned Preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is Mony, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable Siege to the Honeſty of this *Ford*'s Wife; uſe your Art of Wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any Man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the Vehemence of your Affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinks you preſcribe to your ſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the Excellency of her Honour, that the Folly of my Soul dares not preſent it ſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now could I come to her with any Detection in my Hand, my Deſires had Inſtance and Argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thouſand other her Defences, which now are too ſtrongly embattail'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Maſter *Broom*, I will firſt make bold with your Mony; next, give me your Hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no Mony, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no Miſtreſs *Ford*, Maſter *Broom*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own Appointment. Even as you came in to me, her Aſſiſtant, or

Go-

Go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally Knave, her Husband, will be forth; come you to me at Night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your Acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy Knave, I know him not: Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly Knave hath maſſes of Mony, for the which his Wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the Key of the Cuckold-Rogue's Coffer; and there's my Harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-ſalt-butter Rogue; I will ſtare him out of his Wits; I will awe him with my Cudgel; it ſhall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's Horns. Maſter *Broom*, thou ſhalt know I will predominate over the Peſant, and thou ſhalt lye with his Wife: Come to me ſoon at Night; *Ford*'s a Knave, and I will aggravate his Stile: Thou, Maſter *Broom*, ſhalt know him for Knave and Cuckold; come to me ſoon at Night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Raſcal is this? My Heart is ready to crack with Impatience. Who ſays this is improvident Jealouſie? My Wife hath ſent to him, the Hour is fixt, the Match is made: Would any Man have thought this? See the Hell of having a falſe Woman; my Bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my Reputation gnawn at, and I ſhall not only receive this villainous Wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable Terms, and by him that does me this Wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbaſon* well, yet they are Devils additions, the Names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol-Cuckold! the Devil himſelf hath not ſuch a Name. *Page* is an Aſs, a ſecure Aſs, he will truſt his Wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my Butter, Parſon *Hugh*, the *Welchman*, with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ* Bottle, or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding, than my Wife with her ſelf: Then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their Hearts they may effect, they will break their Hearts but they will effect. Hea-

ven be prais'd for my Jealousie. Eleven o'Clock the Hour; I will prevent this, detect my Wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page:* I will about it; better three Hours too soon than a Minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. *Jack Rugby!*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de Clock, *Jack?*

Rug. 'Tis past the Hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: By gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de Herring is no dead so as I vill kill him; take your Rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's Company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you Good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy Puncto, thy Stock, thy Reverse, thy Distance, thy Montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? Ha, Bully? What says my *Esculapius?* my *Galen?* my Heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward *Jack*-Priest of de Vorld; he is not show his Face.

Host.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtalion-king-Urinal: Hector* of *Greece*, my Boy.

Caius. I pray you bear Witneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two tree Hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a Curer of Souls, and you a Curer of Bodies: If you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your Profeſſions: Is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have your ſelf been a great Fighter, tho' now a Man of Peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a Sword out, my Finger itches to make one; tho' we are Juſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have ſome Salt of our Youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the Peace; you have ſhew'd your ſelf a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient Church-man: You muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Juſtice; a Monſieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water? Vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* Tongue, is Valour, Bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de *Engliſh-man:* Scurvy-Jack-dog-Prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his Ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, Bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, Bully; but firſt, Mr. *Gueſt*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there; ſee what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: Will it do well?

Shal.

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor. [*Ex.* Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Prieſt; for he ſpeak for a Jack-an Ape to *Anne Page.*

Hoſt. Let him die; ſheath thy Impatience; throw cold Water on thy Choler; go about the Fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-Houſe a feaſting, and thou ſhalt woo her Cride-game; ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: By gar I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy Adverſary toward *Anne Page:* Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Come at my Heels, *Jack Rugby.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. I Pray you now, good Maſter *Slender*'s Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your Name, which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick.*

Simp. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the Town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my Soul, how full of Chollars I am, and trempling of Mind! I ſhall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his Urinals about his Knaves Coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the Orke: 'Pleſs my Soul: *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe Falls melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls; There will we make our Peds of Roſes, and a thouſand fragrant Poſies. To ſhallow*; 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſition to cry. *Melodious Birds ſing Madrigal—— When as I ſat in Pabilon; and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow,* &c.

Simp.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. He's welcome. *To shallow Rivers, to whose Falls*---- Heaven prosper the Right: What Weapons is he?

Simp. No Weapons, Sir; there comes my Master, Mr. *Shallow,* and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore,* over the Stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my Gown, or else keep it in your Arms.

Enter Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good-morrow, good Sir *Hugh.* Keep a Gamester from the Dice, and a good Student from his Book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page.*

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. 'Pless you from his Mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? The Sword and the Word? Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your Doublet and Hose, this raw-rumatick Day?

Eva. There is Reasons and Causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good Office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd Wrong by some Person, is at most odds with his own Gravity and Patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore Years, and upward; I never heard a Man of his Place, Gravity and Learning, so wide of his own Respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius,* the renowned *French* Physician.

Eva. Got's Will, and his Passion of my Heart, I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of Porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more Knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave besides, a cowardly Knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the Man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page.*

Enter

Enter Hoſt, Caius *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo by his Weapons: Keep them aſunder; here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your Weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their Limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh.*

Caius. I pray you let-a me ſpeak a Word with your Ear: Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you uſe your Patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack* Dog, *John* Ape.

Eva. Pray you let us not be Laughing-ſtocks to other Mens Humours; I deſire you in Friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog you your Urinal about your Knave's Cogs-comb.

Caius. Diable Jack Rugby, mine Hoſt *de Jarteer,* have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not at de Place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Chriſtian's-ſoul, now look you, this is the Place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul, French* and *Welch,* Soul-curer and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I Politick? am I Subtle? am I a *Machivel?* Shall I loſe my Doctor? No; he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh?* No; he gives me the Proverbs and the No-verbs. Give me thy Hand, Celeſtial, ſo. Boys of Art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong Places; your Hearts are mighty, your Skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the Iſſue. Come, lay their Swords to pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt. Follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.* [*Ex.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make a-de-ſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva.

Eva. This is well, he has made us his Vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our Prains together, to be revenge on this ſame ſcall Scurvy-cogging Companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my Heart; he promiſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his Noddles; pray you follow.

SCENE II.

Enter Miſtreſs Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, keep your way, little Gallant; you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader. Whether had you rather lead mine Eyes, or eye your Maſter's Heels?

Rob. I had rather, Forſooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O you are a flattering Boy; now I ſee you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Miſtreſs *Page*; whether go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly Sir, to ſee your Wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of Company; I think if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be ſure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his Name is my Husband had him of: What do you call your Knight's Name, Sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on his Name; there is ſuch a League between my good Man and he. Is your Wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am ſick 'till I ſee her.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has *Page* any Brains? hath he any Eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this Boy will carry a Letter twenty Mile, as eaſie as a Cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore; he pieces out

out his Wife's Inclination, he gives her Folly Motion and Advantage, and now ſhe's going to my Wife, and *Falſtaff*'s Boy with her. A Man may hear this Shower ſing in the Wind; and *Falſtaff*'s Boy with her! Good Plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives ſhare Damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed Vail of Modeſty from the ſo ſeeming Miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent Proceedings all my Neighbours ſhall cry aim. The Clock gives me my Qu, and my Aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff:* I ſhall be rather praiſed for this than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the Earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good Knot: I have good Cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir;
We have appointed to dine with Miſtreſs *Anne*,
And I would not break with her for more Mony
Than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a Match between *Anne Page* and my Couſin *Slender*, and this Day we ſhall have our Anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good Will, Father *Page.*

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you; but my Wife, Maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: My Nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has Eyes of Youth, he writes Verſes, he ſpeaks Holy-Day, he ſmells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his Buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my Conſent, I promiſe you: The Gentleman is of no having, he kept Company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*; he is of too high a Region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a Knot in his Fortunes, with the Finger of my Subſtance. If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the Wealth I have waits on my Conſent, and my Conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to Dinner; beſides your Cheer you ſhall have Sport; I will ſhew you a Monſter. Mr. Doctor you ſhall go, ſo ſhall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall have the freer Wooing at Mr. *Page's*.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewel, my Hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight, *Falſtaff*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I ſhall drink in Pipe-Wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to ſee this Monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *and Servants with a Basket.*

Mrs. *Ford.* What *John?* what *Robert?*

Mrs. *Page.* Quickly, quickly? Is the Buck-basket——

Mrs. *Ford.* I warrant. What *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford.* Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page.* Give your Men the Charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the Brew-Houſe, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pauſe or ſtaggering, take this Basket on your Shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Datchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy Ditch, cloſe by the *Thames* ſide.

Mrs. *Page.* You will do it? (rection.

Mrs. *Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no Di-Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my Eyas-Musket, what News with you?

Rob. My Maſter, Sir *John*, is come in at your Back-door, Miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your Company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob.

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my Maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting Liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good Boy; this Secrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new Doublet and Hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy Maſter I am alone; Miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your Qu. [*Ex.* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholeſome Humidity, this groſs watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel? Why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: This is the Period of my Ambition; O this bleſſed Hour!

Mrs. *Ford.* O ſweet Sir *John.*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Miſtreſs *Ford:* Now ſhall I ſin in my Wiſh. I would thy Husband were dead, I'll ſpeak it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your Lady, Sir *John?* Alas, I ſhould be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine Eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the Brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire, the Tire-Valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* Admittance.

Mrs. *Ford.* A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *John*:
My Brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to ſay ſo; thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy Foot would give an excellent Motion to thy Gate, in a ſemicircled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if Fortune thy Foe were not, Nature thy Friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perſuade thee. There's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe

liſping

liſping Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Mens Apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-Berry* in ſimpling-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Miſtreſs *Page.*

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter*-Gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, Heav'n knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that Mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that Mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs *Ford*, Miſtreſs *Ford*, here's Miſtreſs *Page* at the Door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you do ſo; ſhe's a very tatling Woman.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. *Page.* O Miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? You're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the Matter, good Miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a-day, Miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt Man to your Husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of Suſpicion.

Mrs. *Ford.* What cauſe of Suſpicion?

Mrs. *Page.* What cauſe of Suſpicion? Out upon you; how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the Matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a Gentleman that he ſays is here now in the Houſe, by your Conſent, to take an ill Advantage of his Abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray Heav'n it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a Man here; but 'tis moſt certain your Husband's coming with half *Windſor* at his Heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I

come before to tell you; if you know your ſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senſes to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewel to your good Life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What ſhall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not my own Shame ſo much as his Peril. I had rather than a thouſand Pound he were out of the Houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand, you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome Conveyance; in the Houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Look, here is a Basket, if he be of any reaſonable Stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul Linnen upon him, as if it were going to Bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two Men to *Datchet*-Mead.

Mrs. *Ford.* He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't;
I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friend's Counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page.* What, Sir *John Falſtaff*, are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never———

[*He gets into the Basket, they cover him with foul Linnen.*

Mrs. *Page.* Help to cover your Maſter, Boy: Call your Men, Miſtreſs *Ford.* You diſſembling Knight.

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up theſe Cloaths here, quickly. Where's the Cowl-ſtaff? Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landreſs in *Datchet*-Mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I ſuſpect without Cauſe,
Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your Jeſt,
I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the Landreſs, Forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with Buck-waſhing.

Ford.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelf of the Buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay Buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the Seaſon too, it ſhall appear.

[*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to Night, I'll tell you my Dream: Here, here, here be my Keys; aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: So, now uncape.

Page. Good Maſter *Ford,* be contented:
You wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True, Maſter *Page.* Up Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee Sport anon; follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical Humours and Jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the Faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*——— [*Exeunt.*

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, ſee the Iſſue of his Search.

Manent Miſtreſs Page *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double Excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my Husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who was in the Basket?

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the Water will do him a Benefit.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt Raſcal; I would all of the ſame Strain were in the ſame Diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think my Husband hath ſome ſpecial Suſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his Jealouſie 'till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a Plot to try that, and we will yet have more Tricks with *Falſtaff:* His diſſolute Diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carrion, Miſtreſs *Quickly,* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the Water, and give him another Hope, to betray him to another Puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page.* We'll do it; let him be ſent for to morrow by eight a Clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page.* Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford.* You uſe me well, Maſter *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n make you better than your Thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page.* You do your ſelf mighty Wrong, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the Houſe, and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the Preſſes, Heav'n forgive my Sins.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What Spirit, what Devil ſuggeſts this Imagination? I would not ha your Diſtemper in this kind, for the Wealth of *Windſor-Caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my Fault, Mr. *Page*: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad Conſcience; your Wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a Dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Miſtreſs *Page*, I pray you pardon me: Pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but, truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to Morrow Morning to my Houſe to Breakfaſt, after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie Knave, mine Hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my Heart.

Eva. A lowſie Rnave, to have his Gibes, and his Mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

Fent. I ſee I cannot get thy Father's Love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object I am too great of Birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my Expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his Wealth.
Beſides theſe, other Bars he lays before me,
My Riots paſt, my wild Societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a Property.
Anne. May be he tells you true.
Fent. No, Heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come;
Albeit I will confeſs, thy Father's Wealth
Was the firſt Motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*;
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than Stamps in Gold, or Sums in ſealed Bags:
And 'tis the very Riches of thy ſelf
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my Father's Love, ſtill ſeek it, Sir:
If Opportunity and humbleſt Suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender *and Miſtriſs* Quickly.

Shal. Break their Talk, Miſtreſs *Quickly*;
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.
Slen. I'll make a Shaft or a Bolt on't: 'D'slid 'tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not diſmaid.
Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but I am affeard.
Quic. Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.
Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's Choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd Faults
Look handſome in three hundred Pounds a Year?
Quic. And how does good Maſter *Fenton?*
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her Coz.
O Boy, thou hadſt a Father!

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. *Anne*; my Uncle can tell you good Jeſts of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the Jeſt, how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my Couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in *Gloceſterſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good Comfort; ſhe calls you, Coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Miſtreſs *Anne*.

Anne. What is your Will?

Slen. My Will? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty Jeſt indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly Creature, I give Heav'n Praiſe.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you; your Father and my Uncle have made Motions; if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

Enter Page *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, Maſter *Slender*: Love him, Daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my Houſe:
I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my Child.

Page. She is no Match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton*.

Come,

Come, Maſter *Shallow*; come, Son *Slender*, in.
Knowing my Mind, you wrong me, Maſter *Fenton*.
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to Miſtreſs *Page*.

Fent. Good Miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your Daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all Checks, Rebukes and Manners,
I muſt advance the Colours of my Love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I ſeek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my Maſter, Maſter Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th' Earth,
And bowl'd to Death with Turneps.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, trouble not your ſelf, good Maſter *Fenton*, I will not be your Friend nor Enemy:
My Daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle Miſtreſs; farewel *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your Child on a Fool, and a Phyſician?
Look on Maſter *Fenton:* This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to Night,
Give my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: There's for thy Pains. [*Exit.*

Quic. Now Heav'n ſend thee good Fortune. A kind Heart he hath, a Woman would run through Fire and Water for ſuch a kind Heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtreſs *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my Word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another Errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two Miſtreſſes; what a Beaſt am I to ſlack it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Toſt in't. Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a Basket, like a Barrow of Butchers Offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my Brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-years Gift. The Rogues ſlighted me into the River, with as little Remorſe as they would have drown'd a blind Bitch's Puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my Size, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: If the Bottom were as deep as Hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the Shore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a Death that I abhor; for the Water ſwells a Man: And what a Thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Miſtreſs *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome Sack to the *Thames*-Water; for my Belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd Snowballs for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, Woman.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. By your Leave: I cry you Mercy.
Give your Worſhip Good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe Challices:
Go, brew me a Pottle of Sack finely.

Bard. With Eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelf: I'll no Pullet-Sperm in my Brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worſhip from Miſtreſs *Ford.*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford?* I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my Belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the Day! good Heart, that was not her Fault: She does ſo take on with her Men; they miſtook their Erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh Woman's Promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your Heart to ſee it. Her Husband goes this Morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I muſt carry her Word quickly, ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her conſider his Frailty, and then judge of my Merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Maſter *Broom*; he ſent me Word to ſtay within: I like his Mony well.
Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Broom*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s Wife.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Broom*, I will not lie to you;
I was at her Houſe the Hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Maſter *Broom*.

Ford. How Sir, did ſhe change her Determination?

Fal. No, Mr. *Broom*; but the peaking Cornuto her Huſband, Mr. *Broom*, dwelling in a continual larum of Jealouſie, comes in the inſtant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and as it were ſpoke the Prologue of our Comedy; and at his Heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his Diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his Houſe for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Miſtreſs *Page*, gives Intelligence of *Ford*'s Approach, and in her Invention, and *Ford*'s Wife's Diſtraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a Buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, and greaſie Napkins, that, Maſter *Broom*, there was the rankeſt Compound of villainous Smell that ever offended Noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal.

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, Maſter *Broom*, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford*'s Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul Cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their Shoulders, met the jealous Knave their Maſter in the Door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket; I quak'd for Fear, leaſt the Lunatick Knave would have ſearch'd it; but Fate, ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold, held his Hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul Cloaths; but mark the ſequel, Maſter *Broom*, I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeveral Deaths: Firſt, an intolerable Fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather; next to be compaſs'd, like a good Bilbo, in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong Diſtillation, with ſtinking Cloaths, that fretted in their own Greaſe: Think of that, a Man of my Kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as Butter; a Man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape Suffocation. And in the height of this Bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in Greaſe, like a *Dutch* Diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſerge, like a Horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot, think of that, Maſter *Broom*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My Suit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broom*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, e'er I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this Morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another Ambaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Maſter *Broom*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the Concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu, you ſhall have her, Maſter *Broom*, Maſter *Broom*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! Ha! Is this a Viſion? Is this a Dream? Do I ſleep? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*; there's a Hole made in your beſt Coat, Maſter *Ford*: This 'tis to be

be married! this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am; I will now take the Leacher; he is at my Houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a Half-penny Purſe, nor into a Pepper-box. But leſt the Devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not ſhall not make me tame: If I have Horns, to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Quickly *and* William.

Mrs. *Page.* IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'ſt thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be preſently; but trnly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the Water. Mrs. *Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young Man here to School. Look where his Maſter comes; 'tis a Playing-day I ſee. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no School to Day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; Maſter *Slender* is let the Boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his Heart.

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my Husband ſays my Son profits nothing in the World at his Book; I pray you ask him ſome Queſtions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your Head, come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come Sirrah, hold up your Head; anſwer your Maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many Numbers is in Nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, becauſe they ſay, od's Nowns.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings. What is, *Fair*, *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? There are fairer things than Poulcats, ſure.

Eva.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is, *Lapis, William?*

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone, *William*?

Will. A Pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your Prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William*: What is he, *William*, that does lend Articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the Pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you mark: *Genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *Accuſative Caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, Child, *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for Bacon. I warrant you.

Eva. Leave you Prabbles, o'man. What is the *Focative Caſe, William?*

Will. O, Vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember *William*, *Focative*, is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good Root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. *Page.* Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive Caſe Plural, William?*

Will. Genitive Caſe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Ginyes* Caſe; fie on her; never name her, Child, if ſhe be a Whore.

Eva. For ſhame, o'man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the Child ſuch words: He teaches him to hic, and to hac, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fie upon you.

Eva. O'man, art thou Lunacies? Haſt thou no underſtandings for thy Caſes, and the Numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian Creatures as I would deſires.

Mrs. *Page.* Prithee hold thy peace.

Eva.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, ſome Declenſions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better Scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag Memory. Farewel, Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh.*

Get you home, Boy. Come we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, your Sorrow hath eaten up my Sufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your Love, and I profeſs Requital to a hairs breath, not only, Miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple Office of Love, but in all the Accouſtrement, Complement, and Ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your Husband now?

Mrs. *Ford.* He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page*, [*within.*] What hoa, Goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

Mrs. *Ford.* Step into th' Chamber, Sir *John.* [*Ex.* Falſtaff.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. *Page.* How now, ſweet Heart, who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. *Page.* Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford.* No certainly.—— Speak louder.

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why?

Mrs. *Page.* Why Woman, your Husband is in his old Lines again; he ſo takes on yonder with my Husband, ſo rails againſt all married Mankind, ſo curſes all *Eve*'s Daughters, of what Complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the Fore-head, crying peer-out, peer-out, that any Madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeem'd but Tameneſs, Civility and Patience to this his Diſtemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Of none but him, and ſwears he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a Basket; proteſts to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their Company from their Sport, to make another Experiment of his Suſpicion, but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own Foolery.

Mrs. *Ford.* How near is he, Miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page.* Hard by, at Streets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford.* I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. *Page.* Why then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? Away with him, away with him, better Shame than Murther.

Mrs. *Ford.* Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the Basket again?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out e'er he come?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas, three of Maſter *Ford*'s Brothers watch the Door with Piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away e'er he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the Chimney.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their Birding-Pieces; creep into the Kill-Hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my Word: Neither Preſs, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an Abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch Places, and goes to them by his Note; there is no hiding you in the Houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own Semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page.* Alaſs-the-Day; I know not, there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwiſe he might put on a Hat, a Muffler, and a Kercheif, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good Hearts, deviſe ſomething; any Extremity, rather than Miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My Maid's Aunt, the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my Word it will ſerve him, ſhe's as big as he is; and there's her thrumb Hat, and her Muffler too. Run up. Sir *John.* Mrs. *Ford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*, Miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome Linnen for your Head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the Gown the while. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would my Husband would meet him in this Shape, he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears ſhe's a Witch, forbad her my Houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy Husband's Cudgel, and the Devil guide his Cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay in good Sadneſs is he, and talks of the Basket too, howſoever he hath had Intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my Men to carry the Basket again, to meet him at the Door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the Witch of *Brainford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll firſt direct my Men, what they ſhall do with the Basket; go up, I'll bring Linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe him enough.
We'll leave a Proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the Draugh.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go Sirs, take the Basket again on your Shoulders; your Maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: Quickly, diſpatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much Lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villain; ſomebody call my Wife: Youth in a Basket. Oh you panderly Raſcals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a Conſpiracy againſt me; now ſhall the Devil be ſham'd. What, I ſay, come, come forth, behold what honeſt Cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page.

Page. Why, this paſſes Mr. *Ford*; you are not to go looſe nay longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is Lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

Shal. Indeed, Mr. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither Miſtreſs *Ford*, Miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt Woman, the modeſt Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous Fool to her Husband: I ſuſpect without Cauſe, Miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my Witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any Diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the Cloaths out of the Basket.*

Page. This paſſes.

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd, let the Cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your Wife's Cloaths? Come away.

Ford. Empty the Basket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why Man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a Man, there was one convey'd out of my Houſe Yeſterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my Houſe I am ſure he is; my Intelligence is true, my Jealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a Man there, he ſhall die a Flea's death.

Page. Here's no Man.

Shal. By my Fidelity this is not not well, Mr. *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Mr. *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the Imaginations of your own Heart; this is Jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your Brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my Houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my Extremity; let me for ever be your Table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, Miſtreſs *Page*! come you and the old Woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford.

Ford. Old Woman! What old Woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my Maid's Aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean; have I not forbid her my Houſe? She comes of Errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple Men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the Profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th' Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element; we know nothing. Come down, you Witch, you Hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet Husband; good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old Woman.

Enter Falſtaff *in Womens Cloaths.*

Mrs. *Page.* Come Mother *Prat*, come, give me your Hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my Door you Witch, [*Beats him.*] you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out; I'll Conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly Credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I think the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great Peard; I ſpy a great Peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beſeech you follow; ſee but the Iſſue of my Jealouſie; if I cry out thus upon no Trial, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his Humour a little further:
Come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' Maſs that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the Cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar, it hath done meritorious Service.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of Woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good Conſcience, purſue him with any further Revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The Spirit of Wantonneſs is ſure ſcar'd out of him; if the Devil have him not in Fee-ſimple, with Fine

and Recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again,

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our Husbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the Figures out of your Husband's Brain. If they can find in their Hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the Miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publickly ſham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the Jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the *German* deſires to have three of your Horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to Morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the Court: Let me ſpeak with the Gentlemen; they ſpeak *Engliſh*?

Bar. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my Horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my Houſe a Week at Command; I have turn'd away my other Gueſts; they muſt come off, I'll ſawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Page, Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford, *and* Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the beſt Diſcretions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an Hour.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the Sun with cold,
Than thee with Wantonneſs; now doth thy Honour ſtand,

In

In him that was of late an Heretick,
As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not extream in Submiſſion, as in Offence,
But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again, to make us publick Sport,
Appoint a Meeting with this old fat Fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him Word they'll meet him in the Park at Midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay he hath been thrown into the River; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old o'man; methinks there ſhould be Terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks his Fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no Deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes;
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter, ſometime a Keeper in *Windſor* Foreſt,
Doth all the Winter time at ſtill of Midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with great ragged Horns,
And there he blaſts the Tree, and takes the Cattle,
And makes Milch-kine yield Blood, and ſhakes a Chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age
This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of Night to walk by this *Herne*'s Oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry this is our Device,
That *Falſtaff* at that Oak ſhall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this Shape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your Plot?

Mrs. *Page.* That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my Daughter) and my little Son,
And three or four more of their Growth, we'll dreſs
Like Urchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,

With Rounds of waxen Tapers on their Heads,
And Rattles in their Hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed Song: Upon their ſight
We two, in great Amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that Hour of Fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred Paths he dares to tread
In Shape prophane.

Mrs. *Ford.* And 'till he tell the Truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. *Page.* The Truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horn the Spirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The Children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their Behaviours; and I will be like a Jack-a-napes alſo, to burn the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent.
I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies, finely attir'd in a Robe of white.

Page. That Silk would I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton.* Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Broom*;
He'll tell me all his Purpoſe. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us Properties
And Tricking for your Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it,
It is admirable Pleaſures, and ferry honeſt Knaveries.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his Mind. [*Ex. Mrs.* Ford.
I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good Will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page.*
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my Husband beſt of all affects: The

The Doctor is well mony'd, and his Friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he ſhall have her,
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Hoſt *and* Simple.

Hoſt. What wouldſt thou have? Boor, what? Thick-skin, ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her deſcend, Bully, let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable. Fie, Privacy? Fie.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat Woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe Woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Ay marry was it, Muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter, Sir, my Maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the Street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a Chain, had the Chain, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhe ſays, that the very ſame Man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the Woman her ſelf, I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Hoſt. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Miſtreſs *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſter's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: Go; ſay the Woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe Tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: Was there a wiſe Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Hoſt*, one that hath taught me more Wit than ever I learn'd before in my Life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage.

Hoſt. Where be my Horſes? Speak well of them, Varletto.

Bard. Run away with the Cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a Slough of Mire, and ſet Spurs, and away; like three *German* Devils, three Doctor *Fauſtuſſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not ſay they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt Men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Hoſt?*

Hoſt. What is the Matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your Entertainments; there is a Friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-

zen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hoſts* of *Reading*, of *Maiden-Head*, of *Cole-Brook*, of Horſes and Mony. I tell you for good Will, look you, you are wiſe, and full of Gibes and vlouting-Stocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Jarteer*?

Hoſt. Here, Maſter Doctor, in Perplexity and doubtful Delemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand Preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good Will; adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and Cry, Villain, go; aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, Hue and Cry, Villain, I am undone. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the World might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the Ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my Transformation has been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my Fat, Drop by Drop, and liquor Fiſhermens Boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine Wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, Forſooth.

Fal. The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd; I have ſuffer'd more for their Sakes, more than the villainous Inconſtancy of Man's Diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; Miſtreſs *Ford*, good Heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white Spot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my ſelf into all the Colours of the Rain-Bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable Dexterity of Wit, my counterfeiting the Action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knave Conſtable had ſet me i'th' Stocks, i'th' common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your Chamber, you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your Content. Here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good Hearts, what a-do is here to bring you together? Sure one of you does not ſerve Heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my Mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my Purpoſe,
And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred Pound in Gold, more than your Loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, Maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your Counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear Love I bear to fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my Affection,
(So far forth as her ſelf might be her Chuſer)
Even to my Wiſh; I have a Letter from her
Of ſuch Contents, as you will wonder at;
Thy Mirth whereof, ſo larded with my Matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great Scene; the Image of the Jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark good mine Hoſt;
To Night at *Herne*'s Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the Fairy Queen,
The Purpoſe why is here; in which Diſguiſe,
While other Jeſts are ſomething rank on Foot,
Her Father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented. Now Sir,
Her Mother, even ſtrong againſt that Match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other Sports are tasking of their Minds,
And at the Deanry, where a Prieſt attends,
Straight marry her; to this her Mother's Plot

She,

She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made Promiſe to the Doctor: Now thus it reſts;
Her Father means ſhe ſhall be all in White,
And in that Habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the Hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him. Her Mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in Green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With Ribbands-Pendant, flaring 'bout her Head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his Vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the Hand, and on that Token,
The Maid hath given Conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fent. Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me,
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful Name of marrying,
To give our Hearts united Ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your Device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lack a Prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent Recompence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Fal. PRithee no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good Luck lyes in odd Numbers; away, go, they ſay there is Divinity in odd Numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a Chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a Pair of Horns. [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears; hold up your Head, and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Mr. *Broom*? Mr. *Broom*, the Matter will be known to Night, or never. Be you in the Park about Mid-Night, at *Herne*'s Oak, and you ſhall ſee Wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her Yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal.

Fal. I went to her, Maſter *Broom*, as you ſee, like a poor old Man; but I came from her, Maſter *Broom*, like a poor old Woman. That ſame Knave, *Ford* her Husband, hath the fineſt mad Devil of Jealouſie in him, Maſter *Broom*, that ever govern'd Frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a Woman; for in the ſhape of a Man, Maſter *Broom*, I fear not *Goliah* with a Weaver's Beam, becauſe I know alſo Life is a Shuttle. I am in haſte, go along with me, I'll tell you all, Maſter *Broom*. Since I pluckt Geeſe, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to Night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his Wife into your Hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand, Maſter *Broom*, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i'th' Caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my Daughter.

Slen. Ay Forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a Nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry Mum, ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten a-Clock.

Page. The Night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well; Heav'n proſper our Sport. No Man means evil but the Devil, and we ſhall know him by his Horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my Daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the Hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two muſt go together.

Caius.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice ſo much at the Abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the *Welch* Devil *Herne?*

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a Pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting they will at once diſplay to the Night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch Leudſters, and their Lechery, Thoſe that betray them do no Treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The Hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Evans *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, Fairies; come, and remember your Parts: Be pold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the Watch-'ords do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. The *Windſor* Bell hath ſtruck twelve, the Minute draws on; now the hot-blooded God aſſiſt me. Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a Bull for thy *Europa*; Love ſet on thy Horns. Oh powerful Love! that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man; in ſome other, a Man a Beaſt. You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love! how near the God drew to the Complexion of a Gooſe; a Fault done firſt in the form of a Beaſt, O *Jove*, a beaſtly Fault; and then another Fault in the ſemblance of a Fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul Fault. When Gods

Gods have hot Backs, what ſhall poor Men do? For me, I am here a *Windſor* Stag, and the fatteſt I think, i'th' Forreſt. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer? My Male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black Scut? Let the Sky rain Potatoes, let it thunder to the Tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kiſſing-Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes, let there come a Tempeſt of Provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd Buck, each a Haunch, I will keep my Sides to my ſelf, my Shoulders for the Fellow of this Walk, and my Horns I bequeath your Husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like the *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conſcience, he makes Reſtitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome. [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what Noiſe?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our Sins.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away. [*The Women run out.*

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Leſt the Oil that is in me ſhould ſet Hell on Fire;
He would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You Moon-ſhine Revellers, and Shades of Night,
You Orphan-Heirs of fixed Deſtiny,
Attend your Office, and your Quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O-yes.

Piſt. Elves, liſt your Names; ſilence, you airy Toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* Chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where Fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and Hearths unſwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no Man their Works muſt eye.

[*Lyes down upon his Face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid
That e'er ſhe ſleep has thrice her Prayers ſaid,

Raiſe

Raiſe up the Organs of her Fantaſie,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs Infancy;
But thoſe that ſleep and think not on their Sins,
Pinch them, Arms, Legs, Backs, Shoulders, Sides and Shins.
Quic. About, about;
Search *Windſor* Caſtle, Elves, within and out.
Strew good Luck, Ouphes, on every ſacred Room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In State as wholeſom, as in State 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeveral Chairs of Order look you ſcour,
With Juice of Balm and ev'ry precious Flow'r;
Each fair Inſtalment, Coat, and ſev'ral Creſt,
With loyal Blazon evermore be bleſt.
And nightly-medow-Fairies, look you ſing
Like to the *Garter*-compaſs in a Ring:
Th' Expreſſure that it bears, Green let it be,
More fertile freſh than all the Field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Penſe* write
In Emrold-tuffs, Flowers, purple, blue and white,
Like Saphire-pearl, and rich Embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending Knee;
Fairies uſe Flow'rs for their Characery.
Away, diſperſe; but 'till 'tis one a Clock
Our Dance of Cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you lock Hand in Hand, your ſelves in order ſet;
And twenty Glow-worms ſhall our Lant-horns be
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a Man of middle Earth.
Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* Fairy,
Leſt he transform me to a piece of Cheeſe.
Piſt. Vild Worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy Birth.
Quic. With Trial-fire touch his Finger end;
If he be Chaſte, the Flame will back deſcend
And turn him to no Pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the Fleſh of a corrupted Heart.
Piſt. A Trial, come.
[*They burn him with their Tapers, and pinch him.*
Eva. Come, will this Wood take fire?

Fal.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in Deſire;
About him, Fairies, ſing a ſcornful Rhime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinful Phantaſie : Fie on Luſt and Luxury :
Luſt is but a bloody Fire, kindled with unchaſte Deſire.
Fed in Heart whoſe Flames aſpire,
As Thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, Fairies, mutually; pinch him for his Villany :
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-ſhine be out.
[*He offers to run out.*

Enter Page, Ford, *&c. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think I have watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. *Page.* I pray you come, hold up the Jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* Wives?
See you theſe Husbands? Do not theſe fair Oaks
Become the Foreſt better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Mr. *Broom*, *Falſtaff*'s a Knave, a cuckoldy Knave,
Here are his Horns, Maſter *Broom*;
And, Maſter *Broom*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*
But his Buck-basket, his Cudgel, and twenty Pounds of Mony, which muſt be paid to Mr. *Broom*; his Horſes are arreſted for it, Mr. *Broom*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill Luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my Love again, but I will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox to: Both the Proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies:
I was three or four times in the Thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſs of my Mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my Powers, drove the groſneſs of the Foppery into a receiv'd Belief, in deſpight of the Teeth of all Rhime and Reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how Wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill Imployment.

Eva.

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your Deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, Fairy *Hugh.*

Eva. And leave you your Jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my Wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh.*

Fal. Have I laid my Brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants Matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted Cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give Putter; your Pelly is all Putter.

Fal. Seeſe and Putter? Have I liv'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *Engliſh?* This is enough to be the decay of Luſt and late-walking through the Realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt Virtue out of our Hearts by the Head and Shoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our Delight.

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A Bag of Flax?

Mrs. *Page.* A puft Man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable Entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job?*

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife?

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to Drinkings, and Swearings, and Staring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme; you have the ſtart of me, I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* Flannel, Ignorance it ſelf is a Plummet o'er me, uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Broom*, that you have cozen'd of Mony, to whom you ſhould have been a Pander: Over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that Mony will be a biting Affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou ſhalt eat a Poſſet to Night at my Houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my

my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! Father *Page!*

Page. Son? How now? How now Son,
Have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſterſhire* know on't; would I were hang'd-la, elſe.

Page. Of what, Son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th' Church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a Poſt-maſter's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in Woman's Apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own Folly.
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my Daughter
By her Garments?

Slen. I went to her in green and cry'd Mum, and ſhe cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſter's Boy.

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my Daughter into white, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is Miſtreſs *Page*; by gar I am cozon'd, I ha' marry'd one Garſoon, a Boe; oon Peſant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozon'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? Did you take her in white?

Caius. Ay be gar, and 'tis a Boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor.*

Ford. This is ſtrange; who hath got the right *Anne?*

Page. My Heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton.* How now Mr. *Fenton?*

Anne.

Anne. Pardon, good Father; good my Mother, Pardon.
Page. Now Miſtreſs,
How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender?*
Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, Maid?
Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the Truth of it:
You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in Love:
The Truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' Offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this Deceit loſes the name of Craft,
Of Diſobedience, or unduteous Title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed Hours
Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no Remedy.
In Love, the Heav'ns themſelves do guide the State;
Mony buys Lands, and Wives are ſold by Fate.
Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial Stand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.
Page. Well, what Remedy? *Fenton*, Heav'n give thee Joy; what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fal. When Night-dogs run, all ſorts of Deer are chac'd.
Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further: Mr. *Fenton*, Heav'n give you many, many merry Days.
Good Husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this Sport o'er by a Country Fire,
Sir *John* and all.
Ford. Let it be ſo, Sir *John*:
To Maſter *Broom* you yet ſhall hold your Word;
For he, to Night, ſhall lye with Miſtreſs *Ford.* [*Exeunt.*

P. 195,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VIncentio, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's Abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an ancient Lord.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-don.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-don, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Vienna.*

MEA-

Measure for Measure.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

Escalus.

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the Properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t'affect Speech and Discourse.
Since I am put to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the Lists of all Advice
My Strength can give you: Then no more remains;
Put that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,
And let them work: The Nature of our People,
Our City's Institutions, and the Terms
For common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art and Practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special Soul
Elected him our Absence to supply;
Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our own Power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of Worth
To undergo such ample Grace and Honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's Will,
I come to know your Grace's Pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of Character in thy Life,
That, to th'Observer, doth thy History
Fully unfold: Thy self and thy Belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy Virtues; they on thee:
Heav'n doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves: For if our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine Issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest Scruple of her Excellence,
But like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Her self the Glory of a Creditor,
Both Thanks and Use. But I do bend my Speech
To one that can my Part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, *Angelo:*
In our Remove, be thou at full, our self.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna,*
Live in thy Tongue and Heart: Old *Escalus,*
Though first in Question, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more Test made of my Metal,
Before so noble and so great a Figure
Be stampt upon it.

Duke. No more Evasion:
We have with a leven'd and prepar'd Choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your Honours:
Our Haste from hence is of so quick Condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful Value. We shall write to you,
As Time and our Concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know

What

What doth befal you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful Execution do I leave you
Of your Commission.

Ang. Yet give leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you something on the Way.

Duke. My Haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine Honour, have to do
With any Scruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your Soul seems good. Give me your Hand;
I'll privily away. I love the People,
But do not like to stage me to their Eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud Applause, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the Man of safe Discretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The Heav'ns give Safety to your Purposes.

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in Happiness.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free Speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the Bottom of my Place:
A Power I have, but of what Strength and Nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may soon our Satisfaction have
Touching that Point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to Composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its Peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s.

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pyrat, that went to Sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why? 'twas a Commandment to command the Captain and all the reſt from their Functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a Soldier of us all, that, in the Thankſgiving before Meat, do reliſh the Petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any Soldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: For I think thou never waſt where Grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in Meeter?

Lucio. In any Proportion, or in any Language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any Religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of all Controverſie; as for Example, Thou thy ſelf art a wicked Villain, deſpight of all Grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a Pair of Sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the Liſts and the Velvet. Thou art the Liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd Piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Liſt of an *Engliſh* Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and indeed with moſt painful feeling of thy Speech: I will, out of thine own Confeſſion, learn to begin thy Health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many Diſeaſes under her Roof,
As come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand Dolours a Year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* Crown more.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring Diseases in me; but thou art full of Error, I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy Bones are hollow; Impiety has made a Feast of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your Hips has the most profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to Prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I prethee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio,* Signior *Claudio.*

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to Prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and which is more, within these three Days his Head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with Child.

Lucio. Believe me this may be; he promised to meet me two Hours since, and he was ever precise in Promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know it draws something near to the Speech we had to such a Purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the Truth of it. [*Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the War, what with the Sweat, what with the Gallows, and what with Poverty, I am Custom-shrunk. How now? what's the News with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder Man is carry'd to Prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his Offence?

Clown. Groping for Trouts in a peculiar River.

Bawd. What? is there a Maid with Child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a Woman with Maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, Man?

Clown. All Houses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the City?

Clown. They shall stand for Seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our Houses of Resort in the Suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the Ground, Mistress.

Bawd. Why here's a Change indeed in the Commonwealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good Counsellors lack no Clients; though you change your Place, you need not change your Trade: I'll be your Tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your Eyes almost out in the Service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to Prison; and there's Madam *Juliet.* [*Ex.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter Provost, Claudia, Juliet *and Officers.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' World?
Bear me to Prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil Disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by special Charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our Offence, by weight
The words of Heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just. [straint.

Lucio. Why how now *Claudio?* Whence comes this Re-

Claud. From too much Liberty, my *Lucio*, Liberty;
As Surfeit is the Father of much Fast,
So every Scope by the immoderate use
Turns to Restraint: Our Natures do pursue,
Like Rats that ravin down their proper Bane,
A thirsty Evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely, under an Arrest, I would send for certain of my Creditors; and yet, to say the Truth, I had as lief have the Foppery of Freedom, as the Morality of Imprisonment: What's thy Offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, Murder?

Claud.

Claud. No.
Lucio. Letchery?
Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.
Claud. One Word, good Friend:
Lucio, a Word with you.
Lucio. A hundred;
If they'll do you any good: Is Letchery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true Contract
I got Possession of *Julietta*'s Bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my Wife,
Save that we do the Denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for Propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her Friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
'Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The Stealth of our most mutual Entertainment
With Character too gross, is writ in *Juliet.*
Lucio. With Child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of Newness,
Or whether that the Body publick be
A Horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the Spur;
Whether the Tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the enrolled Penalties
Which have, like unscour'd Armour, hung by th' Wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a Name,
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me; 'tis surely for a Name.
Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy Head stands so tickle on thy Shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she be in Love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.
Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prethee, *Lucio*, do me this kind Service:

This

This Day, my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my State,
Implore her in my Voice, that she make Friends
To the strict Deputy; bid her self assay him,
I have great Hope in that; for in her Youth
There is a prone and speechless Dialect,
Such as moves Men! beside, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with Reason, and Discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the Encouragement of the like, which else would stand upon grievous Imposition as for the enjoying of thy Life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost, at a Game of Tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good Friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two Hours.

Claud. Come Officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Monastery.*

Enter Duke *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No; holy Father, throw away that Thought,
Believe not that the dribbling Dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat Bosom: Why I desire thee
To give me secret Harbour, hath a Purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the Aims and Ends
Of burning Youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it.

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the Life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies
Where Youth and Cost, and witless Bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*,
A Man of Stricture and firm Abstinence,
My absolute Power and Place in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*,
For so I have strew'd it in the common Ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, My Lord.

Duke.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
The needful Bits and Curbs for head-strong Weeds,
Which for this fourteen Years we have let slip,
Even like an o'er-grown Lion in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning Twigs of Birch,
Only to stick it in their Childrens sight,
For Error, not to use; in time the Rod
More mock'd than fear'd: So our Decrees,
Dead to Infliction, to themselves are dead,
And Liberty plucks Justice by the Nose;
The Baby beats the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all Decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this ty'd-up Justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful;
Sith 'twas my Fault to give the People scope,
'Twould be my Tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done
When evil Deeds have their permissive Pass,
And not the Punishment: Therefore indeed, my Father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the Office,
Who may in th' ambush of my Name strike home,
And yet, my Nature never in the fight
To do in slander: And to behold his Sway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and People; therefore I prethee
Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in Person bear
Like a true *Friar*. More Reasons for this Action,
At your more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envy, scarce confesses
That his Blood flows, or that his Appetite
Is more to Bread than Stone: Hence shall we see,
If Power change Purpose, what our Seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Nunnery.*

Enter Isabella *and* Franciſca.

Isab. And have you Nuns no farther Privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Isab. Yes truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict Reſtraint
Upon the Siſterhood, the Votariſts of Saint *Clare.*

Lucio *within.*

Lucio. Hoa! Peace be in this Place.
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a Man's Voice, gentle *Iſabella,*
Turn you the Key, and know his Buſineſs of him;
You may, I may not, you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with Men,
But in the Preſence of the *Prioreſs*;
Then if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your Face,
Or if you ſhew your Face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again, I pray you anſwer him. [*Exit* Franc.
Isab. Peace and Proſperity, who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail Virgin, if you be, as thoſe Cheek-Roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs, can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the Sight of *Iſabella,*
A Novice of this Place, and the fair Siſter
To her unhappy Brother *Claudio*?
Isab. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask,
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella,* and his Siſter.
Lucio. Gentle and Fair, your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in Priſon.
Isab. Wo me, for what?
Lucio. For that, which if my ſelf might be his Judge,
He ſhould receive his Puniſhment in Thanks;
He hath got his Friend with Child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your Story.
Lucio. 'Tis true; I would not, tho' tis my familiar Sin,
With Maids to ſeem the Lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue, far from Heart; play with all Virgins ſo.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd and ſainted,

By

Be your Renouncement an Immortal Spirit,
And to be talk'd with in Sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the Good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and Truth; 'tis thus;
Your Brother and his Lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the Seedness the bare Fallow brings
To teeming Foyson; even so her plenteous Womb
Expresseth his full Tilth and Husbandry.

Isab. Some one with Child by him? My Cozen *Juliet?*

Lucio Is she your Cozen?

Isab. Adoptedly, as School-Maids change their Names,
By vain, tho' apt Affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. Let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the Point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many Gentlemen, my self being one,
In hand, and hope of Action; but we do learn,
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His givings out were of an infinite Distance
From his true meant Design. Upon his Place,
And with full Line of his Authority,
Governs Lord *Angelo*; a Man whose Blood
Is very Snow-Broth, one who never feels
The wanton Stings and Motions of the Sense;
But doth rebate, and blunt his natural Edge
With Profits of the Mind, Study and Fast.
He, to give Fear to Use and Liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous Law,
As Mice by Lyons, hath pickt out an Act,
Under whose heavy Sense your Brother's Life
Falls into Forfeit; he arrests him on it,
And follows close the Rigor of the Statute,
To make him an Example; all Hope is gone,
Unless you have the Grace by your fair Prayer
To soften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of Business
'Twixt you, and your poor Brother.

Isab. Doth he so
Seek his Life?

Lucio.

Lucio. Has censur'd him already,
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a Warrant
For's Execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?
Lucio. Assay the Power you have.
Isab. My Power? Alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our Doubts are Traitors,
And makes us lose the Good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when Maidens sue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their Petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my Affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my Brother: Soon at Night
I'll send him certain word of my Success.
Lucio. I take my Leave of you.
Isab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Justice *and Attendants.*

Ang. WE must not make a Scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to fear the Birds of prey,
And let it keep one Shape, 'till Custom make it
Their Pearch, and not their Terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to Death. Alas! this Gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble Father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in Virtue,

That

That in the working of your own Affections,
Had Time coheer'd with Place, or Place with Wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your Blood,
Could have attain'd th' Effect of your own Purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your Life
Err'd in this Point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The Jury passing on the Prisoner's Life,
May in the sworn Twelve have a Thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to Justice,
That Justice seizes. What knows the Laws
That Thieves do pass on Thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his Offence,
For I have had such Faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own Judgment pattern out my Death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be it as your Wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost?*

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to Morrow Morning.
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his Pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provost.

Escal. Well: Heav'n forgive him; and forgive us all;
Some rise by Sin, and some by Virtue fall:
Some run through Brakes of Vice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a Fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good People in a Common-weal, that do nothing but use their Abuses in common Houses, I know no Law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your Name? and what's the Matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's Conſtable, and my Name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon Juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe Villains they are, that I am ſure of, and void of all Profanation in the World, that good Chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Go to: What Quality are you of? *Elbow* is your Name?
Why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? A Tapſter, Sir; parcel Bawd; one that ſerves a bad Woman; whoſe Houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluckt down in the Suburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a Hothouſe; which, I think, is a very ill Houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My Wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before Heav'n and your Honour.

Eſcal. How? Thy Wife.

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom I thank Heav'n is an honeſt Woman.

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt my ſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this Houſe, if it be not a Bawd's Houſe, it is pity of her Life, for it is a naughty Houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my Wife, who, if ſhe had been a Woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in Fornication, Adultery, and all Uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the Woman's Means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by Miſtreſs *Over-don*'s Means; but as ſhe ſpit in his Face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your Honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe Varlets here, thou honourable Man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clown.

Clown. Sir, she came in great with Child; and longing, saving your Honour's Reverence, for stew'd Prewns; we had but two in the House, which at that very instant time stood, as it were, in a Fruit-dish, a Dish of some three Pence; your Honours having seen such Dishes, they are not *China* Dishes, but very good Dishes.

Escal. Go too, go too; no matter for the Dish, Sir.

Clown. No indeed, Sir, not of a Pin; you are therein in the right: But to the Point; as I say, this Mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with Child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for Prewns; and having no more in the Dish, as I said; Master *Froth* here, this very Man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master *Froth*, I could not give you three Pence again.

Froth. No indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the Stones of the foresaid Prewns.

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that such a one, and such a one, were past Cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good Diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious Fool; to the Purpose; what was done to *Elbow*'s Wife, that he hath Cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: And I beseech you, look into Master *Froth* here, Sir, a Man of fourscore Pound a Year; whose Father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, Master *Froth?*

Froth. *All-hallond* Eve.

Clown. Why very well; I hope here be Truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower Chair, Sir, 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open Room, and good for Winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be Truths.

Ang. This will last out a Night in *Russia*,
When Nights are longest there. I'll take my Leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the Cause,
Hoping you'll find good Cause to whip them all. [*Exit.*

Escal. I think no less. Good-morrow to your Lordship. Now, Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbow*'s Wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this Man did to my Wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this Gentleman's Face; good Master *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good Purpose; doth your Honour mark his Face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any Harm in his Face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a Book, his Face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his Face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* do the Constable's Wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right, Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the House is a respected House; next, this is a respected Fellow; and his Mistress is a respected Woman.

Clown. By this Hand, Sir, his Wife is a more respected Person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked Varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with Man, Woman, or Child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here; *Justice*, or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou Caitiff! O thou Varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your

your Worſhip think me the poor Duke's Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine Action of Battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a Box o'th' Ear, you might have your Action of Slander too.

Elb. Marry I thank your good Worſhip for it: What is't your Worſhip's Pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked Caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, Officer, becauſe he hath ſome Offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover, if thou couldſt, let him continue in his Courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worſhip for it; thou ſeeſt, thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, Friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore Pounds a Year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, Sir.

Eſcal. So. What Trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A Tapſter, a poor Widow's Tapſter.

Eſcal. Your Miſtreſs Name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-don.*

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one Husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? Come hither to me, Maſter *Froth*; Maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapſters; they will draw you, Maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worſhip; for mine own Part, I never come into any Room in a Taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it Maſter *Froth*; farewel. [*Exit* Froth.

Come you hither to me, Maſter Tapſter; what's your Name, Maſter Tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your Bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that in the beaſtlieſt Senſe, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howſo-

ever you colour it being a Tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor Fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what do you think of the Trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful Trade?

Clown. If the Law would allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the Law will not allow it, *Pompey*, nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna.*

Clown. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the Youth in the City?

Escal. No, *Pompey.*

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor Opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to fear the Bawds.

Escal. There are pretty Orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten Years together, you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more Heads: If this Law hold in *Vienna* ten Years, I'll rent the fairest House in it after three Pence a Bay: If you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in Requital of your Prophecy, hark you; I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any Complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: In plain Dealing, I shall have you whipt: So for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good Counsel; but I shall follow it as the Flesh and Fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no; let Carman whip his Jade. The valiant Heart's not whipt out of his Trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master *Elbow*; come hither, Master Constable; how long have you been in this Place of Constable?

Elb. Seven Year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the Office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven Years together.

Elb.

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great Pains to you; they do you Wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not Men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any Wit in such Matters; as they are chosen they are glad to chuse me for them: I do it for some piece of Money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the Names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your Parish.

Elb. To your Worship's House, Sir?

Escal. To my House; fare you well. What's a Clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you go home to Dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the Death of *Claudio*:
But there's no Remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful.
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the Nurse of second Woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio*, there is no Remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Provost, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do; I'll know
His Pleasure; may be he will relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a Dream:
All Sects, all Ages smack of this Vice, and he
To die for't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the Matter, *Provost?*

Prov. Is it your Will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not Order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good Correction, I have seen

When after Execution, Judgment hath
Repented o'er his Doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine;
Do you your Office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Honour's Pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her Hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter Place, and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the Sister of the Man condemn'd,
Desires Access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a very virtuous Maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted.
See you the Fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish Means;
There shall be Order for't.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while. Y'are welcome; what's your Will?

Isab. I am a woful Suitor to your Honour,
'Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your Suit?

Isab. There is a Vice that most I do abhor,
And more desire should meet the Blow of Justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At War 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the Matter?

Isab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you let it be his Fault,
And not my Brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving Graces.

Ang. Condemn the Fault, and not the Actor of it;
Why every Fault's condemn'd e'er it be done;
Mine were the Cipher of a Function
To fine the Faults, whose Fine stands in Record,
And let go by the Actor.

Isab.

Isab. O just, but severe Law:
I had a Brother then; Heav'n keep your Honour.
Lucio. Giv't not o'er so: To him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his Gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a Pin,
You could not with a more tame Tongue desire it.
To him, I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no Remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you may pardon him,
And neither Heav'n nor Man grieve at the Mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the World no Wrong,
If so your Heart were touch'd with that Remorse,
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why so? I that do speak a Word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No Ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marshal's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe,
Become them with one half so good a Grace
As Mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you be gone.
Isab. I would to Heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a Prisoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the Vein.
Ang. Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your Words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the Souls that were, were Forfeit once;
And he that might the 'Vantage best have took,
Found out the Remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, should

But

But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like Man new-made.

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid,
It is the Law, not I, condemns your Brother.
Were he my Kinsman, Brother, or my Son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to Morrow.

Isab. To Morrow? Oh! that's sudden.
Spare him, spare him;
He's not prepar'd for Death: Even for our Kitchins
We kill the Fowl of Season; shall we serve Heav'n
With less Respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath dy'd for this Offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said,

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that Evil,
If the first, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his Deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet,
Looks in a Glass that shews what future Evils
Either now, or by Remissness, new conceiv'd,
And so in Progress to be hatch'd, and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some Pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew Justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd Offence would after gaul;
And do him Right, that answering one foul Wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to Morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this Sentence,
And he that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giant's Strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great Men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty Officer

Would

Would use his Heav'n for Thunder;
Nothing but Thunder: Merciful Heav'n,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous Bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
Than the soft Mirtle: O but Man! proud Man!
Dress't in a little brief Authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassie Essence, like an angry Ape,
Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the Angels weep; who with our Spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him Wench; he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray Heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our Brother with our self:
Great Men may jest with Saints; 'tis Wit in them,
But in the less foul Prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt i'right, Girl; more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick Word,
Which in the Soldier is flat Blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o'that? More on't.

Ang. Why do you put these Sayings upon me?

Isab. Because Authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it self,
That skins the Vice o'th' top: Go to your Bosom,
Knock there, and ask your Heart what it doth know
That's like my Brother's Fault; if it confess
A natural Guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a Thought upon your Tongue
Against my Brother's Life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such Sense,
That my Sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: Come again to Morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? Bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such Gifts that Heav'n shall share with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested Gold,
Or Stones, whose Rate are either rich or poor,
As Fancy values them; but with true Prayers,

That

That shall be up at Heav'n, and enter there
E'er Sun rise: Prayers from preserved Souls,
From fasting Maids, whose Minds are dedicate
To nothing Temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to Morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe.

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to Temptation,
Where Prayers cross.

Isab. At what Hour to Morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore Noon.

Isab. Save your Honour. [*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Isabella.

Ang. From thee; even from thy Virtue.
What's this? What's this? Is this her Fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? Ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Do as the Carrion does, not as the Flower,
Corrupt with virtuous Season. Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sense,
Than Woman's Lightness? Having waste Ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary,
And pitch our Evils there? Oh fie, fie, fie;
What dost thou? Or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Dost thou desire her fouly, for those things
That make her good? Oh let her Brother live:
Thieves for their Robbery have Authority,
When Judges steal themselves. What! do I Love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her Eyes? What is it I dream on?
Oh cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thou Hook! most dangerous
Is that Temptation, that doth goad us on
To Sin, in loving Virtue; never could the Strumpet,
With all her double Vigor, Art, and Nature,
Once stir my Temper: But this virtuous Maid
Subdues me quite; even 'till now,
When Men were fond, I smil'd, and wondred how. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, *Provost*; so I think you are.
Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your Will, good *Friar?*
Duke. Bound by my Charity, and my blest Order,
I come to visit the afflicted Spirits
Here in the Prison; do me the common Right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their Crime, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look here comes one; a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the Flaws of her own Youth,
Hath blister'd her Report: She is with Child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: A young Man
More fit to do another such Offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to Morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the Sin you carry.
Juliet. I do; and bear the Shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your Conscience,
And try your Penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the Man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the Woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your Sin of heavier kind than his?
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, Father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, Daughter; but lest you do repent
As that the Sin hath brought you to this Shame,

Which

Which Sorrow is always towards our ſelves, not Heav'n,
Showing we would not ſpare Heav'n, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an Evil,
And take the Shame with Joy.

Duke. There reſt.
Your Partner, as I hear, muſt die to Morrow,
And I am going with Inſtruction to him;
Grace go with you, *Benedicite.* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to Morrow? Oh injurious Love,
That reſpits me a Life, whoſe very Comfort
Is ſtill a dying Horror.

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral Subjects: Heav'n hath my empty Words,
Whilſt my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel*: Heav'n's in my Mouth,
As if I did but only chew his Name,
And in my Heart the ſtrong and ſwelling Evil
Of my Conception: The State whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feard, and tedious; yea, my Gravity,
Wherein, let no Man hear me, I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle Plume
Which the Air beats for vain: Oh Place! oh Form!
How often doſt thou with thy Caſe, thy Habit
Wrench Awe from Fools, and tie the wiſer Souls
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art Blood,
Let's write good Angel on the Devil's Horn;
'Tis not the Devil's Creſt. How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Iſabel*, a Siſter, deſires Acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh Heav'ns!
Why does my Blood thus muſter to my Heart,
Making both it unable for it ſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other Parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?

So

So play the fooliſh Throngs with one that ſwounds;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the Air
By which he ſhould revive; and even ſo
The general Subjects to a well-wiſht King,
Quit their own part, and in obſequious Fondneſs
Crowd to his Preſence, where their untaught Love
Muſt needs appear Offence. How now, fair Maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your Pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what 'tis; your Brother cannot live.

Iſab. Even ſo; Heav'n keep your Honour. [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his Reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his Soul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy Vices; it were as good
To pardon him, that hath from Nature ſtol'n
A Man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy Sweetneſs, that do coin Heav'n's Image
In Stamps that are forbid; 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a Life true made;
As to put Mettle in reſtained means,
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in Heaven, but not in Earth.

Ang. Say you ſo? Then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt Law
Now took your Brother's Life; or to redeem him,
Give up your Body to ſuch ſweet Uncleanneſs
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my Body than my Soul.

Ang. I talk not of your Soul; our compell'd Sins
Stand more for Number than for Accompt.

Iſab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this;
I, now the Voice of the recorded Law,

Pronounce

Pronounce a Sentence on your Brother's Life:
Might there not be a Charity in Sin,
To save this Brother's Life?

Isa. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a Peril to my Soul;
It is no Sin at all, but Charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at Peril of your Soul,
Were equal poize of Sin and Charity.

Isa. That I do beg his Life, if it be Sin,
Heav'n let me bear it; you granting of my Suit,
If that be Sin, I'll make it my Morn-pray'r,
To have it added to the Faults of mine,
And nothing of your Answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your Sense pursues not mine: Either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isa. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax it self: As these black Masques
Proclaim an en-shield Beauty ten times louder
Than Beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your Brother is to die.

Isa. So.

Ang. And his Offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law upon that pain.

Isa. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his Life,
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of Question, that you, his Sister,
Finding your self desir'd of such a Person,
Whose Credit with the Judge, or own great Place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Mannacles
Of the all-holding Law; and that there were
No earthly Mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the Treasures of your Body,
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Isa. As much for my poor Brother as my self;
That is, were I under the Terms of Death,

Th' Im-

Th' impression of keen Whips, I'd wear as Rubies,
And strip my self to Death, as to a Bed,
That longing I've been sick for, e'er I'd yield
My Body up to Shame.
Ang. Then must your Brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a Brother dy'd at once,
Than that a Sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignominy in Ransom, and free Pardon,
Are of two Houses; lawful Mercy
Is nothing kin to foul Redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a Tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your Brother
A Merriment than a Vice.
Isab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have,
We speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my Brother die,
If not a Feodary but only he
Owe, and succeed by Weakness.
Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the Glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easie broke as they make Forms;
Women! Help Heav'n; Men their Creation mar
In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft, as our Complexions are,
And credulous to false Prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this Testimony of your own Sex,
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than Faults may shake our Frames, let me be bold;
I do arrest your Words: Be that you are,
That is, a Woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well exprest

By all external Warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd Livery.
Iſab. I have no Tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former Language.
Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.
Iſab. My Brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for't.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me Love.
Iſab. I know your Virtue hath a Licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me on mine Honour,
My Words expreſs my Purpoſe
Iſab. Ha? Little Honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious Purpoſe: Seeming, ſeeming.
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent Pardon for my Brother,
Or with an out-ſtretch'd Throat I'll tell the World aloud
What Man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd Name, th' Auſtereneſs of my Life,
My Vouch againſt you, and my Place i' th' State,
Will ſo your Accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own Report,
And ſmell of Calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my ſenſual Race the Rein;
Fit thy Conſent to my ſharp Appetite,
Lay by all Nicety, and prolixious Bluſhes
That banſh what they ſue for; redeem thy Brother
By yielding up thy Body to my Will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the Death,
But thy Unkindneſs ſhall his Death draw out
To lingring Sufferance. Anſwer me to Morrow,
Or by the Affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'er-weighs your true. [*Exit.*
Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous Mouths
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame Tongue,
Either of Condemnation or Approof,
Bidding the Law make Curtſie to their Will,

Hooking

Hooking both Right and Wrong to th' Appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my Brother;
Tho' he hath fallen by Prompture of the Blood,
Yet hath he in him such a Mind of Honour,
That had he twenty Heads to tender down
On twenty bloody Blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his Sister should her Body stoop
To such abhorr'd Pollution.
Then *Isabel* live chaste, and Brother die;
" More than our Brother is our Chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s Request,
And fit his Mind to Death for his Soul's Rest. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio *and* Provost.

Duke. SO, then you hope of Pardon from Lord *Angelo?*
Claud. The miserable have no other Medicine
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be absolute for Death; either Death or Life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with Life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but Fools would keep; a Breath thou art,
Servile to all the Skiey Influences;
That dost this Habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict: Meerly thou art Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th' Accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by Baseness: Thou'rt no way valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender Fork
Of a poor Worm. Thy best of Rest is Sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grosly fear'st
Thy Death, which is no more. Thou art not thy self;
For thou exists on many a thousand Grains
That issue out of Dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certain,

For thy Complexion shifts to strange Effects,
After the Moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an Ass, whose Back with Ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy Riches but a Journey,
And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
For thine own Bowels which do call thee Sire,
The meer Effusion of thy proper Loins,
Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast not Youth, nor Age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's Sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed Youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the Alms
Of palsied-Eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty
To make thy Riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life
Lye hid more thousand Deaths; yet Death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And seeking Death, find Life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa? Peace here; Grace and good Company.

Prov. Who's there? Come in: The Wish deserves a Welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e'er long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a Word or two with *Claudio*

Prov. And very welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sister.

Duke. Provost, a Word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost.

Claud. Now, Sister, what's the Comfort?

Isab. Why,
As all Comforts are; most good, most good indeed:
Lord *Angelo* having Affairs to Heav'n,
Intends you for his swift Ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger.

Therefore

Therefore your best Appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no Remedy?
Isab. None but such Remedy, as to save a Head
To cleave a Heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, Brother, you may live:
There is a devilish Mercy in the Judge;
If you'll implore it, that will free your Life,
But fetter you 'till Death.
Claud. Perpetual Durance!
Isab. Ay just, perpetual Durance, a Restraint
Through all the World's Vastidity you had
To a determin'd Scope.
Claud. But in what Nature?
Isab. In such a one, as you consenting to't,
Would bark your Honour from that Trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the Point.
Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*, and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous Life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The Sense of Death is most in Apprehension,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal Sufferance, finds a Pang as great
As when a Giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this Shame?
Think you I can a Resolution fetch
From flow'ry Tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter Darkness as a Bride,
And hug it in mine Arms.
Isab. There spake my Brother; there my Father's Grave
Did utter forth a Voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a Life
In base Appliances. This outward sainted Deputy,
Whose settled Visage and deliberate Word
Nips Youth i'th' Head, and Follies doth emmew,
As Faulcon doth the Fowl, is yet a Devil;
His Filth within being cast, he would appear
A Pond as deep as Hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?
Isab. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of Hell,
The damned'ſt Body to inveſt and cover
In Princely Guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my Virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Claud. Oh Heav'ns, it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank Offence
So to offend him ſtill. This Night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to Morrow.
Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Isab. Oh, were it but my Life,
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance
As frankly as a Pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear *Iſabel.*
Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for you Death to Morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he Affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' Noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no Sin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Isab. Which is the leaſt?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh *Iſabel*,
Isab. What ſays my Brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And ſhamed Life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold Obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm Motion, to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reſide
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs Winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant World; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and uncertain Thought,
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly Life
That Age, Ach, Penury, and Impriſonment

Can

Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet Sister, let me live.
What Sin you do to save a Brother's Life,
Nature dispenses with the Deed so far,
That it becomes a Virtue.
Isab. Oh you Beast!
Oh faithless Coward! oh dishonest Wretch!
Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?
Is't not a kind of Incest, to take Life
From thine own Sister's Shame? What should I think?
Heav'n shield my Mother plaid my Father fair:
For such a warped slip of Wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his Blood. Take my Defiance,
Die, perish: Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy Fate, it should proceed.
I'll pay a thousand Prayers for thy Death;
No Word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel.*
Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie,
Thy Sin's not accidental, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd;
'Tis best that thou dy'st quietly.
Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella.*

Enter Duke *and* Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a Word, young Sister, but one Word.
Isab. What is your Will?
Duke. Might you dispense with your Leisure, I would by and by have some Speech with you: The Satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own Benefit.
Isab. I have no superfluous Leisure; my Stay must be stolen out of other Affairs: But I will attend you a while.
Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your Sister. *Angelo* had never the Purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an Essay of her Virtue, to practise his Judgment with the Disposition of Natures. She, having the truth of Honour in her, hath made him that gracious Denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your self to Death. Do not satisfie your Resolution with Hopes

that are fallible; to Morrow you must die; go to your Knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my Sister Pardon; I am so out of love with Life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provost,* a Word with you.

Prov. What's your Will, Father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the Maid; my Mind promises with my Habit, no loss shall touch her by my Company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The Hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the Goodness that is cheap in Beauty, makes Beauty brief in Goodness; but Grace being the Soul of your Complexion, shall keep the Body of it ever fair; the Assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convey'd to my Understanding; and but that Frailty hath Examples for his Falling, I should wonder at *Angelo:* How will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my Brother die by the Law, than my Son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo:* If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my Lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the Matter now stands, he will avoid your Accusation; He made Trial of you only. Therefore fasten your Ear on my Advisings, to the Love I have in doing good; a Remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited Benefit; redeem your Brother from the angry Law; do no Stain to your own gracious Person, and much please the absent Duke, if perad venture he shall ever return to have hearing of this Business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak, Father: I have Spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the Truth of my Spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness never fearful: Have you not heard speak of *Mariana,* the Sister of *Frederick,* the great Soldier, who miscarry'd at Sea?

Isab.

Isab. I have heard of the Lady, and good Words went with her Name.

Duke. She should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by Oath, the Nuptial appointed: Between which time of the Contract, and limit of the Solemnity, her Brother *Frederick* was wrackt at Sea, having in that perish'd Vessel the Dowry of his Sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor Gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned Brother, in his Love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the Portion and Sinew of her Fortune, her Marriage-dowry; with both, her Combinate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo.*

Isab. Can this be so? Did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her Tears, and dry'd not one of them with his Comfort; swallow'd his Vows whole, pretending in her Discoveries of Dishonour: In few Words, bestow'd her on her own Lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a Marble to her Tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a Merit were it in Death to take this poor Maid from the World! What Corruption in this Life, that it will let this Man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a Rupture that you may easily heal; and the Cure of it not only saves your Brother, but keeps you from Dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good Father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd Maid hath yet in her the Continuance of her first Affection; his unjust Unkindness, that in all Reason should have quenched her Love, hath, like an Impediment in the Current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answering his requiring with a plausible Obedience; agree with his Demands to the Point: Only refer your self to this Advantage; first, that your Stay with him may not be long; that the Time may have all Shadow and Silence in it; and the Place answer to Convenience. This being granted in Course; and now follows all: We shall advise this wronged Maid to steed up your Appointment, go in your place; if the Encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her Recompence; and here, by this is your Brother saved, your Honour untainted,

tainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his Attempt: If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the Benefit defends the Deceit and Reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The Image of it gives me Content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous Perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this Night he intreat you to his Bed, give him Promise of Satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this Comfort: Fare you well, good Father. [*Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no Remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell Men and Women like Beasts, we shall have all the World drink brown and white Bastard.

Duke. Oh Heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry World since of two Usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by Order of Law; a furr'd Gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with Fox and Lambs-skins too, to signifie, that Craft being richer than Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: Bless you, good Father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good Brother Father; what Offence hath this Man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the Law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked Bawd;
The Evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a Maw, or cloath a Back
From such a filthy Vice: Say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly Touches
I drink, I eat away my self, and live.

Canst

Canſt thou believe thy living is a Life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clown. Indeed it does ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir;
But yet, Sir, I would prove ——

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee Proofs for Sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to Priſon, Officer;
Correction and Inſtruction muſt both work,
E'er this rude Beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him Warning; the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter; if he be a Whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a Mile on his Errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all Faults, as Faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His Neck will come to your Waſte, a Cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy Comfort; I cry Bail: Here's a Gentleman, and a Friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* What, at the Wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in Triumph? What, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s Images newly made Woman to be had now, for putting the Hand in the Pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What Reply? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou to this Tune, Matter and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th' laſt Rain? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou, Trot? Is the World as it was, Man? Which is the way? Is it ſad, and few Words? Or how? The Trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear Morſel? thy Miſtreſs? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her Beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the Tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd, an unſhunn'd Conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to Priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, Faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* Farewel: Go ſay, I ſent thee thither; for Debt, *Pompey?* Or how?

Elb. For being a Bawd, for being a Bawd.

Lucio.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if Imprisonment be the due of a Bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of Antiquity too; Bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey*: Commend me to the Prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good Husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the House.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my Bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your Bondage, if you take it not patiently: Why, your Mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty *Pompey*.

Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What News abroad, *Friar*? What News?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to Kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

What News, *Friar*, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other some, he is in *Rome*: But where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical Trick of him, to steal from the State, and usurp the Beggary he was never born to; Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his Absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more Lenity to Leachery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a Vice, and Severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the Vice is of great Kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downright way of Creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio.

Lucio. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes Water, his Urine is congeal'd Ice; that I know to be true; and he is a Motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the Rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the Life of a Man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? E'er he would have hang'd a Man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the Sport, he knew the Service, and that instructed him to Mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your Beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a Ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an Inward of his; a shy Fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the Cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, prithee, might be the Cause?

Lucio. No; Pardon: 'Tis a Secret must be lockt within the Teeth and the Lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater File of the Subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing Fellow.

Duke. Either this is Envy in you, Folly, or Mistaking: The very stream of his Life, and the Business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better Proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a Scholar, a Statesman, and a Soldier; therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your Knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your Malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better Knowledge, and Knowledge with dear Love.

Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know I what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our Prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your Answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have Courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your Name?

Lucio. Sir, my Name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an Opposite; but indeed I can do you little harm: You'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to Morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a Bottle with a Tun-dish: I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the Province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his House-eves, because they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark Deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd. Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*, I prithee pray for me: The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat Mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would Mouth with a Beggar, tho' she smelt of brown Bread and Garlick: Say, that I said so: Farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No Might nor Greatness in Mortality
Can Censure scape: Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the Gall up in the slanderous Tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost *and* Bawd.

Escal. Go, away with her to Prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful Man: Good my Lord.

Escal. Double and trebble Admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make Mercy swear, and play the Tyrant.

Prov. A Bawd of eleven Years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s Information againſt me: Miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with Child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her Marriage: His Child is a Year and a Quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob:* I have kept it my ſelf; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That Fellow is a Fellow of much Licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to Priſon: Go to; no more Words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.

Provoſt, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to Morrow: Let him be furniſh'd with Divines, and have all charitable Preparation. If my Brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of Death.

Eſcal. Good Even, good Father.

Duke. Bliſs and Goodneſs on you.

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, tho' my Chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a Brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In ſpecial Buſineſs from his Holineſs.

Eſcal. What News abroad i' th' World?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a Fever on Goodneſs, that the Diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in Requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of Courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any Undertaking. There is ſcarce Truth enough alive to make Societies ſecure; but Security enough to make Fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this Riddle runs the Wiſdom of the World; this News is old enough, yet it is every Day's News. I pray you, Sir, of what Diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſcal. One, that above all other Strifes,
Contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What Pleaſure was he given to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A Gentleman of all Temperance. But leave him to his Events, with a Prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire

sire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him Visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of Justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his Frailty, many deceiving Promises of Life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the Heav'ns your Function, and the Prisoner the very Debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my Modesty, but my Brother-Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own Life
Answer the straitness of his Proceeding,
It shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the Prisoner: Fare you well. [*Ex.*

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the Sword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as Holy as Severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and Virtue go:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by Self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking,
Kills for Faults of his own liking:
Twice trebble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my Vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Tho' Angel on the outward side?
How may Likeness made in Crimes,
Making practise on the times,
To draw with idle Spider's Strings
Most ponderous and substantial things?
Craft against Vice I must apply.
With *Angelo* to Night shall lye
His old betroathed, but despis'd;
So Disguise shall by th' disguis'd
Pay with Falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mariana, *and Boy singing.*

Song. *TAKE, Oh take those Lips away,*
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes, the break of Day,
Lights that do miss-lead the Morn;
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy Song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a Man of Comfort, whose Advice
Hath often still'd my brawling Discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My Mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my Woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' Musick oft hath such a Charm
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath any Body enquir'd for me here to Day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sate here all Day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon, for some Advantage to your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the News from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
Whose Western side is with a Vineyard backt;
And to that Vineyard is a planched Gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little Door,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads;
There have I made my Promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the Night, to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this Way?
Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary Note upon't;
With whispering, and most guilty Diligence,
In Action of all Precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other Tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her Observance?
Isab. No; none but only a Repair i' th' dark,
And that I have possest him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose Persuasion is
I come about my Brother.
Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A Word of this. What hoa! within! come forth!
Enter Mariana.
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid;
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade your self that I respect you?
Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your Companion by the Hand,
Who hath a Story ready for your Ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous Night approaches.
Mari. Wilt please you walk aside? [*Exit.*
Duke. Oh Place, and Greatness! Millions of false Eyes
Are stuck upon thee: Volumes of Report
Run with these false and most contrarious Quests
Upon thy Doings: Thousand Escapes of Wit
Make thee the Father of an idle Dream,
And rack thee in their Fancies. Welcome, how agreed?
Enter Mariana *and* Isabel.
Isab. She'll take the Enterprize upon her, Father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my Consent,
But my Intreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low.
Remember now my Brother.

Mari.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle Daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your Husband on a Pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no Sin,
Sith that the Justice of your Title to him
Doth flourish the Deceit. Come, let us go;
Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tythes to sow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Prison.*

Enter Provost *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, Sirrah: Can you cut off a Man's Head?

Clown. If the Man be a Batchelor, Sir, I can:
But if he be a marry'd Man, he's his Wife's Head,
And I can never cut off a Woman's Head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your Snatches, and yield me a direct Answer. To Morrow Morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: Here is in our Prison a common Executioner, who in his Office lacks a Helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your Gyves: If not, you shall have your full time of Imprisonment, and your Deliverance with an unpitied Whipping; for you have been a notorious Bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful Bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful Hangman: I would be glad to receive some Instruction from my Fellow-Partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson!* where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a Fellow will help you to Morrow in your Execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the Year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his Estimation with you; he hath been a Bawd.

Abhor. A Bawd, Sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our Mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally, a Feather will turn the Scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray Sir, by your good Favour; for surely, Sir, a good Favour you have, but that you have a hanging Look; Do you call, Sir, your Occupation a Mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir, a Mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a Mystery; and your Whores, Sir, being Members of my Occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation a Mystery: But what Mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a Mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: So every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: For I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Bawd; he doth oftner ask Forgiveness.

Prov. You, Sirrah, provide your Block and your Ax to Morrow, four a Clock.

Abhor. Come on, Bawd, I will instruct thee in my Trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yours: For truly, Sir, for your Kindness, I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*
Th' one has my Pity; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, tho' he were my Brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy Death;
'Tis now dead Midnight, and by eight to Morrow
Thou must be made Immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As fast lock'd up in Sleep as guiltless Labour,
When it lyes starkly in the Traveller's Bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. But hark, what Noise?

[*Knock within.*

Heav'n

Heav'n give your Spirits Comfort: By and by;
I hope it is ſome Pardon, or Reprieve
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholſom'ſt Spirits of the Night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt:* Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None ſince the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What Comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his Life is parallel'd
Even with the Stroak and Line of his great Juſtice;
He doth with holy Abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf which he ſpurs on his Power
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.

[*Knock again.*

This is a gentle *Provoſt*, ſeldom when
The ſteeled Goaler is the Friend of Men.
How now? What Noiſe? That Spirit's poſſeſt with haſte
That wounds th' unreſiſting Poſtern with theſe Strokes.

Prov. There he muſt ſtay until the Officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muſt die to Morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the Dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more e'er Morning.

Prov. Happily:
You ſomething know; yet I believe there comes
No Countermand; no ſuch Example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of Juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick Ear
Profeſt the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his Lord's Man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s Pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this Note,
And by me this further Charge,
That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in Time, Matter, or other Circumstance.
Good Morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost Day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messen.

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such Sin
For which the Pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath Offence his quick Celerity,
When it is born in high Authority;
When Vice makes Mercy, Mercy's so extended,
That for the Fault's love, is th' Offender friended.
Now, Sir, what News?

Prov. I told you:
Lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiss
In mine Office, awakens me
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely,
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray let's hear.

Provost *reads the Letter.*

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the Clock, and in the Afternoon* Barnardine: *For my better Satisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *Head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a Thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your Office, as you will answer it at your Peril.*

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th' Afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurst up and bred,
One that is a Prisoner nine Years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his Liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His Friends still wrought Reprieves for him;
And indeed his Fact, 'till now in the Government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful Proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in Prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A Man that apprehends Death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken Sleep, careless, wreakless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of Mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants Advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the Prison: Give him leave to escape hence, he would not: Drunk many times a Day, if not many Days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to Execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your Brow, *Provost*, Honesty and Constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient Skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in Hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater Forfeit to the Law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested Effect, I crave but four Days Respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous Courtesie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying Death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? Having the Hour limited, and an express Command, under Penalty, to deliver his Head in the view of *Angelo*, I may make my Case as *Claudio's*, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the Vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my Instructions may be your Guide:
Let this *Barnardine* be this Morning executed,
And his Head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both,
And will discover the Favour.

Duke. Oh, Death's a great Disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the Head, and tie the Beard, and say, it was the Desire of the Penitent to be so barb'd before his Death; you know the Course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than Thanks and good Fortune; by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my Life.

Prov. Pardon me, good Father; it is against my Oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no Offence, if the Duke avouch the Justice of your Dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a Resemblance, but a Certainty; yet since I see you fearful, that neither my Coat, Integrity, nor my Persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all Fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the Hand and Seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your Pleasure; where you shall find within these two Days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very Day receives Letters of strange Tenor, perchance of the Duke's Death, perchance entring into some Monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding Star calls up the Shepherd; put not your self into amazement how these things should be; all Difficulties are but easie when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s Head: I will give him a present Shrift, and advise him for a better Place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear Dawn. [*Exit.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our House of Profession; one would think it were Mistress *Over-don*'s own House; for here be many of her old Customers: First, here's young Mr. *Rash*; he's in for a Commodity of brown Pepper and old Ginger, ninescore and seventeen Pounds; of which he made five Marks ready Money: Marry then, Ginger was not much in request; for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the Suit of Master *Three-Pile*, the Mercer, for some four Suits of Peach-colour'd Sattin, which now peaches him a Beggar. Then have we here young *Dizy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-spure*, and Master

ſter *Starve-Lacky*, the Rapier and Dagger Man, and young *Dropheire*, that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forth-light*, the Tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty*, the great Traveller, and wild *Half-Canne*, that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnardine *within.*

Barnar. A Pox o' your Throats; who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the Hangman:
You muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to Death.

Barnar. Away, you Rogue, away, I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he muſt awake,
And that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, Maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are exeted, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear his Straw ruſsle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the Ax upon the Block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?*
What's the News with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your Prayers: For look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all Night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all Night, and is hang'd betimes in the Morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next Day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly Father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke.

Duke. Sir, induced by my Charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all Night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my Brains with Billets: I will not conſent to die this Day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore I beſeech you look forward on the Journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear I will not die to Day for any Man's Perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you.

Barnar. Not a Word: If you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to Day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh gravel Heart!
After him, Fellows: Bring him to the Block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the Priſoner?

Duke. A Creature unprepar'd, unmeet for Death;
And to tranſport him in the Mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the Priſon, Father,
There dy'd this Morning of a cruel Fever,
One *Rogozine*, a moſt notorious Pirate,
A Man of *Claudio*'s Years; his Beard and Head
Juſt of his Colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well enclin'd,
And ſatisfie the Deputy with the Viſage
Of *Rogozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an Accident that Heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the Hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And ſent according to Command, whiles I
Perſuade this rude Wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good Father, preſently.
But *Barnardine* muſt die this Afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the Danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

E'er

E'er twice the Sun hath made his Journal greeting
To yond Generation, you shall find
Your Safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free Dependant. [*Exit.*

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the Head to *Angelo.*
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo,*
The *Provost* he shall bear them, whose Contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the City; and from thence,
By cold Gradation, and well-ballanc'd Form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the Head, I'll carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift Return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no Ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isabel *within.*

Isab. Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The Tongue of *Isabel.* She's come to know,
If yet her Brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her Good,
To make her heav'nly Comforts of Despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Hoa, by your Leave.

Duke. Good Morning to you, fair and gracious Daughter.

Isab. The better given me by so holy a Man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my Brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel,* from the World;
His Head is off, and sent to *Angelo.*

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew your Wisdom, Daughter, in your close Patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his Eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio,* wretched *Isabel!*
Injurious World, most damned *Angelo!*

Duke.

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to Heav'n:
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every Syllable a faithful Verity.
The Duke comes home to Morrow; nay, dry your Eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
Gives me this Instance: Already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the Gates,
There to give up their Power. If you can, pace your Wisdom
In that good Path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your Bosom on this Wretch,
Grace of the Duke, Revenges to your Heart,
And general Honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's Return:
Say, by this Token, I desire his Company
At *Mariana*'s House to Night. Her Cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the Head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting Waters from your Eyes
With a light Heart; trust not my holy Order
If I pervert your Course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good Even;
Friar, where's the *Provost?*

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine Heart to see thine Eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with Water and Bran; I dare not for my Head fill my Belly: One fruitful Meal would set me to't. But, they say, the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my Troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy Brother: If the old fantastical Duke of dark Corners had been at Home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your Reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better Woodman than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one Day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee:
I can tell thee pretty Tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with Child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; They would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir, your Company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Lucio. By my Troth, I'll go with thee to the Lane's end: If bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of Bur, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. Every Letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His Actions ſhew much like to Madneſs: pray Heav'n his Wiſdom be not tainted: And why meet him at the Gates, and deliver our Authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an Hour before his entring, that if any crave Redreſs of Injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their Petitions in the Street?

Eſcal. He ſhews his Reaſon for that; to have a Diſpatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from Devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no Power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' Morn; I'll call you at your Houſe: Give Notice to ſuch Men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good Night.
This Deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all Proceedings. A defloured Maid,
And by an eminent Body, that enforc'd

The

The Law againſt it? But that her tender Shame
Will not proclaim againſt her Maiden loſs,
How might ſhe Tongue me? Yet Reaſon dares her no;
For my Authority bears off a credent Bulk,
That no particular Scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the Breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous Youth, with dangerous Senſe,
Might in the Times to come, have ta'en Revenge
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd Life,
With Ranſom of ſuch ſhame: Would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our Grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE *The Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own Habit, and Friar* Peter.

Duke. Theſe Letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our Purpoſe and our Plot:
The Matter being afoot, keep your Inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial Drift,
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As Cauſe doth miniſter: Go call at *Flavius*'s Houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay; give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the Gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
Will greet us here anon; my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loath;
I would ſay the Truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your Part; yet I am adviſ'd to do it:
He ſays, to vail full Purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a Physick
That's bitter to sweet End.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Friar *Peter*——

Isab. Oh Peace; the Friar is come.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand most fit,
Where you may have such Vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you.
Twice have the Trumpets sounded:
The generous and graveſt Citizens
Have hent the Gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring:
Therefore hence away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, *and Citizens, at several Doors.*

Duke. MY very worthy Cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful Friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and *Esc.* Happy Return be to your Royal Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings be to you both:
We have made Enquiry of you, and we hear
Such Goodness of your Justice, that our Soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick Thanks,
Forerunning more Requital.

Ang. You make my Bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your Desert speaks loud, and I should wrong
To lock it in the Wards of covert Bosom,
When it deserves, with Characters of Brass,
A forted Residence 'gainst the tooth of Time,
And razure of Oblivion: Give me your Hand,
And let the Subject see, to make them know,
That outward Courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus*,

You

You must walk by us on our other Hand:
And good Supporters are you.

Enter Peter *and* Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time:
Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your Regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a Maid:
Oh worthy Prince, dishonour not your Eye
By throwing it on any other Object,
'Till you have heard me in my true Complaint,
And give me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your Wrongs;
In what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice;
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring Redress from you:
Hear me; oh hear me here.

Ang. My Lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a Suitor to me for her Brother,
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak;
That *Angelo*'s forsworn: Is it not strange?
That *Angelo*'s a Murtherer: Is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous Thief,
An Hypocrite, a Virgin Violater:
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for Truth is Truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: Poor Soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of Sense.

Isab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another Comfort than this World,

That

That thou neglect me not, with that Opinion,
That I am touch'd with Madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st Caitiff on the Ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As *Angelo*; ev'n so may *Angelo*,
In all his Dressings, Carats, Titles, Forms,
Be an Arch-villain: Believe it, Royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more Name for Badness.

Duke. By mine Honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her Madness hath the oddest frame of Sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in Madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish Reason
For Inequality; but let your Reason serve
To make the Truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lack of Reason.
What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd, upon the Act of Fornication,
To lose his Head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in Probation of a Sister-hood,
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the Messenger.——

Lucio. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious Fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poor Brother's Pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [*To* Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you take note of it: And when you have
A Business for your self, pray Heav'n you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.
Duke. The Warrant's for your self; take heed to't.
Isab. This Gentleman told something of my Tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are i'th' wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it:
The Phrase is to the Matter.
Duke. Mended again: The Matter; proceed.
Isab. In brief; to set the needless by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length; the vile Conclusion
I now begin with Grief and Shame to utter.
He would not, but by Gift of my chaste Body
To his concupiscible intemperate Lust,
Release my Brother; and after much Debatement,
My sisterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next Morn betimes,
His Purpose forfeiting, he sends a Warrant
For my poor Brother's Head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. [speak'st;
Duke. By Heav'n, fond Wretch, thou know'st not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his Honour
In hateful Practice. First, his Integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no Reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy Brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the Truth, and say by whose Advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in Patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the Evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from Wo.
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go. *Duke.*

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To Prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous Breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a Practice.
Who knew of your Intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*
Duke. A ghostly Father belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*
Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a medling *Friar;*
I do not like the Man; had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain Words he spake against your Grace
In your Retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This is a good *Friar* belike,
And to set on this wretched Woman here
Against our Substitute! Let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But Yesternight, my Lord, she and that *Friar,*
I saw them at the Prison: A sawcy *Friar,*
A very scurvy Fellow.
Peter. Blessed be your Royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royal Ear abus'd. First hath this Woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick* which she speaks of?
Peter. I know him for a Man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary Medler,
As he's reported by this Gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a Man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
Lucio. My Lord, most villanously; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange Fever: Upon his meer Request,
Being come to knowledge, that there was Complaint
Intended against Lord *Angelo,* came I hither
To speak, as from his Mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his Oath,
And all Probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he is convented. First, for this Woman,

To justifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her Eyes,
'Till she her self confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo?*
Ah, Heav'n! the vanity of wretch'd Fools! ——
Give us some Seats; Come, Cousin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: Be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the Witness, *Friar?*

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

First, let her shew her Face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not shew my Face
Until my Husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? Neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a Punk; for many of them are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that Fellow: I would he had some Cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess I ne'er was marry'd,
And I confess besides, I am no Maid;
I have known my Husband, yet my Husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of Silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no Witness for Lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord.
She that accuses him of Fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my Husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine Arms,
With all th' Effect of Love.

Ang.

Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say your Husband. *To* Mariana.
Mari. Why, just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows, that he ne'er kn w my Body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel's*.
Ang. This is a strange Abuse: Let's see thy Face.
Mari. My Husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that Face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the Hand which, with a vow'd Contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: This is the Body
That took away the Match from *Isabel*,
And did supply thee at thy Garden-house
In her imagin'd Person.
Duke. Know you this Woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my Lord.
Ang. My Lord, I must confess I know this Woman;
And five Years since there was some speech of Marriage
Betwixt my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised Proportions
Came short of Composition; but in chief,
For that her Reputation was dis-valued
In Levity: Since which time, of five Years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my Faith and Honour.
Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes Light from Heav'n, and Words from Breath,
As there is Sense in Truth, and Truth in Virtue,
I am affianc'd this Man's Wife as strongly
As Words could make up Vows: And, my good Lord,
But *Tuesday* Night last gone, in's Garden-house
He knew me as a Wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my Knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.
Ang. I did but smile 'till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the Scope of Justice;
My Patience here is touch'd: I do perceive

These poor informal Women are no more
But Instruments of some more mightier Member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this Practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my Heart;
And punish them to your height of Pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious Woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy Oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were Testimonies 'gainst his Worth and Credit,
That's seal'd in Approbation? You, Lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind Pains
To find out this Abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar* that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he indeed
Hath set the Women on to this Complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the Place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you my noble and well warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this Matter forth,
Do with your Injuries as seems you best
In any Chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. [*Exit.*

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest Person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit Monachum; honest in nothing but in his Cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villanous Speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a notable Fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my Word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again; I would speak with her: Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own Report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio.

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her privately she should sooner confess; perchance publickly she'd be asham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's Habit,* Provost *and* Isabella.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for Women are light at Midnight.

Escal. Come on, Mistress: Here's a Gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the Rascal I spoke of, Here with the *Provost.*

Escal. In very good time: Speak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these Women on to slander Lord *Angelo?* They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? Know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the Devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning Throne. Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh, poor Souls, Come you to seek the Lamb here of the Fox? Good-night to your Redress: Is the Duke gone? Then is your Cause too. The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeal, And put your Trial in the Villain's Mouth Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the Rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd *Friar,* Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these Women To accuse this worthy Man, but in foul Mouth, And in the witness of his proper Ear, To call him Villain; and then to glance from him To th' Duke himself; to tax him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: We'll touze you Joint by Joint, but we will know his Purpose: What? Unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare
No more stretch this Finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: His Subject am I not,
Nor here Provincial; my Business in this State
Made me a Looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have seen Corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the Stew: Laws for all Faults,
But Faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the Forfeits in a Barber's Shop,
As much in Mock as Mark.

Escal. Slander to th'State!
Away with him to Prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior *Lucio?*
Is this the Man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, Goodman Baldpate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your Voice: I met you at the Prison in the Absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? And was the Duke a Flesh-monger, a Fool, and a Coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change Persons with me, e'er you make that my Report: You indeed spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable Fellow! did not I pluck thee by the Nose for thy Speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark how the Villain would close now after his treasonable Abuses.

Escal. Such a Fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to Prison: Where is the *Provost?* Away with him to Prison; lay Bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more; away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate Companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying Rascal; you must be hooded, must you?

Show

Show your Knave's Visage, with a Pox to you; show your sheep-biting Face, and be hang'd an Hour: Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friars *Hood, and discovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first Knave that e'er mad'st a Duke.
First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Must have a word anon: Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:

[*To* Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your Leave:
Hast thou or Word, or Wit, or Impudence,
That yet can do thee Office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my Tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier than my Guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like Power divine,
Hath look'd upon my Passes: Then, good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon my Shame;
But let my Trial be mine own Confession:
Immediate Sentence then, and sequent Death,
Is all the Grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:*
Say; was't thou ever contracted to this Woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the Office, *Friar*; which consummate,
Return him here again: Go with him, *Provost.*

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana *and* Provost.

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his Dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your Business,
Not changing Heart with Habit, I am still
Attornied at your Service.

Isab. Oh give me Pardon,
That I, your Vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Soveraignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel:*
And now, dear Maid, be you as free to us. Your

Your Brother's Death, I know, sits at your Heart:
And you may marvel why I obscur'd my self,
Labouring to save his Life; and would not rather
Make rash Remonstrance of my hidden Power;
Then let him be so lost: Oh most kind Maid,
It was the swift Celerity of his Death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But Peace be with him.
That Life is better Life, past fearing Death,
Than that which lives to Fear: Make it your Comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd Man, approaching here,
Whose salt Imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended Honour; you must pardon
For *Mariana*'s Sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being Criminal, in double violation
Of sacred Chastity, and of Promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brother's Life,
The very Mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper Tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; Death for Death:
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy Faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very Block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to Death; and with like haste,
Away with him.

Mari. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a Husband?

Duke. It is your Husband mock'd you with a Husband.
Consenting to the Safeguard of your Honour,
I thought your Marriage fit; else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your Life,
And choak your good to come: For his Possessions,
Altho' by Confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate, and Widow you withal,
To buy you a better Husband.

Mari. Oh my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better Man.

Duke.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle, my Leige.
Duke. You do but lose your Labour:
Away with him to Death. Now, Sir, to you.
Mari. Oh my good Lord. Sweet *Isabel*, take my part;
Lend me your Knees, and all my Life to come
I'll lend you, all my Life to do you Service.
Duke. Against all Sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this Fact,
Her Brother's Ghost his paved Bed would break,
And take her hence in Horror.
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your Hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best Men are moulded out of Faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my Husband.
Oh *Isabel*; will you not lend a Knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s Death.
Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this Man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due Sincerity govern'd his Deeds,
'Till he did look on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die. My Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not o'er-take his bad Intent,
And must be bury'd but as an Intent
That perish'd by the way: Thoughts are no Subjects;
Intents, but meerly Thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my Lord.
Duke. Your Suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another Fault.
Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual Hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special Warrant for the Deed?
Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private Message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your Office:
Give up your Keys.

Prov.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.
I thought it was a Fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more Advice;
For Testimony whereof, one in the Prison,
That should by private Order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His Name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
Escal. I am sorry one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grosly, both in the heat of Blood,
And lack of temper'd Judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry that such Sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent Heart,
That I crave Death more willingly than Mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.
Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio *and* Julietta.
Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*
Prov. This, my Lord.
Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this Man;
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn Soul
That apprehends no further than this World,
And squar'st thy Life accordingly: Thou'rt condemn'd.
But for those earthly Faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee take this Mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, advise him;
I leave him to your Hand. What muffled Fellow's that?
Prov. This is another Prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his Head,
As like almost to *Claudio* as himself.
Duke. If he be like your Brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your Hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my Brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickning in his Eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your Evil quits you well;
Look that you love your Wife; her Worth worth yours.
I find an apt Remission in my self,

And

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, Sirrah, that knew me for a Fool, a Coward, *To* Lucio.
One all of Luxury, an Ass, a Mad-man;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to the Trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the City;
If any Woman wrong'd by this lewd Fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with Child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the Nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a Whore: Your Highness said even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompence me in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine Honour thou shalt marry her:
Thy Slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other Forfeits; take him to Prison:
And see our Pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a Punk, my Lord, is pressing to Death, Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*; love her *Angelo:*
I have confess'd her, and I know her Virtue.
Thanks, good Friend *Escalus*, for thy much Goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate,
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy Care and Secresie;
We shall imploy thee in a worthier Place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The Head of *Rogozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' Offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabel*,
I have a Motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing Ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our Palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

p. 271.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SAlinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.

Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Slaves to*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *the two* Antipholis's.

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Dr. Pinch, *a School-Maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.

Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.

Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Epheſus.*

THE

THE
Comedy of Errors.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PRoceed, *Salinus*, to procure my Fall,
And by thy doom of Death end Woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more:
I am not partial to infringe our Laws:
The Enmity and Discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous Outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants, our well-dealing Countrymen,
Who wanting Gilders to redeem their Lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous Statutes with their Bloods,
Excludes all Pity from our threatning Looks.
For since the mortal and intestine Jars
'Twixt thy seditious Countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn Synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no Traffick to our adverse Towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
Be seen at any *Syracusian* Marts and Fairs;
Again, if any *Syracusian* born,
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
His Goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand Marks be levied

To quit the Penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy Subſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Marks;
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die. [done,

Ægeon. Yet this my Comfort, when your Words are
My Woes end likewiſe with the Evening Sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſian*, ſay in brief the Cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native Home;
And for what Cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus.*

Ægeon. A heavier Task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my Grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the World may witneſs, that my End
Was wrought by Nature, not by vile Offence,
I'll utter what my Sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a Woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our Hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in Joy, our Wealth encreas'd
By proſperous Voyages I often made
To *Epidamnium*, 'till my Factor's Death;
And he great ſtore of Goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind Embracements of my Spouſe;
From whom my Abſence was not ſix Months old,
Before her ſelf, almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing Puniſhment that Women bear,
Had made Proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon and ſafe arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful Mother of two goodly Sons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by Names.
That very Hour, and in the ſelf-ſame Inn,
A poor mean Woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, Male-twins both alike:
Thoſe, for their Parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my Sons.
My Wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch Boys,
Made daily Motions for our Home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too ſoon we came aboard.
A League from *Epidamnium* had we ſail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying Deep

Gave

Gave any tragick inſtance of our Harm;
But longer did we not retain much Hope:
For what obſcur'd Light the Heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful Minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate Death;
Which tho' my ſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my Wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous Plainings of the pretty Babes,
That mourn'd for Faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek Delays for them and me:
And this it was, for other Means was none.
The Sailors ſought for Safety by our Boat,
And left the Ship then ſinking-ripe to us;
My Wife, more careful for the Elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as Sea-faring Men provide for Storms;
To him one of the other Twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The Children thus diſpos'd, my Wife and I,
Fixing our Eyes on whom our Care was fixt,
Faſten'd our ſelves at either end the Ship,
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the Stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sun gazing upon the Earth,
Diſperſt thoſe Vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wiſh'd Light,
The Sea was calm, and we diſcovered
Two Ships from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But e'er they came, oh let me ſay no more;
Gather the Sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward old Man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh had the Gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For e'er the Ships could meet by twice five Leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty Rock;
Which being violently born up upon,
Our helpleſs Ship was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that in this unjuſt Divorce of us

Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor Soul, ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer Weight, but not with leſſer Wo,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the Wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another Ship had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwrackt Gueſts,
And would have reſt the Fiſhers of their Prey,
Had not their Bark been very ſlow for Sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their Courſe.
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my Bliſs,
That by Misfortunes was my Life prolong'd,
To tell ſad Stories of my own Miſhaps.

Duke. And for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the Favour to dilate the full,
What hath befall'n them and thee 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt Boy, and yet my eldeſt Care,
At eighteen Years became inquiſitive
After his Brother; and importun'd me,
That his Attendant, for his Caſe was like,
Reft of his Brother, but retain'd his Name,
Might bear him Company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a Love to ſee,
I hazarded the Loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five Summers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the Bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus:*
Hopeleſs to find, yet loath to leave unſought,
Or that, or any Place that harbours Men.
But here muſt end the Story of my Life;
And happy were I in my timely Death,
Could all my Travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs *Ægeon*, whom the Fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of a dire Miſhap;
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Laws,
Againſt my Crown, my Oath, my Dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not diſanul,
My Soul ſhould ſue as Advocate for thee.

But

But tho' thou art adjudged to the Death,
And paſſed Sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our Honour's great Diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore, Merchant, I limit thee this Day
To ſeek thy Help by beneficial Help:
Try all the Friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the Sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, take him to thy Cuſtody.

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs End. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a* Merchant *and* Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of *Epidamnium*,
Leſt that your Goods be too ſoon confiſcate.
This very Day a *Syracuſian* Merchant
Is apprehended for Arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his Life,
According to the Statute of the Town,
Dies e'er the weary Sun ſets in the Weſt:
There is your Mony that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
'Till that I'll view the Manners of the Town,
Within this Hour it will be Dinner-time,
Peruſe the Traders, gaze upon the Buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine Inn;
For with long Travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a Man would take you at your Word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a Means. [*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty Villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with Care and Melancholy,
Lightens my Humour with his merry Jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the Town,
And then go to the Inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much Benefit:
I crave your Pardon. Soon at five a Clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the Mart,

And afterward Conſort you 'till Bed-time:
My preſent Buſineſs calls me from you now.
Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe my ſelf,
And wander up and down to view the City.
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own Content.
[*Exit.* Mer.
Ant. He that commends me to my own Content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the World am like a drop of Water,
Than in the Ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his Fellow forth,
Unſeen inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a Mother and a Brother,
In queſt of him, unhappy, loſe my ſelf.
Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.
Here comes the Almanack of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoon.
E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The Capon burns, the Pig falls from the Spit,
The Clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the Bell;
My Miſtreſs made it one upon my Cheek;
She is ſo hot becauſe the Meat is cold;
The Meat is cold becauſe you come not home;
You come not home becauſe you have no Stomach;
You have no Stomach having broke your Faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your Default to day.
Ant. Stop in your Wind, Sir; tell me this I pray,
Where you have left the Mony that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh, ſix Pence that I had a *Wedneſday* laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtreſs Crupper?
The Sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportive Humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the Mony?
We being Strangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a Charge from thine own Cuſtody?
E. Dro. I pray you jeſt, Sir, as you ſit at Dinner:
I from my Miſtreſs come to you in Poſt,
If I return, I ſhall be Poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your Fault upon my Pate:
Me thinks your Maw, like mine, ſhould be your Cook,
And ſtrike you home without a Meſſenger.

Ant.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these Jests are out of Season;
Reserve them 'till a merrier Hour than this:
Where is the Gold I gave in Charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, Sir? Why, you gave no Gold to me.
Ant. Come on, Sir Knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy Charge?
E. Dro. My Charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your House, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to Dinner;
My Mistress and her Sister stay for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe Place you have bestow'd my Mony;
Or I shall break that merry Sconce of yours
That stands on Tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?
E. Dro. I have some Marks of yours upon my Pate;
Some of my Mistress's Marks upon my Shoulders;
But not a thousand Marks between you both.
If I should pay your Worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently. [thou?
Ant. Thy Mistress's Marks? What Mistress, Slave, hast
E. Dro. Your Worship's Wife, my Mistress at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth fast 'till you come home to Dinner;
And prays that you will hie you home to Dinner.
Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my Face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, Sir Knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? For God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not, Sir, I'll take my Heels. [Hands;
[*Exit* Dromio Ep.
Ant. Upon my Life, by some Device or other,
The Villain is o'er-wrought of all my Mony.
They say, this Town is full of Cozenage;
As nimble Juglers, that deceive the Eye;
Dark-working Sorcerers, that change the Mind;
Soul-killing Witches, that deform the Body;
Disguis'd Cheaters, prating Mountebanks,
And many such like Liberties of Sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the *Centaur* to go seek this Slave;
I greatly fear my Mony is not safe.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. NEither my Husband, nor the Slave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his Maſter;
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a Clock.
Luc. Perhaps ſome Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's ſowewhere gone to Dinner:
Good Siſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A Man is Maſter of his Liberty:
Time is their Maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, Siſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their Liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their Buſineſs ſtill lyes out a-door.
Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know he is the Bridle of your Will.
Adr. There's none but Aſſes will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, head-ſtrong Liberty is laſht with Wo.
There's nothing ſituate under Heav'n's Eye,
But hath its bound in Earth, in Sea, in Sky:
The Beaſts, the Fiſhes, and the winged Fowls,
Are their Male's Subjects, and at their Controuls:
Man more divine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide Word, and wide watry Seas,
Indu'd with intellectual Senſe and Soul,
Of more Preheminence than Fiſh and Fowl,
Are Maſters to their Females, and their Lords:
Then let your Will attend on their Accords.
Adr. This Servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but Troubles of the Marriage-bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome Sway.
Luc. E'er I learn Love, I'll practiſe to Obey.
Adr. How if your Husband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek that have no other Cauſe:
A wretched Soul bruis'd with Adverſity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of Pain,
As much, or more we ſhould our ſelves complain:

So

So thou that haſt no unkind Mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs Patience wouldſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd Patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your Man, now is your Husband nigh.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy Maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two Hands with me, and that my two Ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? Know'ſt thou his Mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his Mind upon mine Ear, Beſhrew his Hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his Meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his Blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I prethee, is he coming home?
It ſeems he hath great Care to pleaſe his Wife.

E. Dro. Why, Miſtreſs, ſure my Maſter is Horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou Villain?

E. Dro. I mean not Cuckold-mad;
But ſure he is ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to Dinner,
He ask'd me for a thouſand Marks in Gold:
'Tis Dinner-time, quoth I; my Gold, quoth he:
Your Meat doth burn, quoth I; my Gold, quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I? My Gold, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand Marks I gave thee, Villain?
The Pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my Gold, quoth he:
My Miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy Miſtreſs;
I know not thy Miſtreſs; out on thy Miſtreſs.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Maſter: I know, quoth he, no Houſe, no Wife, no Miſtreſs; ſo that my Errand, due unto my Tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my Shoulders: For in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou Slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake ſend ſome other Meſſenger.
Adr. Back, Slave, or I will break thy Pate acroſs.
E. Dro. And he will bleſs that Croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy Head.
Adr. Hence, prating Peaſant, fetch thy Maſter home.
E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a Foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this Service, you muſt caſe me in Leather. [*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how Impatience lowreth in your Face!
Adr. His Company muſt do his Minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry Look:
Hath homely Age th'alluring Beauty took
From my poor Cheek? Then he hath waſted it.
Are my Diſcourſes dull? Barren my Wit?
If voluble and ſharp Diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blots it more than Marble hard.
Do their gay Veſtments his Affections bait?
That's not my Fault; he's Maſter of my State.
What Ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my Defeatures. My decayed fair,
A ſunny Look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly Deer, he breaks the Pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his Stale.
Luc. Self-harming Jealouſie; fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling Fools can with ſuch Wrongs diſpenſe:
I know his Eye doth Homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a Chain,
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his Bed.
I ſee the Jewel beſt enameled
Will loſe his Beauty; yet the Gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my Beauty cannot pleaſe his Eye,
I'll weep, what's left, away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond Fools ſerve mad Jealouſie?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. The Gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedful Slave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine Hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart. See here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry Humour alter'd?
As you love Stroaks, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* You receiv'd no Gold?
Your Miſtreſs ſent to have me home to Dinner?
My Houſe was at the *Phœnix?* Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me:

S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? When ſpake I ſuch a Word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an Hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the Gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the Gold's Receipt,
And told'ſt me of a Miſtreſs, and a Dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was dipleas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to ſee you in this merry Vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, Maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the Teeth?
Think'ſt thou I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beats* Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your Jeſt is Earneſt;
Upon what Bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my Fool, and chat with you,
Your Sawcineſs will jeſt upon my Love,
And make a Common of my ſerious Hours.
When the Sun ſhines let fooliſh Gnats make ſport,
But creep in Crannies when he hides his Beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my Aſpect,
And faſhion your Demeanor to my Looks;
Or I will beat this Method in your Sconce.

E. Dro. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a Head; an you uſe theſe Blows long, I muſt get a Sconce for my Head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my Wit in my Shoulders: But I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant.

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any Man thus beaten out of Seaſon, when in the Why and the Wherefore is neither Rhime nor Reaſon. Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it Dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir; I think the Meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your Reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you Cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what Rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a Rule as plain as the plain bald Pate of Father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a Man to recover his Hair that grows bald by Nature.

Ant. May he not do it by Fine and Recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a Fine for a Peruke, and recover the loſt Hair of another Man.

Ant. Why, is *Time* ſuch a niggard of Hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an Excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a Bleſſing that he beſtows on Beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted them in Hair, he hath given them in Wit.

Ant.

Ant. Why, but there's many a Man hath more Hair than Wit.

S. Dro. Not a Man of thoſe but he hath the Wit to loſe his Hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy Men plain Dealers without Wit.

S. Dro. The plainer Dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of Jollity.

Ant. For what Reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound ones, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the Mony that he ſpends in trimming; the other, that at Dinner they ſhould not drop in his Porrage.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir, namely, no time to recover Hair loſt by Nature.

Ant. But your Reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the World's end, will have bald Followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald Concluſion; but ſoft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown;
Some other Miſtreſs hath ſome ſweet Aſpects.
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy Wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldſt vow,
That never Words were Muſick to thine Ear,
That never Object pleaſing in thine Eye,
That never Touch well welcome to thy Hand,
That never Meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy Taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thy ſelf?
Thy ſelf, I call it, being ſtrange to me:

That

That undividable Incorporate
Am better than thy dear Self's better Part.
Ah do not tear away thy ſelf from me;
For know, my Love, as eaſie may'ſt thou fall
A Drop of Water in the breaking Gulf,
And take unmingled thence that Drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldſt thou hear I were licentious;
And that this Body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the Name of Husband in my Face,
And tear the ſtain'd Skin of my Harlot-brow,
And from my falſe Hand cut the Wedding-Ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing Vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate Blot;
My Blood is mingled with the crime of Luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the Poiſon of my Fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy Contagion.
Keep thou fair League and Truce with thy true Bed;
I live diſtain'd, and thou diſhonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair Dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two Hours old,
As ſtrange unto your Town as to your Talk,
Who every Word by all my Wit being ſcann'd,
Wants Wit in all one Word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, Brother, how the World is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to uſe my Siſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to Dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio?*

S. Dro. By me.

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his Blows,
Deny'd my Houſe for his, me for his Wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this Gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your Compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very Words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I never ſpake with her in all my Life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our Names,
Unleſs it be by Inſpiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your Gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your Slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my Mood?
By it my Wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that Wrong with a more Contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this Sleeve of thine;
Thou art an Elm, my Husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe Weakneſs marry'd to thy ſtronger State,
Makes me with thy Strength to communicate;
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is Droſs,
Uſurping Ivy, Brier, or idle Moſs,
Who all for want of pruning, with Intruſion,
Infect thy Sap, and live on thy Confuſion.
Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her Theam;
What, was I marry'd to her in my Dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What Error drives our Eyes and Ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure Uncertainty,
I'll entertain the freed Fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the Servants ſpread for Dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my Beads, I croſs me for a Sinner.
This is the *Fairy* Land: Oh Spight of Spights;
We talk with Goblins, Owls, and Elves Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our Breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, Snail, thou Slug, thou Sot?
S. Dro. I am transformed, Maſter, am I not?
Ant. I think thou art in Mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, Maſter, both in Mind and in my Shape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own Form.
S. Dro. No; I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true, ſhe rides me, and I long for Graſs.
'Tis ſo; I am an Aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.

Adr.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a Fool,
To put the Finger in the Eye and weep,
Whilſt Man and Maſter laughs my Woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to Dinner; *Dromio,* keep the Gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to Day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle Pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your Maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no Creature enter:
Come, Siſter; *Dromio,* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in Earth, in Heaven, or in Hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd;
Known unto theſe, and to my ſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſevere ſo;
And in this Miſt at all Adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the Gate?
Adr. Ay, and let none enter, leſt I break your Pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis,* we dine too late.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo *and* Balthazar.

E. Ant. GOod Signior *Angelo,* you muſt excuſe us all:
My Wife is ſhrewiſh when I keep not Hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your Shop
To ſee the making of her Carkanet,
And that to Morrow you will bring it Home.
But here's a Villain that would face me down,
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand Marks in Gold;
And that I did deny my Wife and Houſe:
Thou Drunkard thou, what didſt thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart, I have your Hand to ſhow;
If the Skin were Parchment, and the Blows you gave were Ink,
Your Hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think thou art an Aſs.
E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the Wrongs I ſuffer, and the Blows I bear;

I ſhould kick being kickt; and being at that paſs,
You would keep from my Heels, and beware of an Aſs.

E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*: Pray God our Cheer
May anſwer my good Will, and your good Welcome here.

Bal. I hold your Dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah Signior *Balthazar*, either at Fleſh or Fiſh,
A Table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty Diſh.

Bal. Good Meat, Sir, is common, that every Churl affords.

E. Ant. And Welcome more common; for that's nothing but Words.

Bal. Small Cheer, and great Welcome, makes a merry Feaſt.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly Hoſt, and more ſparing Gueſt:
But tho' my Cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better Cheer may you have, but not with a better Heart.
But ſoft; my Door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Ciſly, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. within. Mome, Malt-horſe, Capon, Coxcomb, Idiot Patch.
Either get thee from the Door, or ſit down at the Hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for Wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the Door.

E. Dro. What Patch is made our Porter? My Maſter ſtays in the Street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's Feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? Hoa, open the Door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my Dinner: I have not din'd to Day.

S. Dro. Nor to Day here you muſt not: Come again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou that keep'ſt me out from the Houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time, Sir, and my Name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O Villain, thou haſt ſtol'n both mine Office and my Name.
The one ne'er got me Credit, the other mickle Blame;

If thou hadſt been *Dromio* to Day in my place,
Thou wouldſt have chang'd thy Face for a Name, or thy Name for an Aſs.

Luce. within. What a Coile is there, *Dromio*? Who are thoſe at the Gate?

E. Dro. Let my Maſter in, *Luce.*

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late; and ſo tell your Maſter.

E. Dro. O Lord, I muſt laugh; have at you with a *Proverb.*
Shall I ſet in my Staff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when? Can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy Name be called *Luce, Luce,* thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you Minion, you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was Blow for Blow.

E. Ant. Thou Baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the Door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, Minion, if I beat the Door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of Stocks in the Town?

Adr. within. Who is that at the Door that keeps all this Noiſe?

S. Dro. By my Troth, your Town is troubled with unruly Boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, Wife? You might have come before.

Adr. Your Wife, Sir Knave! Go get you from the Door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, Maſter, this Knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither Cheer, Sir, nor Welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the Door, Maſter; bid them Welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is ſomething in the Wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, Maſter, if your Garments were thin.

Your Cake here is warm within: You ſtand here in the Cold.

It would make a Man as mad as a Buck to be ſo bought and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the Gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your Knave's Pate.

E. Dro. A Man may break a Word with you, Sir, and Words are but Wind;

Ay, and break it in your Face, ſo he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It ſeems thou want'ſt breaking; Out upon thee, Hind.

E. Dro. Here's too much: Out upon thee; I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when Fowls have no Feathers, and Fiſh have no Fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a Crow.

E. Dro. A Crow without Feather, Maſter, mean you ſo?

For a Fiſh without a Fin, there's a Fowl without a Feather:

If a Crow help us in, Sirrah, we'll pluck a Crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an Iron Crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: Oh let it not be ſo,

Herein you war againſt your Reputation,

And draw within the compaſs of Suſpect

Th' unviolated Honour of your Wife.

Once this; your long experience of her Wiſdom,

Her ſober Virtue, Years and Modeſty,

Plead on her part ſome Cauſe to you unknown;

And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe

Why at this time the Doors are made againſt you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in Patience,

And let us to the *Tyger* all to Dinner,

And about Evening come your ſelf alone,

To know the Reaſon of this ſtrange Reſtraint.

If by ſtrong Hand you offer to break in

Now in the ſtirring Paſſage of the Day,
A vulgar Comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common Rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled Eſtimation,
That may with foul Intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your Grave when you are dead:
For Slander lives upon Succeſſion,
For ever hous'd where it once gets Poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpight of Mirth mean to be merry.
I know a Wench of excellent Diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: This Woman that I mean,
My Wife, but I proteſt without Deſert,
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to Dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the Chain; by this I know 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the Houſe: That Chain I will beſtow,
Be it for nothing but to ſpight my Wife,
Upon my Hoſteſs there; good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own Doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that Place, ſome Hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this Jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome Expence. [*Exe.*

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A Husband's Office? Shall *Antipholis*,
Even in the Spring of Love, thy Love-ſprings rot?
Shall Love in Buildings grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my Siſter for her Wealth,
Then for her Wealths-ſake uſe her with more Kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe Love with ſome ſhew of Blindneſs;
Let not my Siſter read it in your Eye;
Be not thy Tongue thy own Shame's Orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become Diſloyalty;
Apparel Vice like Virtue's Harbinger;
Bear a fair Preſence, tho' your Heart he tainted;
Teach Sin the carriage of a holy Saint;
Be ſecret Falſe: What need ſhe be acquainted?

What

What ſimple Thief brags of his own Attaint?
'Tis double Wrong to truant with your Bed,
And let her read it in thy Looks at Board:
Shame hath a Baſtard-fame, well managed;
Ill Deeds are doubled with an evil Word:
Alas poor Women, make us not believe,
Being compact of Credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the Arm, ſhew us the Sleeve:
We in your Motion run; and you may move us.
Then, gentle Brother, get you in again;
Comfort my Siſter, chear her, call her Wife:
'Tis holy Sport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of Flattery conquers Strife.

S. Ant. Sweet Miſtreſs; what your Name is elſe, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leſs in your Knowledge, and your Grace you ſhow not,
Than our Earth's Wonder, more than Earth, Divine.
Teach me, dear Creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs Conceit,
Smother'd in Errors, feeble, ſhadow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your Words deceit;
Againſt my Soul's pure Truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown Field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your Power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping Siſter is no Wife of mine,
Nor to her Bed a Homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline:
Oh train me not, ſweet Mermaid, with thy Note,
To drown me in thy Siſter's flood of Tears;
Sing *Siren* for thy ſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver Waves thy golden Hairs,
And as a Bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And in that glorious Suppoſition think,
He gains by Death that hath ſuch means to die;
Let Love, being light, be drowned if he ſink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a Fault that ſpringeth from your Eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your Beams, fair Sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you ſhould, and that will clear your Sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet Love, as look on Night.

Luc. Why call you me, Love? call my Siſter ſo.

S. Ant. Thy Siſter's Siſter.

Luc. That's my Siſter.

S. Ant. No; it is thy ſelf, mine own ſelf's better Part:
Mine Eye's clear Eye, my dear Heart's dearer Heart,
My Food, my Fortune, and my ſweet Hope's Aim,
My ſole Earth's Heav'n, and my Heaven's Claim.

Luc. All this my Siſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

S. Ant. Call thy ſelf, Siſter ſweet; for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my Life,
Thou haſt no Husband yet, nor I no Wife;
Give me thy Hand.

Luc. Oh ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my Siſter, to get her good Will. [*Exit* Luc.

Enter Dromio *of* Siracuſe.

S. Ant. Why how now, *Dromio*, where runn'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your Man? am I my ſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my Man, thou art thy ſelf.

S. Dro. I am an Aſs, I am a Woman's Man, and beſides my ſelf.

S. Ant. What Woman's Man? and how beſides thy ſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides my ſelf, I am due to a Woman; One that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What Claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch Claim as you would lay to your Horſe; and ſhe would have me as a Beaſt: Not that I being a Beaſt ſhe would have me, but that ſhe being a very beaſtly Creature, lays Claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent Body; ay, ſuch a one as a Man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the Match; and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat Marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat Marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the Kitchin-wench, and all Greaſe, and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a Lamp

of

of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her Rags, and the Tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* Winter: If she lives 'till Doomsday, she'll burn a Week longer than the whole World.

S. Ant. What Complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my Shoe, but her Face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a Man may go over-shoes in the Grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a Fault that Water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in Grain; *Noah*'s Flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her Name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir; but her Name is three Quarters; that's an Ell and three Quarters will not measure her from Hip to Hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from Head to Foot, than from Hip to Hip; she is Spherical, like a Globe: I could find out Countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her Body stands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her Buttocks; I found it out by the Bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it by the Barrenness, hard in the Palm of her Hand.

S. Ant. Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her Forehead, arm'd and reverted, making War against her Hair.

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky Cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her Chin, by the salt Rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her Breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

S. Bro. Oh, Sir, upon her Nose, all o'er embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot Breath of *Spain*, who sent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballast at her Nose.

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this Drudge, or Diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*,

ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy Marks I had about me, as the Marks on my Shoulder, the Mole in my Neck, the great Wart on my left Arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her, as a Witch. And I think, if my Breaſt had not been made of Faith, and my Heart of Steel, ſhe had tranſform'd me to a Curtal Dog, and made me turn i' th' Wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee preſently; poſt to the Road;
And if the Wind blow any way from Shore,
I will not harbour in this Town to Night.
If any Bark put forth, come to the Mart;
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time I think to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a Bear a Man would run for Life,
So fly I from her that would be my Wife. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. There's none but Witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me Husband, even my Soul
Doth for a Wife abhor: But her fair Siſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle Sovereign Grace,
Of ſuch inchanting Preſence and Diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me Traitor to my ſelf:
But leſt my ſelf be guilty to Self-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine Ears againſt the Mermaid's Song.

Enter Angelo *with a Chain.*

Ang. Mr. *Antipholis.*

S. Ant. Ay, that's my Name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir, lo, here's the Chain;
I thought to have tane you at the *Porcupine*;
The Chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your Will that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe your ſelf, Sir: I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Make it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, not twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your Wife withal;
And ſoon at Supper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my Mony for the Chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the Mony now,
For fear you ne'er ſee Chain nor Mony more.

Ang. You are a merry Man, Sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

S. Ant.

S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no Man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd Chain.
I ſee a Man here needs not live by Shifts,
When in the Streets he meets ſuch golden Gifts:
I'll to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any Ship put out, then ſtrait away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an* Officer.

Mer. YOU know ſince *Pentecoſt* the Sum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my Voyage:
Therefore make preſent Satisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this Officer.

Ang. Even juſt the Sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;
And in the Inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chain: At five a Clock
I ſhall receive the Mony for the ſame;
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his Houſe,
I will diſcharge my Bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antiph. Eph. *and* Dro. Eph. *as from the Courtezans.*

Offi. That Labour you may ſave: See where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the Goldſmith's Houſe, go thou
And buy a Ropes-end; that I will beſtow
Among my Wife, and her Confederates,
For locking me out of my Doors by Day.
But ſoft; I ſee the Goldſmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a Rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouſand Pound a Year; I buy a Rope.
[*Exit* Dromio.

E. Ant. A Man is well hope up that truſts to you:
I promiſed your Preſence, and the Chain;
But neither Chain nor Goldſmith came to me:
Belike you thought our Love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang.

Ang. Saving your merry Humour, here's the Note,
How much your Chain weighs to the utmoſt Raccat,
The fineneſs of the Gold, and chargeful Faſhion,
Which doth amount to three odd Duckets more
Than I ſtand debted to this Gentleman;
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to Sea, and ſtays for it.

E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent Mony,
Beſides, I have ſome Buſineſs in the Town;
Good Signior take the Stranger to my Houſe,
And with you take the Chain, and bid my Wife
Disburſe the Sum on the Receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as ſoon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the Chain to her your ſelf.

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: Have you the Chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have:
Or elſe you may return without your Mony.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the Chain,
Both Wind and Tide ſtays for the Gentleman;
And I to blame have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good Lord, you uſe this Dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of Promiſe to the *Porcupine:*
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But like a Shrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The Hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the Chain.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my Wife, and fetch your Mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either ſend the Chain, or ſend me by ſome Token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this Humour out of breath:
Come, where's the Chain? I pray you let me ſee it.

Mer. My Buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, where you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the Officer.

E. Ant. I anſwer you? Why ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The Mony that you owe me for the Chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the Chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an Hour ſince.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

Ang.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Conſider how it ſtands upon my Credit.
Mer. Well, Officer, arreſt him at my Suit.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's Name to obey me.
E. Ang. This touches me in Reputation.
Either conſent to pay the Sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh Fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy Fee; arreſt him, Officer;
I would not ſpare my Brother in this Caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the Suit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee Bail.
But, Sirrah, you ſhall buy this Sport as dear
As all the Metal in your Shop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have Law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious Shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there's a Bark of *Epidamnium*,
That ſtays but 'till her Owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our Fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The Ship is in her Trim; the merry Wind
Blows fair from Land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelf.
E. Ant. How now! a mad Man! Why, thou peeviſh Sheep,
What Ship of *Epidamnium* ſtays for me?
S. Dro. A Ship you ſent me to, to hire Waſtage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken Slave, I ſent thee for a Rope;
And told thee to what Purpoſe, and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a Ropes-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the Bay, Sir, for a Bark.
E. Ant. I will debate this Matter at more Leiſure,
And teach your Ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, Villain, hie thee ſtrait;
Give her this Key, and tell her in the Desk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* Tapeſtry,
There is a Purſe of Duckets, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the Street,

And

And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, Slave; be gone:
On Officer, to Priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her Husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my Will,
For Servants muſt their Maſters Minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his Eye,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What Obſervation mad'ſt thou in this Caſe,
Of his Heart's Meteors tilting in his Face?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my Spight.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a Stranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That Love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what Perſuaſion did he tempt thy Love?

Luc. With Words, that in an honeſt Suit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my Beauty, then my Speech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have Patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill,
My Tongue, tho' not my Heart, ſhall have it's Will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe Body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe the Mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No Evil loſt, is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would herein others Eyes were worſe.
Far from her Neſt, the Lapwing cries away;
My Heart prays for him, tho' my Tongue do curſe.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the Desk, the Purſe; ſweet now make haſte.

Luc.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy Breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy Maſter, *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No; he's in *Tartar Limbo,* worſe than Hell;
A Devil in an everlaſting Garment hath him,
One whoſe hard Heart is button'd up with Steel:
A Fiend, a Fairy, pitileſs and rough,
A Wolf, nay worſe, a Fellow all in Buff;
A back-Friend, a Shoulder-Clapper, one that countermands
The Paſſages of Allies, Creeks, and narrow Lands;
A Hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the Judgment carries poor Souls to Hell.

Adr. Why Man, what is the Matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the Matter; he is reſted on the Caſe.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe Suit?

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe Suit he is arreſted; well, but he's in a Suit of Buff which reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, Miſtreſs Redemption, the Mony in his Desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, Siſter. This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he unknown to me ſhould be in Debt;
Tell me, was he arreſted on a Bond?

S. Dro. Not on a Bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A Chain, a Chain; do you not here it ring?

Adr. What, the Chain?

S. Dro. No, the Bell; 'tis time that I were gone;
It was Two e'er I left him, and now the Clock ſtrikes One.

Adr. The Hour's come back, that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any Hour meet a Serjeant, a turns back for very Fear.

Adr. As if *Time* were in debt, how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very Bankrout, and owes more than he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a Thief too; have you not heard Men ſay,
That *Time* comes ſtealing on by Night and Day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the Way,
Hath he not Reaſon to turn back an Hour in a Day?

Enter Luciana.

Adri. Go, *Dromio*; there's the Mony, bear it ſtrait,
And bring thy Maſter home immediately.

Come

Come, Sister, I am prest down with Conceit;
Conceit, my Comfort and my Injury. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Siracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a Man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well acquainted Friend;
And every one doth call me by my Name.
Some tender Mony to me, some invite me;
Some other give me Thanks for Kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a Taylor call'd me in his Shop,
And show'd me Silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my Body.
Sure these are but imaginary Wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Siracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the Gold you sent me for; what have you got the Picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

S. Ant. What Gold is this? What *Adam* dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise, but that *Adam* that keeps the Prison; he that goes in the Calves-Skin, that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil Angel, and bid you forsake your Liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain Case; he that went like a Base-Vial in a Case of Leather; the Man, Sir, that when Gentlemen are tired gives them a Fob, and rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd Men, and gives them Suits of durance; he that sets up his Rest to do more Exploits with his Mace, than a Moris Pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an Officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the Serjeant of the Band; he that brings any Man to answer it that breaks his Bond; one that thinks a Man always going to Bed, and saith, God give you good Rest.

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your Foolery.
Is there any Ship puts forth to Night? May we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you Word an Hour since, that the Bark *Expedition* put forth to Night, and then were you hinder'd by the Serjeant, to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*; here are the Angels that you sent for to deliver you.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. The Fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in Illuſions;
Some bleſſed Power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholis.*
I ſee, Sir, you have found the Goldſmith now:
Is that the Chain you promis'd me to Day?

S. Ant. Satan avoid, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtreſs *Satan*?

S. Ant. It is the Devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the Devil's Dam; And here ſhe comes in the Habit of a light Wench, and thereof comes that the Wenches ſay, God dam me, that's as much to ſay, God make me a light Wench. It is written, they appear to Men like Angels of Light, Light is an Effect of Fire, and Fire will burn; *ergo,* light Wenches will burn, come not near her.

Cur. Your Man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me, we'll mend our Dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect Spoon-Meat, beſpeak a long Spoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long Spoon that muſt eat with the Devil.

S. Ant. Avoid thou Fiend, what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art (as you are all) a Sorcereſs?
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cur. Give me the Ring of mine you had at Dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some Devils ask but the Parings of ones Nail, a Ruſh, a Hair, a Drop of Blood, a Pin, a Nut, a Cherry-Stone; but ſhe, more covetous, would have a Chain. Maſter be wiſe, and if you give it her, the Devil will ſhake her Chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you Sir, my Ring, or elſe the Chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me ſo?

S. Ant. Avant, thou Witch! come *Dromio,* let us go.

S. Dro. Fly Pride, ſays the Peacock; Miſtreſs that you know. [*Exeunt.*

Cur.

Cur. Now out of Doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf.
A Ring he hath of mine worth forty Duckets,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a Chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The Reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent Inſtance of his Rage,)
Is a mad Tale he told to Day at Dinner,
Of his own Doors being ſhut againſt his Entrance.
Belike his Wife, acquainted with his Fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the Doors againſt his Way.
My Way is now to hie home to his Houſe,
And tell his Wife, that being Lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my Houſe, and took perforce
My Ring away. This Courſe I fitteſt chuſe,
For forty Duckets is too much to loſe.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. Fear me not Man, I will not break away,
I'll give thee e'er I leave thee ſo much Mony,
To warrant thee, as I am reſted for.
My Wife is in a wayward Mood to Day,
And will not lightly truſt the Meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her Ears.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus *with a Ropes-end.*

Here comes my Man, I think he brings the Mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the Mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the Mony for the Rope.

E. Ant. Five Hundred Duckets, Villain, for a Rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a Ropes-end, Sir, and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in Adverſity.

Offi. Good now hold thy Tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his Hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs Villain.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your Blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but Blows, and ſo is an Aſs.

E. Dro. I am an Aſs indeed, you may prove it by my long Ears. I have ſerv'd him from the Hour of my Nativity to this Inſtant, and have nothing at his Hands for my Service but Blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I ſleep, rais'd with it when I ſit, driven out of Doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my Shoulders, as a Beggar wont her Brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from Door to Door

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along, my Wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs *reſpice finem*, reſpect your End, or rather propheſie like the Parrot, beware the Ropes-end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dro.

Cour. How ſay you now? Is not your Husband mad?

Adri. His Incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true Senſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his Extaſie.

Pinch. Give me your Hand, and let me feel your Pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my Hand, and let it feel your Ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this Man,
To yield Poſſeſſion to my holy Prayers,
And to thy State of Darkneſs hie thee ſtrait,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in Heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doting Wizard, Peace, I am not mad.

Adri. Oh that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed Soul.

E. Ant. You Minion, you, are theſe your Cuſtomers?
Did this Companion with the Saffron Face,
Revel and feaſt it at my Houſe to Day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty Doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my Houſe?

Adri. O Husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe Slanders, and this open Shame.

E. Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my Doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your Doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

E. Ant. And did not ſhe her ſelf revile me there?

E. Dro. *Sans* Fable, ſhe her ſelf revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her Kitchen-Maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

E. Dro. *Certis*, ſhe did, the Kitchen-Veſtal ſcorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in Rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did, my Bones bear Witneſs,
That ſince have felt the Vigour of his Rage.

Adri. Is't good to ſmooth him in theſe Contraries?

Pinch. It is no Shame, the Fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his Frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the Goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adri. Alas, I ſent you Mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me? Heart and good Will you might,
But ſurely Maſter not a rag of Mony.

E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a Purſe of Duckets?

Adri. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am Witneſs with her that ſhe did.

E. Dro. God and the Rope-Maker bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a Rope.

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both Man and Maſter are poſſeſt,
I know it by their pale and deadly Looks;
They muſt be bound and laid in ſome dark Room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to Day,
And why doſt thou deny the Bag of Gold?

Adri. I did not, gentle Husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And gentle Maſter I receiv'd no Gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adri. Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

E. Ant. Diſſembling Harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And art confederate with a damned Pack,

To

To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe Nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe Eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful Sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: He ſtrives.

Adri. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More Company, the Fiend is ſtrong within him.

Luc. Ay me poor Man, how pale and wan he looks.

E. Ant. What, will you murther me? Thou Jailor thou, I am thy Priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a Reſcue?

Offic. Maſters; let him go; he is my Priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this Man, for he is frantick too.

Adri. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh Officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched Man
Do Outrage and Diſpleaſure to himſelf?

Offi. He is my Priſoner, if I let him go,
The Debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adri. I will diſcharge thee, e'er I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor, [*They bind* Ant. *and* Dro.
And knowing how the Debt grows I will pay it.
Good Maſter Doctor ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my Houſe, oh moſt unhappy Day.

E. Ant. Oh moſt unhappy Strumpet.

E. Dro. Maſter, I am here enter'd in Bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, Villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good Maſter, cry the Devil.

Luc. God help poor Souls, how idely do they talk!

Adri. Go bear him hence; Siſter go you with me.
Say, now, whoſe Suit is he arreſted at?

[*Exeunt* Pinch, Ant. *and* Dro.

Manet Officer, Adri. Luci. *and Courtezan.*

Offic. One *Angelo*, a Goldſmith, do you know him?

Adri. I know the Man; what is the Sum he owes?

Offic. Two hundred Duckets.

Adri. Say, how grows it due?

Offic. Due for a Chain your Husband had of him.

Adri. He did beſpeak a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your Husband, all in rage to Day,

Came to my Houſe, and took away my Ring,
The Ring I ſaw upon his Finger now,
Strait after did I meet him with a Chain.
Adri. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come Jailor, bring me where the Goldſmith is,
I long to know the Truth hereof at large.
Enter Antipholis Siracuſian *with his Rapier drawn, and* Dromio Sirac.
Luc. God for thy Mercy, they are looſe again.
Adri. And come with naked Swords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
[*They run all out.*
Offic. Away, they'll kill us. [*Exeunt.*
S. Ant. I ſee theſe Witches are afraid of Swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your Wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our Stuff from thence: I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith ſtay here this Night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw they ſpake to us fair, give us Gold; methinks they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountain of mad Fleſh that claims Marriage of me, I could find in my Heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn Witch.
S. Ant. I will not ſtay to Night for all the Town,
Therefore away, to get our Stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But I proteſt he had the Chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he did deny it.
Mer. How is the Man eſteem'd here in the City?
Ang. Of very reverent Reputation, Sir,
Of Credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the City;
His Word might bear my Wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf Chain about his Neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good Sir draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this Shame and Trouble,
And not without ſome Scandal to your ſelf,
With Circumſtance and Oaths ſo to deny
This Chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſide the Charge, the Shame, Impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt Friend,
Who but for ſtaying on our Controverſie,
Had hoiſted Sail, and put to Sea to Day:
This Chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forſwore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe Ears of mine thou know'ſt did hear thee:
Fie on thee, Wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt Men reſort.

S. Ant. Thou art a Villain to impeach me thus,
I'll prove mine Honour and my Honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a Villain. [*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God's ſake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his Sword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my Houſe.

S. Dro. Run Maſter, run, for God's ſake take a Houſe;
This is ſome Priory, in, or we are ſpoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet People, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted Husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his Recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect Wits.

Mer. I am ſorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this Poſſeſſion held the Man?

Adr. This Week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much, much different from the Man he was:

But 'till this Afternoon his Paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of Rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much Wealth by wrack at Sea,
Bury'd ſome dear Friend, hath not elſe his Eye
Stray'd his Affection in unlawful Love?
A Sin prevailing much in youthful Men,
Who give their Eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe Sorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt,
Namely, ſome Love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my Modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply in private.
Adr. And in Aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the Copy of our Conference.
In Bed he ſlept not for my urging it,
At Board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the Subject of my Theam;
In Company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the Man was mad.
The venomous Clamours of a jealous Woman,
Poiſons more deadly than a mad Dog's Tooth.
It ſeems his Sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his Head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his Meat was ſauc'd with thy Upbraidings,
Unquiet Meals make ill Digeſtions,
Thereof the raging Fire of Fever bred,
And what's a Fever but a Fit of Madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his Sports were hindred by thy Brawls.
Sweet Recreation barr'd what doth enſue,
But muddy and dull Melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs Deſpair,
And at her Heels a huge infectious Troop
Of pale Diſtemperatures, and Foes to Life?
In Food, in Sport, and life-preſerving Reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or Man or Beaſt:
The Conſequence is then, thy jealous Fits

Have

Have ſcar'd thy Husband from the uſe of Wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.
Why hear you thoſe Rebukes, and anſwer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own Reproof.
Good People enter and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a Creature enters in my Houſe.
Adr. Then let your Servants bring my Husband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this Place for Sanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your Hands,
'Till I have brought him to his Wits again,
Or loſe my Labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my Husband, be his Nurſe,
Diet his Sickneſs, for it is my Office,
And will have no Attorney but my ſelf,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
'Till I have us'd the approved Means I have,
With wholſome Syrups, Drugs, and holy Prayers
To make of him a formal Man again:
It is a Branch and Parcel of mine Oath,
A charitable Duty of my Order;
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my Husband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your Holineſs
To ſeparate the Husband and the Wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this Indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall proſtrate at his Feet,
And never riſe until my Tears and Prayers
Have won his Grace to come in Perſon hither,
And take perforce my Husband from the Abbeſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant *and* Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the Dial points at Five:
Anon I am ſure the Duke himſelf in Perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy Vale;
The place of Death and ſorry Execution,
Behind the Ditches of the Abbey here.
Ang. Upon what Cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſian* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay

Againſt the Laws and Statutes of this Town,
Beheaded publickly for his Offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his Death.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he paſs the Abbey.

Enter the Duke, *and* Ægeon *bare-headed, with the Headſman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any Friend will pay the Sum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my Husband,
Whom I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your all-potent Letter, this ill Day
A moſt outragious Fit of Madneſs took him,
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the Street,
With him his Bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the Citizens,
By ruſhing in their Houſes; bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his Rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take Order for the Wrongs I went,
That here and there his Fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong Eſcape
He broke from thoſe that had the Guard of him;
And with his mad Attendant and himſelf,
Each one with ireful Paſſion, with drawn Swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away; 'till raiſing of more Aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this Abbey, whither we purſu'd them,
And here the Abbeſs ſhuts the Gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth that we may bear him thence.
Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy Command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince thy Husband ſerv'd me in my Wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's Word,

When

When thou didſt make him Maſter of thy Bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you knock at the Abbey Gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this before I ſtir.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O Miſtreſs, Miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave your ſelf;
My Maſter and his Man are both broke loſe,
Beaten the Maids a row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe Beard they have ſing'd off with Brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great Pails of puddled Mire to quench the Hair;
My Maſter preaches Patience to him, and the while
His Man with Ciſſars nicks him like a Fool:
And ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome other preſent help,
Between them they will kill the Conjurer.

Adr. Peace Fool, thy Maſter and his Man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to us.

Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my Life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcorch your Face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him Miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: Guard with Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my Husband; witneſs you,
That he is born about inviſible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here.
And now he's there, paſt thought of human Reaſon.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me Juſtice.
Even for the Service that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the Wars, and took
Deep Scars to ſave thy Life, even for the Blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me Juſtice.

Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of Death doth make me dote, I ſee my Son *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that Woman there;
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my Wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of Injury;

Beyond

Beyond Imagination is the Wrong
That she this Day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just. (me;
E. Ant. This Day, great Duke, she shut the Doors upon
Whilst she with Harlots feasted in my House.
Duke. A grievous Fault; say Woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good Lord: My self, he, and my Sister,
To Day did dine together: so befal my Soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal.
Luc. Ne'er may I look on Day, nor sleep on Night,
But she tells to your Highness simple Truth.
Ang. O perjur'd Woman! they are both forsworn,
In this the Mad-man justly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the Effect of Wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging Ire,
Albeit my Wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This Woman lock'd me out this Day from Dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chain,
Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our Dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him; in the Street I met him,
And in his Company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith swear me down,
That I this Day from him receiv'd the Chain,
Which God he knows, I saw not. For the which
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
For certain Duckets; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the Officer
To go in Person with me to my House.
By th'way, we met my Wife, her Sister, and a Rabble more
Of vil'd Confederates; along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd Villain,
A meer Anatomy, a Mountebank,
A thread-bare Juggler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking Wretch,
A living dead Man. This pernicious Slave

Forsooth

Forſooth took on him as a Conjurer;
And gazing in my Eyes, feeling my Pulſe,
And with no-face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, and bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankiſh Vault at home
There left me and my Man, both bound together,
'Till gnawing with my Teeth my Bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my Freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To give me ample Satisfaction
For theſe deep Shames, and great Indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at Home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a Chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
Theſe People ſaw the Chain about his Neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn theſe Ears of mine
Heard you confeſs you had the Chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my Sword on you;
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence I think you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe Abbey Walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy Sword on me;
I never ſaw the Chain, ſo help me Heav'n;
And this is falſe you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why what an intricate Impeach is this?
I think you all have drunk of *Circes* Cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith here
Denies that Saying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour. He did, and from my Finger ſnatch'd that Ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Leige, this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;
I think you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

Ægeon

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a Word:
Haply I ſee a Friend will ſave my Life,
And pay the Sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſian*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your Name, Sir, called *Antipholis?*
And is not that your Bond-man *Dromio?*

E. Dro. Within this Hour I was his Bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my Cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his Man unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our ſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s Patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my Life 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! Grief hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt,
And careful Hours, with Time's deformed Hand,
Have written ſtrange Defeatures in my Face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my Voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. *Dromio*, nor thou.

E. Dro. No, truſt me, nor I.

Ægeon. I am ſure thou doſt.

E. Dro. I, Sir, but I am ſure I do not, and whatſoever a Man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my Voice! oh Time's Extremity,
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor Tongue
In ſeven ſhort Years, that here my only Son
Knows not my feeble Key of untun'd Cares?
Tho' now this grained Face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming Winter's drizled Snow,
And all the Conduits of my Blood froze up;
Yet hath my Night of Life ſome Memory,
My waſting Lamp ſome fading Glimmer left;
My dull deaf Ears a little uſe to hear:
And all theſe old Witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me, thou art my Son *Antipholis.*

E. Ant. I never ſaw my Father in my Life.

Ægeon.

Ægeon. But ſeven Years ſince, in *Syracuſa* Bay,
Thou know'ſt we parted; but perhaps, my Son,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in Miſery.
E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:
I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my Life.
Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſian*, twenty Years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa*:
I ſee thy Age, and Dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſs, *with* Antipholis Siracuſian *and* Dromio Siracuſian.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a Man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee them.*
Adr. I ſee two Husbands, or mine Eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of theſe Men is *Genius* to the other;
And ſo of theſe which is the natural Man,
And which the Spirit? who Deciphers them?
S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away.
E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me ſtay.
S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or elſe his Ghoſt?
S. Dro. Oh, my old Maſter! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his Bonds,
And gain a Husband by his Liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'ſt the Man
That hadſt a Wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a Burthen two fair Sons?
Oh if thou be'ſt the ſame *Ægeon*, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why here begins this Morning Story right:
Theſe two *Antipholis*'s, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two *Dromio*'s, one in ſemblance;
Beſides her urging of her wrack at Sea,
Theſe are the Parents to theſe Children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that Son
That floated with thee on the fatal Raft.
Abb. By Men of *Epidamnium*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;

But

But by and by, rude Fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my Son from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnium*.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this Fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuſe*.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my moſt gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that moſt famous Warrior, Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned Uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to Day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Miſtreſs.

Adr. And are not you my Husband?

E. Ant. No, I ſay nay to that.

S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo:
And this fair Gentlewoman here
Did call me Brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a Dream I ſee and hear.

Ang. That is the Chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this Chain arreſted me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you Mony, Sir, to be your Bail
By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This Purſe of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio*, my Man, did bring them me:
I ſee we ſtill did meet each others Man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors all aroſe.

E. Ant. Theſe Duckets pawn I for my Father here.

Duke. It ſhall not need, thy Father hath his Life.

Cour. Sir, I muſt have that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good Cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the Pains
To go with us into the Abbey here,

And

And hear at large diſcourſed all our Fortunes;
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one Day's Error
Have ſuffered Wrong, go keep us Company,
And we ſhall make full Satisfaction.
Thirty three Years have I been gone in Travel
Of you my Sons, and 'till this preſent Hour
My heavy Burthens are delivered:
The Duke, my Husband, and my Children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Goſſip's Feaſt, and go with me,
After ſo long Grief of ſuch Nativity.

Duke. With all my Heart I'll goſſip at this Feaſt.

[*Exeunt omnes. Manet, the two* Antiph. *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your Stuff from Shipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what Stuff of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your Goods that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your Maſter, *Dromio.*
Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy Brother there, rejoice with him. [*Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat Friend at your Maſter's Houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to Day at Dinner:
She now ſhall be my Siſter, not my Wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my Glaſs, and not my Brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet fac'd Youth,
Will you walk in to ſee their Goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir, you are my Elder.

E. Dro. That's a Queſtion, how ſhall I try it.

S. Dro. We'll draw Cuts for the Seniority; 'till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*
We came into the World like Brother and Brother:
And now lets go Hand in Hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

P.321.

Much Ado

ABOUT

NOTHING.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard-Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthaſar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

Innogen, *Wife to* Leonato.
Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato *and* Innogen.
Beatrice, *Neice to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *two Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

A Frier, Meſſenger, Watch, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Meſſina.*

Much

Much Ado about Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Leonato, Innogen, Hero *and* Beatrice, *with a Messenger.*

LEONATO.

I Learn in this Letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this Night to *Messina.*

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this Action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A Victory is twice it self, when the Atchiever brings home full number; I find here that Don *Pedro* hath bestowed much Honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio.*

Mess. Much deserv'd on his Part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath born himself beyond the Promise of his Age, doing in the Figure of a Lamb, the Feats of a Lion, he hath indeed better better'd Expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him Letters, and there appears much Joy in him, even so much, that Joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a Badge of Bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into Tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of Kindneſs; there are no Faces truer, than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd; how much better is it to weep at Joy, than to joy at Weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the Wars, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that Name, Lady, there was none ſuch in the Army of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Neice?

Hero. My Couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Meſſ. O he is return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his Bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's Fool reading the Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe Wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promiſe to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much, but he'll meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good Service, Lady, in thoſe Wars.

Beat. You had muſty Victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent Stomach.

Meſſ. And a good Soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good Soldier to a Lady: But what is he to a Lord?

Meſſ. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, ſtuft with all honourable Virtues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſs than a ſtuft Man: but for the ſtuffing well; we are all Mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my Neice; there is a kind of merry War betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there is a Skirmiſh of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt Conflict, four of his five Wits went halting off, and now is the whole Man govern'd with one: So that if he have Wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his Horſe. For it is all the Wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable Creature. Who is his Companion now? He hath every Month a new ſworn Brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; he wears his Faith but as the faſhion of his Hat, it ever changes with the next Block.

Meſſ.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the Gentleman is not in your Book.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burn my Study. But I pray you, who is his Companion? Is there no young Squarer now, that will make a Voyage with him to the Devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the Company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a Diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the Peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio,* if he have caught the *Benedick,* it will coſt him a thouſand Pound e'er it be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold Friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do good Friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January.*

Meſſ. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar *and Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato,* you are come to meet your trouble: The faſhion of the World is to avoid Coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came Trouble to my Houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace; for, Trouble being gone, Comfort ſhould remain: But when you depart from me, Sorrow abides, and Happineſs takes his Leave.

Pedro. You embrace your Charge moſt willingly: I think this is your Daughter.

Leon. Her Mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you askt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick,* no, for then were you a Child.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick,* we may gueſs by this what you are, being a Man, truly the Lady Fathers her ſelf; be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable Father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, ſhe would not have his Head on her Shoulders for all *Meſſina,* as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick,* no Body marks you.

Bene. What my dear Lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet Food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courteſie it ſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her Preſence.

Bene. Then is Courteſie a Turn-coat, but it is certain I am lov'd of all Ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my Heart that I had not an hard Heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear Happineſs to Women, they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious Sutor. I thank God and my cold Blood, I am of your Humour for that; I had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow, than a Man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your Ladiſhip ſtill in that Mind, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht Face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a Face as yours were.

Bene. Well you are a rare Parrat Teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my Tongue, is better than a Beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would my Horſe had the ſpeed of your Tongue, and ſo good a Continuer; but keep your way a God's Name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a Jade's Trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*; my dear Friend *Leonato* hath invited you all, I tell you we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a Month, and he heartily prays ſome Occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no Hypocrite, but prays from his Heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn; let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your Brother; I owe you all Duty.

John. I thank you, I am not of many Words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your Hand *Leonato*, we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the Daughter of Signior *Leonato*.

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young Lady?

Bene.

Bene. Do you queſtion me as an honeſt Man ſhould do, for my ſimple true Judgment? Or would you have me ſpeak after my Cuſtom, as being a profeſſed Tyrant to their Sex?

Claud. No, I prithee ſpeak in ſober Judgment.

Bene. Why i' faith methinks ſhe's too low for an high Praiſe, too brown for a fair Praiſe, and too little for a great Praiſe; only this Commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkſt I am in ſport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the World buy ſuch a Jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a Caſe to put it into; but ſpeak you this with a ſad Brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good Hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare Carpenter? Come, in what Key ſhall a Man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine Eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Lady that ever I look: on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without Spectacles, and I ſee no ſuch Matter: There's her Couſin, an ſhe were not poſſeſt with a Fury, exceeds her as much in Beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December*: But I hope you have no intent to turn Husband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my Wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In Faith hath not the World one Man, but he will wear his Cap with Suſpicion? Shall I never ſee a Batchelor of threeſcore again? Go to i' Faith, and thou wilt needs thruſt thy Neck into a Yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away *Sundays*: Look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

Enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Pedro. What Secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato?*

Bene. I would your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy Allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I cannot be ſecret as a dumb Man, I would have you think ſo (but on my Allegiance, mark you this, on my Allegiance) he is in love, with

whom? Now that is your Grace's part: Mark how ſhort his Anſwer is, *Hero*, *Leonato*'s ſhort Daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo it were uttered.

Bene. Like the old Tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my Paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my Troth I ſpeak my Thought.

Claud. And in Faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two Faiths and Troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the Opinion that Fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the Stake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate Heretick in the deſpight of Beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his Part, but in the force of his Will.

Bene. That a Woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble Thanks: But that I will have a Rechate winded in my Forehead, or hang my Bugle in an inviſible Baldrick, all Women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the Wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do my ſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a Batchelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee e'er I die, look pale with Love.

Bene. With Anger, with Sickneſs, or with Hunger, my Lord, not with Love: Prove that I loſe more Blood with Love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine Eyes with a Ballet-maker's Pen, and hang me up at the Door of a Brothel-houſe for the Sign of blind *Cupid.*

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this Faith, thou wilt prove a notable Argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a Bottle like a Cat, and ſhoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the Shoulder, and call'd *Adam.*

Pedro.

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage Bull doth bear the Yoke.

Bene. The ſavage Bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the Bull's-horns, and ſet them in my Forehead, and let me be vildly painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write, *Here is a good Horſe to hire*; let them ſignifie under my Sign, Here you may ſee *Benedick* the marry'd Man.

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou wouldſt be Horn mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* have not ſpent all his Quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an Earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the Hours in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato*'s, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at Supper, for indeed he hath made great Preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt Matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Claud. To the Tuition of God. From my Houſe if I had it.

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*. Your loving Friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your Diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the Guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: E'er you flout old Ends any further, examine your Conſcience, and ſo I leave you.

[*Exit.*

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My Love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard Leſſon, that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any Son, my Lord?

Pedro. No Child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only Heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claud. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended Action,
I look'd upon her with a Soldier's Eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher Task in hand,
Than to drive Liking to the Name of Love;
But now I am return'd, and that War-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms

Come

Come thronged ſoft and delicate Deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her e'er I went to Wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a Lover preſently
And tire the Hearer with a Book of Words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her; was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a Story?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to Love,
That know Love's Grief by his Complexion.
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer Treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the Bridge much broader that the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
Look what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou loveſt,
And I will fit thee with the Remedy.
I know we ſhall have revelling to Night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome Diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her Boſom I unclaſp my Heart,
And take her hearing Priſoner with a force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous Tale:
Then after, to her Father will I break,
And the Concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
In practiſe let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now Brother, where is my Couſin your Son: Hath he provided this Muſick?

Ant. He is very buſie about it; but Brother, I can tell you News that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the Event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover; they ſhow well outward: The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick pleached Alley in my Orchard, were thus over-heard by a Man of mine: The Prince diſcover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd my Neice your Daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this Night in a Dance; and if he found her Accordant, meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the Fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp Fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelf.

Leon.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a Dream, 'till it appear it ſelf: But I will acquaint my Daughter with all, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Couſins, you know what you have to do. O I cry you mercy Friend, go you with me and I will uſe your Skill, good Couſin have a Care this buſie time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. What the good Year my Lord, why are you thus out of Meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the Occaſion that breeds, therefore the Sadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear Reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what Bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent Remedy, yet a patient Sufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a mortal Medicine to a mortifying Miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have Cauſe, and ſmile at no Man's Jeſts; eat when I have Stomach, and wait for no Man's Leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no Man's Buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no Man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this 'till you may do it without Controlment; you have of late ſtood out againſt your Brother, and he hath tane you newly into his Grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take Root, but by the fair Weather that you make your ſelf; it is needful that you frame the Seaſon for your own Harveſt.

John. I had rather be a Canker in a Hedge, than a Roſe in his Grace, and it better fits my Blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a Carriage to rob Love from any: In this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt Man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing Villain, I am truſted with a Muzzel, and infranchiſed with a Clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my Cage: If I had my Mouth, I would bite; if I had my Liberty, I would do my liking: In the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your Diſcontent?

John.

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what News, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great Supper; the Prince, your Brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you Intelligence of an intended Marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any Model to build Miſchief on? What is he for a Fool that betroths himſelf to Unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry it is your Brother's right Hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire; and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bora. Marry on *Hero*, the Daughter and Heir of *Leonato.*

John. A very forward March-chick, how come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a Perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty Room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, Hand in Hand in ſad Conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio.*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove Food to my Diſpleaſure, that young Start-up hath all the Glory of my Overthrow: If I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Conr. To the Death, my Lord.

John. Let us to the great Supper, their Cheer is the greater that I ſubdu'd, would the Cook were of my Mind: Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Innogen, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Leon. WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that Gentleman looks; I never can ſee him, but I am Heart-burn'd an Hour after. *Hero.*

Hero. He is of a melancholy Diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent Man that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an Image, and ſays nothing; and the other too like my Lady's eldeſt Son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s Tongue in Count *John*'s Mouth, and half Count *John*'s Melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s Face ——

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good Foot, Uncle, and Mony enough in his Purſe, ſuch a Man would win any Woman in the World, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a Husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy Tongue.

Ant. In Faith ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt, I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that Way; for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort Horns, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend no Horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no Husband, for the which Bleſſing, I am at him upon my Knees every Morning and Evening: Lord, I could not endure a Husband with a Beard on his Face, I had rather lye in Woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a Husband that hath no Beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my Apparel, and make him my Waiting-Gentlewoman? He that hath a Beard is more than a Youth, and he that hath no Beard is leſs than a Man; and he that is more than a Youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a Man, I am not for him: Therefore, I will even take ſix Pence in earneſt of the Bearherd, and lead his Apes into Hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into Hell.

Beat. No, but to the Gate, and there will the Devil meet me like an old Cuckold, with his Horns on his Head, and ſay, get you to Heav'n, *Beatrice*, get you to Heav'n, here's no Place for you Maids; ſo deliver I up my Apes, and away to St. *Peter*; for the Heav'ns, he ſhews me where the Batchelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the Day is long.

Ant. Well Neice, I truſt you will be rul'd by your Father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, Faith, it is my Couſin's Duty to make Curtſie,

ſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you; but yet for all that Couſin, let him be a handſome Fellow, or elſe make another Curtſie, and ſay, Father, as it pleaſes me.

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to ſee you one Day fitted with a Husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make Men of ſome other Mettal than Earth; wou'd it not grieve a Woman to be over-maſter'd with a Piece of valiant Duſt? to make account of her Life to a Clod of wayward Marle? No, Uncle, I'll none; *Adam*'s Sons are Brethren, and truly I hold it a Sin to match in my Kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince do ſollicit you in that kind, you know your Anſwer.

Beat. The Fault will be in the Muſick, Couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the Prince be too important, tell him there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the Anſwer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a *Scotch* Jig, a Meaſure, and a Cinque-pace; The firſt Suit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* Jig, (and full as fantaſtical) the Wedding mannerly modeſt, (as a Meaſure) full of State and Anchentry; and then comes Repentance, and with his bad Legs falls into the Cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into the Grave.

Leon. Couſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good Eye, Uncle, I can ſee a Church by Day Light.

Leon. The Revellers are entring, Brother; make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others in Maſquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your Friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the Walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your Company.

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when will you pleaſe to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your Favour; for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the Caſe.

Pedro. My Viſor is *Philemon*'s Roof, within the Houſe is Love.

Hero.

Hero. Why then your Viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low if you ſpeak Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own Sake, for I have many ill Qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my Prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the Hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good Dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my Sight when the Dance is done: Anſwer Clerk.

Balth. No more Words, the Clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſu. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a Word, I am not.

Urſu. I know you by the wagling of your Head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſu. You could never do him ſo ill Will, unleſs you were the very Man: Here's his dry Hand up and down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a Word, I am not.

Urſu. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent Wit? Can Virtue hide it ſelf? Go to, mum, you are he, Graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the hundred merry Tales; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's Jeſter, a very dull Fool, only his Gift is, in deviſing impoſſible Slanders? none but Libertines delight in him, and the Condemnation is not

not in his Wit, but in his Villany; for he both pleaſeth Men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure he is in this Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a Compariſon or two on me, which peradventure (not mark'd, or not laugh'd at) ſtrikes him into Melancholy, and then there's a Partridge Wing ſav'd, for the Fool will eat no Supper that Night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any Ill, I will leave them at the next Turning. [*Exeunt.*

Muſick for the Dance.

John. Sure my Brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her Father to break with him about it: The Ladies follow her, and but one Viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my Brother in his Love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his Birth; you may do the Part of an honeſt Man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his Affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to Night.

John. come let us to the Banquet. [*Exeunt* John *and* Bora.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in Name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill News with the Ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince woos for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other Things,
Save in the Office and Affairs of Love;
Therefore all Hearts in Love uſe their own Tongues,
Let every Eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no Agent; for Beauty is a Witch,
Againſt whoſe Charms, Faith melteth into Blood.
This is an Accident of hourly Proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel therefore, *Hero*.

Enter

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio.*

Claud. Yea the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your own Buſineſs, Count. What Faſhion will you wear the Garland of? About your Neck, like a Uſurer's Chain? Or under your Arm, like a Lieutenant's Scarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Claud. I wiſh him Joy of her.

Bene. Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drovier, ſo they ſell Bullocks; but did you think the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. No, no! you ſtrike like the blind Man; 'twas the Boy that ſtole your Meat, and you'll beat the Poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas poor hurt Soul, now will he creep into Sedges. But that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me; the Prince's Fool! ha? it may be I go under that Title, becauſe I am merry; yea but ſo I am apt to do my ſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed, it is the baſe (though bitter) Diſpoſition of *Beatrice,* that puts the World into her Perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have play'd the Part of Lady Fame, I found him here as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren; I told him, and I think, told him true, that your Grace had got the Will of this young Lady, and I offered him my Company to a Willow Tree, either to make him a Garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him a Rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his Fault?

Bene. The flat Tranſgreſſion of a School-Boy, who being over-joy'd with finding a Birds Neſt, ſhews it his Companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a Truſt, a Tranſgreſſion? the Tranſgreſſion is in the Stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs the Rod had been made, and the Garland too; for the Garland he might have worn himſelf, and the Rod he might have beſtowed on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his Birds Neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the Owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my Faith you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a Quarrel to you, the Gentleman that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O ſhe miſus'd me paſt the Indurance of a Block; an Oak but with one green Leaf on it, would have anſwered her; my very Viſor began to aſſume Life, and ſcold with her; ſhe told me, not thinking I had been my ſelf, that I was the Prince's Jeſter, and that I was duller than a great Thaw, hudling Jeſt upon Jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible conveiance upon me, that I ſtood like a Man at a Mark, with a whole Army ſhooting at me; ſhe ſpeaks Poyniards, and every Word ſtabs me; if her Breath were as terrible as Terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the North Star; I would not marry her, though ſhe were endow'd with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſs'd, ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his Club to make the Fire too. Come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her the infernal *Ate* in good Apparel. I would to God ſome Scholar would conjure her, for certainly while ſhe is here, a Man may live as quiet in Hell as in a Sanctuary, and People ſin upon Purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither, ſo indeed all Diſquiet, Horror, and Perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any Service to the Worlds End? I will go on the ſlighteſt Errand now to the Antipodes that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a Tooth-Picker now from the furtheſt Inch of *Aſia*; bring you the length of *Preſtor John*'s Foot; fetch you a Hair off the great *Cham*'s Beard; do you any Embaſſage

baſſage to the Pigmies, rather then hold three Words Conference with this Harpy; you have no Employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good Company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a Diſh I love not, I cannot indure this Lady's Tongue. [*Exit.*

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loſt the Heart of Signior *Benedick.*

Beat. Indeed my Lord, he ſent it me a while, and I gave him uſe for it, a double Heart for a ſingle one; Marry, once before he won it of me with falſe Dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay I have loſt it

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prove the Mother of Fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

Pedro. Why, how now Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an Orange, and ſomething of a jealous Complexion.

Pedro. I'faith Lady, I think your Blazon to be true; though I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his Conceit is falſe. Here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy Name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her Father, and his good Will obtained, name the Day of Marriage, and God give thee Joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my Daughter, and with her my Fortunes; his Grace hath made the Match, and all Grace ſay Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt Herald of Joy; I were but little happy if I could ſay, how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away my ſelf for you, and doat upon the Exchange.

Beat. Speak Couſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his Mouth with a Kiſs, and let not him ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith Lady, you have a merry Heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord, I thank it, poor Fool, it keeps

on the windy ſide of Care; my Couſin tells him in his Ear that he is in my Heart.

Clau. And ſo ſhe doth, Couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for Alliance; thus goes every one to the World but I, and I am Sun-burn'd, I may ſit in a Corner, and cry, heigh ho for a Husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting; hath your Grace ne'er a Brother like you; your Father got excellent Husbands, if a Maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-Days, your Grace is too coſtly to wear every Day: But I beſeech your Grace pardon me, I was born to ſpeak all Mirth, and no Matter.

Pedro. Your Silence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for out of queſtion you were born in a merry Hour.

Beat. No ſure my Lord, my Mother cry'd; but then there was a Star danc'd, and under that I was born. Couſins, God give you Joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I c y you mercy Uncle, by you Grace's pardon.

[*Exit* Beatrice.

Pedro. By my Troth a pleaſant ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy Element in her, my Lord, ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my Daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of Unhappineſs, and wak'd her ſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a Husband.

Leon. O, by no Means, ſhe mocks all her Wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent Wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a Week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to Church?

Clau. To Morrow, my Lord, Time goes on Crutches, 'till Love have all his Rites.

Leon.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear Son, which is hence a juſt ſeven Night, and a time too brief to, to have all things anſwer my Mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the Head at ſo long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us; I will in the *interim* undertake one of *Hercules*'s Labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a Mountain of Affection, the one with the other; I would fain have it a Match, and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch Aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you Direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten Nights Watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*.

Hero. I will do any modeſt Office, my Lord, to help my Couſin to a good Husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt Husband that I know: Thus far can I praiſe him, he is of a noble Strain, of approv'd Valour, and confirm'd Honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your Couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on *Benedick*, and in deſpite of his quick Wit, and his queaſie Stomach, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*: If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only Love-gods; go with me, and I will tell you my Drift. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any Bar, any Croſs, any Impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ſick in Diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoever comes athwart his Affection, ranges evenly with mine; how canſt thou croſs this Marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly my Lord, but ſo covertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your Lordſhip a Year ſince, how much I am in the Favour of *Margaret*, the Waiting-Gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the Night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's Chamber Window.

John. What Life is in that, to be the Death of this Marriage?

Bora. The Poiſon of that lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your Brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, whoſe Eſtimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other Iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet Hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of Zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's Honour who hath made this Match, and his Friends Reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a Maid, that you have diſcover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without Trial: Offer them Inſtances which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her Chamber Window, hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*, hear *Margaret* term me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this, the very Night before the intended Wedding, for in the mean time I will faſhion the Matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming Truths of *Hero*'s Diſloyalty, that Jealouſie ſhall be call'd Aſſurance, and all the Preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe Iſſue it can, I will put it in Practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy Fee is a thouſand Ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the Accuſation, and my Cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their Day of Marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Benedick *and a Boy.*

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene.

Bene. In my Chamber Window lyes a Book, bring it hither to me in the Orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one Man seeing how much another Man is a Fool, when he dedicates his Behaviours to Love, will after he hath laught at such shallow Follies in others, become the Argument of his own Scorn, by falling in love! and such a Man is *Claudio.* I have known when there was no Musick with him but the Drum and the Fife, and now had he rather hear the Taber and the Pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten Mile a Foot, to see a good Armor; and now will he lye ten Nights awake, carving the Fashion of a new Doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the Purpose, like an honest Man and a Soldier, and now is he turn'd Orthography, his Words are a very fantastical Banquet, just so many strange Dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these Eyes? I cannot tell, I think not. I will not be sworn, but Love may transform me to an Oister, but I'll take my Oath on it, 'till he have made an Oister of me, he shall never make me such a Fool: One Woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: But 'till all Graces be in one Woman, one Woman shall not come in my Grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; Wise, or I'll none; Virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; Fair, or I'll never look on her; Mild, or come not near me; Noble, or not for an Angel; of good Discourse, an excellent Musician, and her Hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Don *Pedro,* Leonato, Claudio *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this Musick?

Claud. Yea, my good Lord; how still the Evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace Harmony.

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well my Lord; the Musick ended,
We'll fit the Kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come *Balthazar,* we'll hear that Song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not so bad a Voice,
To slander Musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of Excellency,
To put a ſtrange Face on his own Perfection;
I pray thee ſing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a Wooer doth commence his Suit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woo's,
Yet will he ſwear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer Argument,
Do it in Notes.

Balth. Note this before my Notes,
There's not a Note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why theſe are very Crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note Notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine Air, now is his Soul raviſh't, is it not ſtrange that Sheeps Guts ſhould hale Souls out of Mens Bodies? Well, a Horn for my Mony, when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were Deceivers ever,
One Foot in Sea, and one on Shore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of Woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more Ditties, ſing no more;
Of Dumps ſo dull and heavy.
The Fraud of Men were ever ſo,
Since Summer firſt was leavy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my Troth a good Song.

Balth. And an ill Singer, my Lord.

Pedro. Ha, no, no Faith, thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. And he had been a Dog that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad Voice bode no Miſchief; I had as lieve have heard the Night-raven, come what Plague could have come after it.

Pedro.

Pedro. Yea, marry, doſt thou hear *Balthazar?* I pray thee get ſome excellent Muſick; for to Morrow Night we would have it at the Lady *Hero*'s Chamber Window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to Day, that your Neice *Beatrice* was in Love with Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. O ay, ſtalk on, ſtalk on, the Fowl ſits. I did never think that Lady would have loved any Man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward Behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the Wind in that Corner?

Leon. By my Troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that ſhe loves him with an inraged Affection, it is paſt the infinite of Thought.

Pedro. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of Paſſion came ſo near the life of Paſſion as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what Effects of Paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the Hook well, the Fiſh will bite.

Leon. What Effects, my Lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my Daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Pedro. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her Spirit had been invincible againſt all Aſſaults of Affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my Lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedick.*

Bene. I ſhould think this a Gull, but that the white-bearded Fellow ſpeaks it; Knavery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch Reverence.

Claud. He hath tane th' Infection, hold it up.

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her Affection known to *Benedick?*

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your Daughter ſays: Shall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with Scorn, write to him I love him?

Leon.

Leon. This ſays ſhe, now when ſhe is beginning to write to him, ſhe'll be up twenty times a Night, and there will ſhe ſit in her Smock, 'till ſhe have writ a Sheet of Paper; my Daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a Sheet of Paper, I remember a pretty Jeſt your Daughter told us of.

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, and reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the Sheet.

Claud. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the Letter into a thouſand Halfpence, rail'd at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own Spirit, I ſhould flout him if he writ to me, yea though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her Knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her Heart, tears her Hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my Daughter ſays ſo, and the Extaſie hath ſo much overborn her, that my Daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do a deſperate Out-rage to her ſelf, it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor Lady worſe.

Pedro. And he ſhould, it were an Alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet Lady, and out of all Suſpicion ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my Lord, Wiſdom and Blood combating in ſo tender a Body, we have ten Proofs to one, that Blood hath the Victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt Cauſe, being her Uncle, and her Guardian.

Pedro. I would ſhe had beſtow'd this Dotage upon me; I would have daſt all other Reſpects, and made her half my ſelf; I pray you tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. *Hero* thinks ſurely ſhe will die, for ſhe ſays ſhe will die, if he love her not, and ſhe will die e'er ſhe make

make her Love known, and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one Breath of her accuſtom'd Croſsneſs.

Pedro. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make Tender of her Love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it, for the Man, as you know all, hath a contemptible Spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper Man.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward Happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my Mind very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth indeed ſhew ſome Sparks that are like Wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I aſſure you, and in the managing of Quarrels you may ſee he is wiſe, for either he avoids them with great Diſcretion, or undertakes them with a Chriſtian-like Fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep Peace; if he break the Peace, he ought to enter into a Quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, for the Man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large Jeſts he will make; well, I am ſorry for your Niece, ſhall we go ſee *Benedick*, and tell him of her Love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her wait it out with good Counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her Heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your Daughter, let it cool the while; I love *Benedick* well, and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſhew how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my Expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the ſame Net ſpread for her, and that muſt your Daughter and her Gentlewoman carry; the ſport will be, when they hold one an Opinion of another's dotage, and no ſuch matter, that's the Scene that I would ſee which will be meerly a dumb ſhew; let us ſend her to call him to Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Bene.

Bene. This can be no Trick, the Conference was ſadly born; they have the Truth of this from *Hero*, they ſeem to pity the Lady; it ſeems her Affections have the full Bent. Love me! why it muſt be requited: I hear how I am cenſur'd; they ſay I will bear my ſelf proudly, if I perceive the Love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any Sign of Affection---I did never think to marry---I muſt not ſeem proud---happy are they that hear their Detractions, and can put them to mending: They ſay the Lady is fair, 'tis a truth, I can bear them Witneſs; and virtuous, 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it; and wiſe, but for loving me---by my Troth it is no Addition to her Wit, nor no great Argument of her Folly; for I will be horribly in love with her,---I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remains of Wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt Marriage; but doth not the Appetite alter? a Man loves the Meat in his Youth, that he cannot endure in his Age. Shall Quips and Sentences, and theſe Paper-Bullets of the Brain, awe a Man from the Career of his Humour? No, the World muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a Batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd: Here comes *Beatrice*, by this Day ſhe's a fair Lady, I do ſpy ſome Marks of Love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my Will I am ſent to bid you come in to Dinnner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your Pains.

Beat. I took no more Pains for thoſe Thanks, than you take Pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take Pleaſure then in the Meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a Knives Point, and choak a Daw withal: you have no Stomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! Againſt my Will I am ſent to bid you come in to Dinner; there's a double Meaning in that. I took no more Pains for thoſe Thanks, than you took Pains to thank me; that's as much as to ſay, any Pains that I take for you is as eaſie as Thanks. If I do not take Pity of her I am a Villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her Picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD *Margaret* run thee to the Parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my Couſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
Whiſper her Ear, and tell her I and *Urſula*
Walk in the Orchard, and our whole Diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay that thou overheard'ſt us,
And bid her ſteal into the pleached Bower,
Where Honey-Suckles ripen'd by the Sun
Forbid the Sun to enter; like Favourites
Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride
Againſt that Power that bred it: There will ſhe hid her,
To liſten to our Purpoſe; this is thy Office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come I warrant preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this Alley up and down,
Our Talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praiſe him more than ever Man did merit.
My Talk to thee muſt be how *Benedick*
Is ſick in Love with *Beatrice*; of this Matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty Arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: Now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Cloſe by the Ground to hear our Conference.

Urſu. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the Fiſh
Cut with her golden Oars the ſilver Stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous Bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who even now,
Is couched in the Woodbine Overture;
Fear you not my Part of the Dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her Ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet Bait that we lay for it.
No truly *Urſula*, ſhe is too diſdainful,
I know her Spirits are as coy and wild

As

As Haggerds of the Rock.
Urſu. But are you ſure
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?
Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.
Urſu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wiſh him wraſtle with Affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urſu. Why did you ſo? Doth not the Gentleman
Deſerve as full as fortunate a Bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of Love! I know he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a Man:
But Nature never fram'd a Woman's Heart
Of prouder Stuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Diſdain and Scorn ride ſparkling in her Eye,
Miſ-prizing what they look on, and her Wit
Values it ſelf ſo highly, that to her
All Matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no Shape nor Project of Affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.
Urſu. Sure I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his Love, leſt ſhe make Sport at it.
Hero. Why you ſpeak Truth, I never yet ſaw Man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She would ſwear the Gentleman ſhould be her Siſter;
If black, why Nature drawing of an Antick,
Made a foul Blot; if tall, a Launce ill-headed;
If low, an Agat very vildly cut;
If ſpeaking, why a Vane blown with all Winds;
If ſilent, why a Block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every Man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to Truth and Virtue that
Which Simpleneſs and Merit purchaſeth.
Urſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, for to be ſo odd, and from all Faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,

She would mock me into an Air, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelf, preſs me to Death with Wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered Fire,
Conſume away in Sighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a bitter Death to die with Mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urſu. Yet tell her of it, hear what ſhe will ſay.
Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his Paſſion,
And truly I'll deviſe ſome honeſt Slanders,
To ſtain my Couſin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill Word may impoiſon liking.
Urſu. O do not do your Couſin ſuch a Wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true Judgment,
Having ſo ſweet and excellent a Wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have, as to refuſe
So rare a Gentleman as Signior *Benedick*.
Hero. He is the only Man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.
Urſu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my Fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For Shape, for Bearing, Argument and Valour,
Goes formoſt in Report through *Italy*.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good Name.
Urſu. His Excellence did earn it e'er he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?
Hero. Why every Day, to Morrow; come go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome Attires, and have thy Counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to Morrow.
Urſu. She's ta'en, I warrant you;
We have caught her, Madam.
Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps,
Some *Cupids* kill with Arrows, ſome with Traps. [*Exeunt.*
Beat. What Fire is in my Ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn ſo much?
Contempt farewel, and Maiden Pride adieu;
No Glory lives behind the Back of ſuch.
And *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild Heart to thy loving Hand;
If thou doſt love, my Kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our Loves up in a holy Band.

For

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I do but stay 'till your Marriage be consummate, and then I go toward *Arragon.*

Claud. I'll bring you thither my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a Soil in the new Gloss of your Marriage, as to shew a Child his new Coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his Company, for from the Crown of his Head to the Soul of his Foot he is all Mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s Bow-String. and the little Hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a Heart as sound as a Bell, and the Tongue is the Clapper; for what his Heart thinks, his Tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in Love.

Pedro. Hang him Truant, there's no true Drop of Blood in him, to be truly touch'd with Love; if he be sad, he wants Mony.

Bene. I have the Tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the Tooth-ach.

Leon. Which is but a Humour or a Worm.

Bene. Well, every one cannot master a Grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in Love.

Pedro. There is no Appearance of Fancy in him, unless it be a Fancy that he hath to strange Disguises, as to be a *Dutch* Man to Day, a *French* Man to Morrow; unless he have a Fancy to this Foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no Fool for Fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in Love with some Woman, there is no believing old Signs; he brushes his Hat a Mornings: What should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any Man seen him at the Barbers?

Claud.

Claud. No, but the Barber's Man hath been ſeen with him, and the old ornament of his Cheek hath already ſtuft Tennis Balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a Beard.

Pedro. Nay he rubs himſelf with Civet, can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet Youth's in Love.

Pedro. The greateſt Note of it is his Melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his Face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting Spirit, which is now crept into a Lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by Stops———

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy Tale for him; conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill Conditions, and in deſpight of all dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her Face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no Charm for the Tooth-ake. Old Signior walk aſide with me, I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe Hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

Pedro. For my Life to break with him about *Beatrice.*

Claud. 'Tis even ſo, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice,* and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and Brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good Den, Brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear, for what I would ſpeak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your Lordſhip to be marry'd to Morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any Impediment, I pray you discover it.

John. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest; for my Brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of Heart hath holp to effect your ensuing Marriage; surely Suit ill spent, and Labour ill bestowed.

Pedro. Why, what's the Matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and Circumstances shortned (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero*?

John. Even she, *Leonato*'s *Hero*, your *Hero*, every Man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The Word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse Title, and I will fit her to it: Wonder not 'till further Warrant; go but with me to Night, you shall see her Chamber Window enter'd, even the Night before her Wedding-Day; if you love her, then to Morrow wed her; but it would better fit your Honour to change your Mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to Night why I should not marry her to Morrow, in the Congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my Witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till Night, and let the Issue shew it self.

Pedro. O Day untowardly turned!

Claud. O Mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O Plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the Sequel, [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dogbery *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good Men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer Salvation, Body and Soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were Puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any Allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, Neighbour *Dogbery.*

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt diſartleſs Man to be Conſtable?

Watch 1. *Hugh Otecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither Neighbour *Seacole*, God hath bleſt you with a good Name; to be a well-favour'd Man, is the Gift of Fortune, but to write and read comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which, Maſter Conſtable——

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your Anſwer; well, for your Favour, Sir, why give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your Writing and Reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch Vanity: You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit Man for the Conſtable of the Watch, therefore bear you the Lanthorn; this is your Charge: You ſhall comprehend all vagrom Men, you are to bid any Man ſtand in the Prince's Name.

Watch 2. How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a Knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: You ſhall alſo make no Noiſe in the Streets; For, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tollerable, and not to be endur'd.

Watch. 2. We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet Watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your Bills be not ſtolen: Well, you are to call at all the Alehouſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to Bed.

Watch. 2. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better Anſwer, you may ſay they are not the Men you took them for.

Watch. 2. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a Thief, you may ſuſpect him, by vertue of your Office, to be no true Man; and for ſuch kind of Men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your Honeſty.

Watch. 2. If we know him to be a Thief, ſhall we not lay Hands on him?

Dogb. Truly by your Office you may; but I think they that touch Pitch will be defil'd: The moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a Thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of his Company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful Man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a Dog for my Will, much more a Man who hath any Honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a Child cry in the Night, you muſt call to the Nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

Watch. 2. How if the Nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then depart in Peace, and let the Child wake her with crying: For the Ewe that will not hear her Lamb when it Baes, will never anſwer a Calf when it Bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: You Conſtable are to preſent the Prince's own Perſon, if you meet the Prince in the Night you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay, Birlady, that I think I cannot.

Dogb. Five Shillings to one on't with any Man that knows the Statutes, he may ſtay him, marry not without the Prince be willing: For indeed the Watch ought to offend no Man; and it is an Offence to ſtay a Man againſt his Will.

Verg. Birlady, I think it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha, well Maſters good Night, and there be any Matter of weight chances, call up me, keep your Fellow's Counſel, and your own, and good Night; come Neighbour.

Watch.

Watch 2. Well Masters, we hear our Charge, let us go sit here upon the Church Bench 'till two, and then all to Bed.

Dogb. One Word more, honest Neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior *Leonato*'s Door, for the Wedding being there to Morrow, there is a great coil to Night; adieu; be vigilant I beseech you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What, *Conrade.*

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade I say.

Conr. Here Man, I am at thy Elbow.

Bora. Mass and my Elbow itch'd I thought there would a Scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an Answer for that, and now forward thy Tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this Pent-House, for it drizles Rain, and I will, like a true Drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some Treason Masters, yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thousand Ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any Villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any Villany should be so rich? For when rich Villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what Price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the Fashion of a Doublet, or a Hat, or a Cloak, is nothing to a Man.

Conr. Yes, it is Apparel.

Bora. I mean the Fashion.

Conr. Yes the Fashion is the Fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say the Fool's the Fool, but seest thou not what a deformed Thief this Fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed, a has been a vile Thief this seven Years; a goes up and down like a Gentleman: I remember his Name.

Bora. Did'st thou not hear some Body?

Conr. No, 'twas the Vane on the House.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed Thief this Faſhion is, how giddy he turns about all the Hot-bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharo*'s Soldiers in the rechy Painting, ſometimes like god-*Bell*'s Prieſts in the old Church-window, ſometimes like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmirch'd worm-eaten Tapeſtry, where his Cod-piece ſeems as maſſie as his Club.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee that the Faſhion wears out more Apparel than the Man; but art not thou thy ſelf giddy with the Faſhion, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy Tale into telling me of the Faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither, but know that I have to Night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero*'s Gentlewoman, by the Name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her Miſtreſs's Chamber Window, bids me a thouſand times good night——I tell this Tale vildly——I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my Maſter, planted and plac'd, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don John*, ſaw afar off in the Orchard this amiable Encounter.

Conr. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero?*

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the Devil my Maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his Oaths which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark Night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my Villany, which did confirm any Slander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed next Morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole Congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er Night, and ſend her home again without a Husband.

Watch 1. We charge you in the Prince's Name ſtand.

Watch 2. Call up the right Maſter Conſtable, we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of Lechery that ever was known in a Common-wealth.

Watch 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, he wears a Lock,

Conr. Maſters, Maſters.

Watch 2. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters, never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of these Mens Bills.

Conr. A Commodity in question I warrant you, come we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my Cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my Troth's not so good, and I warrant your Cousin will say so.

Hero. My Cousin's a Fool, and thou art another, I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new Tire within excellently, if the Hair were a Thought browner; and your Gown's a most rare Fashion i'faith, I saw the Dutchess of *Milan*'s Gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my Troth's but a Night-Gown in respect of yours; Cloth a Gold and Cuts, and lac'd with Silver, set with Pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and Skirts, round, underborn with a blueish Tinsel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent Fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me Joy to wear it, for my Heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a Man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of speaking honourably? Is not Marriage honourable in a Beggar? Is not your Lord honourable without Marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your Reverence a Husband: And bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no Body, is there any harm in the heavier for a Husband? None I think, and it be the right Husband, and the right Wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good Morrow, Coz.

Beat. Good Morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick Tune?

Beat. I am out of all other Tune methinks.

Marg. Clap's into *Light a Love* (that goes without a Burden,) do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes light a love with your Heels, then if your Husband have Stables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no Barns.

Marg. O illegitimate Conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my Heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five a Clock, Couſin; 'tis time you were ready: By my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho!

Marg. For a Hawk, a Horſe, or a Husband?

Beat. For the Letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, and you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the Star.

Beat. What means the Fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their Heart's Deſire.

Hero. Theſe Gloves the Count ſent me, they are an excellent Perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft, Couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A Maid and ſtuft! there's a goodly catching of Cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt Apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my Wit become me rarely.

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear in your Cap. By my troth I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your Heart, it is the only thing for a Qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a Thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* You have ſome Moral in this *Benedictus.*

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain Holy-Thiſtle; you may think perchance that I think you are in Love, nay birlady I am not ſuch a Fool to think what I liſt, nor I liſt not to think what I can,

nor

nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my Heart out of thinking, that you are in Love, or that you will be in Love, or that you can be in Love: Yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a Man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despight of his Heart he eats his Meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your Eyes as other Women do.

Beat. What pace is this thy Tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false Gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Ursu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the Town are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good Coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest Neighbour?

Dogb. Marry Sir I would have some Confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief I pray you, for you see 'tis a busie time with me.

Dogb. Marry this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good Friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter, an old Man, Sir, and his Wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were, but in faith honest as the Skin between his Brows.

Verg. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, Neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your Worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's Officers; but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your Worship.

Leon. All thy Tediousnes on me! ah——

Dogb.

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good Exclamation on your Worſhip as of any Man in the City, and tho' I be but a poor Man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to Night, excepting your Worſhip's Preſence, have tane a couple of as arrant Knaves, as any in *Meſſina.*

Dogb. A good old Man, Sir, he will be talking as they ſay, when the Age is in, the Wit is out, God help us, it is a World to ſee: Well ſaid i'faith, Neighbour *Verges,* well, God's a good Man, and two Men rides an Horſe, one muſt ride behind, an honeſt Soul i'faith Sir, by my Troth he is, as ever broke Bread, but God is to be worſhipt, all Men are not alike, alas good Neighbour.

Leon. Indeed Neighbour he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir, our Watch have indeed comprehended two aſpicious Perſons, and we would have them this Morning examin'd before your Worſhip.

Leon. Take their Examination your ſelf, and bring it me, I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome Wine e'er you go: Fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, they ſtay for you to give your Daughter to her Husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex.* Leonato.

Dogb. Go good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale,* bid him bring his Pen and Inkhorn to the Goal; we are now to examine thoſe Men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no Wit I warrant you; here's that ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-come, only get the learn'd Writer to ſet down our Excommunication, and meet me at the Goal. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedick, Hero *and* Beatrice.

Leon. COME Frier *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of Marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular Duties afterwards.

Frier. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to the Count.

Hero. I do.

Frier. If either of you know any inward Impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your Souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his Anſwer, None.

Claud. O what Men dare do! what Men may do! what Men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Claud. Stand thee by, Frier: Father by your Leave,
Will you with free and unconſtrained Soul
Give me this Maid your Daughter?

Leon. As freely, Son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious Gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble Thankfulneſs;
There *Leonato*, take her back again.
Give not this rotten Orange to your Friend,
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her Honour:
Behold how like a Maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O what authority and ſhew of Truth
Can cunning Sin cover it ſelf withal!

Comes

Comes not that Blood, as modeſt Evidence,
To witneſs ſimple Virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a Maid,
By theſe exterior Shews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the Heat of a luxurious Bed;
Her Bluſh is Guiltineſs, not Modeſty.
Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?
Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my Soul to an approved Wanton.
Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own Proof
Have vanquiſh'd the Reſiſtance of her Youth,
And made Defeat of her Virginity——
Claud. I know what you would ſay: If I have known her,
You will ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a Husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand Sin. No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with Word too large,
But as a Brother to his Siſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful Sincerity, and comely Love,
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thee ſeeming, I will write againſt it,
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her Orb,
As chaſte as is the Bud e'er it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your Blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd Animals
That rage in ſavage Senſuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?
Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear Friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. *Leonato*, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?
Is this Face *Hero*'s? Are our Eyes our own?
Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my Lord?
Claud. Let me but move one Queſtion to your Daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly Power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my Child.
Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Leon. To make you anſwer truly to your Name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that Name
With any juſt Reproach?
Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero her ſelf can blot out *Hero*'s Virtue.
What Man was he talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your Window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a Maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no Man at that Hour, my Lord.
Pedro. Why then you are no Maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; upon mine Honour,
My ſelf, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that Hour laſt Night,
Talk with a Ruffian at her Chamber window,
Who hath indeed, moſt like a liberal Villain,
Confeſs'd the vile Encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of,
There is not Chaſtity enough in Language,
Without Offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty Lady
I am ſorry for thy much Miſgovernment.
Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward Graces had been plac'd
About the Thoughts and Counſels of thy Heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair, farewel
Thou pure Impiety, and impious Purity;
For thee I'll lock up all the Gates of Love,
And on my Eyelids ſhall Conjecture hang,
To turn all Beauty into Thoughts of Harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no Man's Dagger here a Point for me?
Beat. Why how now Couſin, wherefore ſink you down?
John. Come, let us go; theſe things come thus to light
Smother her Spirits up. [*Exe. D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claud.
Bene. How doth the Lady?
Beat. Dead I think: Help, Uncle.
Hero! why *Hero!* Uncle! Signior *Benedick!* Frier!

Leon.

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy Hand,
Death is the faireſt Cover for her Shame
That may be wiſh'd for.
Beat. How now, Couſin *Hero?*
Frier. Have Comfort, Lady.
Leon. Doſt thou look up?
Frier. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The Story that is printed in her Blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy Spirits were ſtronger than thy Shames,
My ſelf would on the Rereward of Reproaches
Strike at thy Life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my Eyes?
Why had not I, with charitable Hand,
Took up a Beggar's Iſſue at my Gates;
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with Infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine,
This Shame derives it ſelf from unknown Loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much
That I my ſelf was to my ſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why ſhe, O ſhe is fall'n
Into a Pit of Ink, that the wide Sea
Hath Drops too few to waſh her clean again,
And Salt too little, which may Seaſon give
To her foul tainted Fleſh.
Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient; for my part, I am ſo attired in Wonder, I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O on my Soul my Couſin is bely'd.
Bene. Lady, were you her Bedfellow laſt Night?
Beat. No truly, not; altho' until laſt Night
I have this Twelvemonth been her Bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with Ribs of Iron.
Would the Prince lie? and *Claudio* would he lie,
Who lov'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her Foulneſs,

Waſh'd it with Tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Frier. Hear me a little, for I have only been ſilent ſo long, and given way unto this courſe of Fortune, by noting of the Lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing Apparitions
To ſtart into her Face, a thouſand innocent Shames
In Angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe Bluſhes,
And in her Eye there hath appear'd a Fire
To burn the Errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her Maiden Truth. Call me a Fool,
Truſt not my Reading, nor my Obſervations,
Which with experimental Seal doth warrant
The tenure of my Book; truſt not my Age,
My Reverence, Calling, nor Divinity,
If this ſweet Lady lye not guiltleſs here,
Under ſome biting Error.

Leon. Frier, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt that all the Grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her Damnation
A Sin of Perjury, ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with Excuſe,
That which appears in proper Nakedneſs?

Frier. Lady, what Man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none:
If I know more of any Man alive
Than that which maiden Modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my Sins lack Mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any Man with me convers'd
At Hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the Change of Words with any Creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to Death.

Frier. There is ſome ſtrange Miſpriſion in the Prince.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of Honour,
And if their Wiſdoms be miſs-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in *John* the Baſtard,
Whoſe Spirits toil in frame of Villanies.

Leon. I know not: If they ſpeak but Truth of her,
Theſe Hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her Honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this Blood of mine,
Nor Age ſo eat up my Invention,

Nor

Nor Fortune made ſuch Havock of my Means,
Nor my bad Life reft me ſo much of Friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both Strength of Limb, and Policy of Mind,
Ability in Means, and Choice of Friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
Frier. Pauſe a while,
And let my Counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your Daughter here the Princeſs (left for dead)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning Oſtentation,
And on your Family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all Rites
That appertain unto a Burial.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?
Frier. Marry, this well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change Slander to Remorſe, that is ſome good:
But not for that, dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this Travel look for greater Birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the Inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
Of every Hearer: For ſo it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we rack the Value, then we find
The Virtue that Poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio:*
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his Words,
Th' Idea of her Life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his Study of Imagination,
And every lovely Organ of her Life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious Habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of Life,
Into the Eye and Proſpect of his Soul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever Love had Intereſt in his Liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, tho' he thought his Accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but Succeſs

Will fashion the Event in better Shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be level'd false,
The Supposition of the Lady's Death
Will quench the Wonder of her Infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded Reputation,
In some recluſive and religious Life,
Out of all Eyes, Tongues, Minds, and Injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier advise you,
And tho' you know my Inwardness and Love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine Honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your Soul
Should with your Body.

Leon. Being that I flow in Grief,
The smallest Twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange Sores, strangely they strain the Cure:
Come Lady, die to live; this Wedding-Day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have Patience and endure. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair Cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah how much might the Man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such Friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such Friend.

Bene. May a Man do it?

Beat. It is a Man's Office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the World so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing: I am sorry for my Cousin.

Bene. By my Sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that ſays I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your Word?

Bene. With no Sauce that can be devis'd to it; I proteſt I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What Offence, ſweet *Beatrice?*

Beat. You have ſtay'd me in a happy Hour; I was about to proteſt I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy Heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my Heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha! not for the wide World.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone tho' I am here; there is no Love in you; nay I pray you let me go.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bene. We'll be Friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be Friends with me, than fight with mine Enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine Enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a Villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my Kinſwoman? O that I were a Man! What, bear her in Hand until they come to take Hands, and then with publick Accuſation, uncover'd Slander, unmittigated Rancour——O God that I were a Man, I would eat his Heart in the Market Place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a Man out at a Window——a proper Saying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. But——

Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurely a princely Teſtimony, a goodly Count-Comfect, a ſweet Gallant ſurely; O that I were a Man for his ſake! or that I had any Friend would

would be a Man for my ſake! But Manhood is melted into Curteſies, Valour into Compliment, and Men are only turn'd into Tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a Lie, and ſwears it; I cannot be a Man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a Woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*; by this Hand I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my Love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your Soul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a Thought or a Soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiſs your Hand, and ſo leave you; by this Hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me dear Account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your Couſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dogberry, Virges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. Is our whole Diſſembly appear'd?

Dog. O a Stool and Cuſhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the Malefactors?

Verg. Marry that am I, and my Partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the Exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the Offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before Maſter Conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your Name Friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray write down *Borachio.* Yours Sirrah?

Conr. I am a Gentleman Sir, and my Name is *Conrade.*

To. Cl. Write down Maſter Gentleman, *Conrade*; Maſters, do you ſerve God? Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe Knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you for your ſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we ſay we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty Fellow I aſſure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, Sirrah, a Word in your Ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe Knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, Stand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a Tale; have you writ down they are none?

Sexton. Maſter Town-Clerk, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call the Watch that are their Accuſers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry that's the eaſieſt Way, let the Watch come forth; Maſters, I charge you in the Prince's Name accuſe theſe Men.

1 *Watch.* This Man ſaid, Sir, that Don *John*, the Prince's Brother, was a Villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a Villain; why this is flat Perjury, to call a Prince's Brother Villain.

Bora. Maſter Town-Clerk.

To. Cl. Pray thee Fellow Peace, I do not like thy Look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton, What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, That he had receiv'd a thouſand Ducats of Don *John*, for the accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kemp. Flat Burglary as ever was committed.

Dog. Yea by th' Maſs that it is.

Sexton. What elſe Fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his Words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole Aſſembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O Villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting Redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more Maſters than you can deny, Prince *John* is this Morning ſecretly ſtol'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the Grief of this ſuddenly dy'd. Maſter Conſtable, let theſe Men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and ſhew him their Examination.

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in the Hands of *Coxcomb.* [*Exit.*

Dog. God's my Life, where's the Sexton? Let him write down the Prince's Officer *Coxcomb*, come, bind them, thou naughty Varlet.

Conr.

Conr. Away, you are an Aſs, you are an Aſs.

Dog. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my Place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my Years? O that he were here to write me down an Aſs! But Maſters, remember that I am an Aſs, tho' it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an Aſs; no thou Villain, thou art full of Piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good Witneſs, I am a wiſe Fellow, and which is more, an Officer; and which is more an Houſholder; and which is more, as pretty a Piece of Fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one that knows the Law, go to, and a rich Fellow enough, go to, and a Fellow that hath had Loſſes, and one that hath two Gowns, and every thing handſome about him, bring him away; O that I had been writ down an Aſs. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. IF you go on thus, you will kill your ſelf,
And 'tis not Wiſdom thus to ſecond Grief,
Againſt your ſelf.

Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy Counſel,
Which falls into mine Ears as profitleſs
As Water in a Sieve; give not me Counſel,
Nor let no Comfort elſe delight mine Ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe Wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a Father that ſo lov'd his Child,
Whoſe Joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of Patience;
Meaſure his Woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every Strain for Strain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a Grief for ſuch,
In every Lineament, Branch, Shape, and Form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his Beard,
And hollow, wag, cry hem, when he ſhould groan,
Patch Grief with Proverbs, make Misfortune drunk,
With Candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather Patience.

But there is no ſuch Man; for Brother, Men
Can council, and give Comfort to that Grief
Which they themſelves not feel, but taſting it,
Their Counſel turns to Paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial Medicine to Rage,
Fetter ſtrong Madneſs in a ſilken Thread,
Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words.
No, no, 'tis all Mens Office, to ſpeak Patience
To thoſe that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no Counſel,
My Griefs cry louder than Advertiſement.

Ant. Therein do Men from Children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee Peace, I will be Fleſh and Blood,
For there was never yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the Tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the Stile of Gods,
And made a puſh at Chance and Sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the Harm upon your ſelf,
Make thoſe that do offend you ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt Reaſon, nay I will do ſo,
My Soul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den,

Claud. Good Day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords!

Pedro. We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*

Leon. Some haſte, my Lord! well fare you well, my Lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well all is one.

Pedro. Nay do not quarrel with us, good old Man.

Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou doſt wrong me, thou Diſſembler thou:
Nay never lay thy hand upon thy Sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud.

Claud. Marry beſhrew my Hand,
If it ſhould give your Age ſuch Cauſe of Fear;
Infaith my Hand meant nothing to my Sword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, Man, never fleer and jeſt at me,
I ſpeak not like a Dotard nor a Fool,
As under Privilege of Age to brag,
What I have done, being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know *Claudio*, to thy Head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent Child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my Reverence by,
And with grey Hairs and Bruiſe of many Days
Do challenge thee to trial of a Man;
I ſay thou haſt bely'd mine innocent Child,
Thy Slander hath gone through and through her Heart,
And ſhe lyes bury'd with her Anceſtors:
O in a Tomb where never Scandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy Villany.
Claud. My Villany?
Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old Man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I'll prove it on his Body if he dare;
Deſpight his nice Fence, and his active Practice,
His *May* of Youth and Bloom of Luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Can'ſt thou ſo daffe me? Thou haſt kill'd my Child;
If thou kill'ſt me Boy, thou ſhalt kill a Man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and Men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me Boy, come Sir Boy; come, follow me,
Sir Boy, I'll whip you from your foining Fence;
Nay, as I am a Gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother.
Ant. Content your ſelf, God knows I lov'd my Neice,
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to Death by Villains,
That dare as well anſwer a Man indeed,
As I dare take a Serpent by the Tongue.
Boys, Apes, Braggarts, Jacks, Milkſops.
Leon. Brother *Anthony*.
Ant. Hold you content; what Man? I know them, yea

And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt Scruple:
Scambling, outfacing, faſhion-mongring Boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow an outward Hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak of half a Dozen dangerous Words;
How they might hurt their Enemies if they durſt;
And this is all.

Leon. But Brother *Anthony*:

Ant. Come, 'tis no mater,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your Patience;
My Heart is ſorry for your Daughter's Death;
But on my Honour ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of Proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Enter Benedick.

Leon. No! come Brother away, I will be heard.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Ant. And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

Pedro. See, ſee, here comes the Man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now Signior, what News?

Bene. Good Day, my Lord.

Pedro. Welcome Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a Fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two Noſes ſnapt off with two old Men without Teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his Brother; what thinkſt thou? Had we fought, I doubt we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe Quarrel there is no true Valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee, for we are high proof Melancholly, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy Wit?

Bene. It is in my Scabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy Wit by thy Side?

Claud. Never any did ſo, tho' very many have been beſide their Wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the Minſtrels draw to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt Man he looks pale: Art thou Sick, or Angry?

Claud.

Claud. What! Courage Man: What tho' Care kill'd a Cat, thou haſt Mettle enough to kill Care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meet your Wit in the Career, and you charge it againſt me. I pray you chuſe another Subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another Staff, this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro. By this Light he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his Girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a Word in your Ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a Challenge.

Bene. You are a Villain; I jeſt not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your Cowardiſe: You have kill'd a ſweet Lady, and her Death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well I will meet you, ſo I may have good Cheer.

Pedro. What a Feaſt?

Claud. I faith I thank him, he hath bid me to a Calves Head and a Capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my Knife's naught. Shall I not find a Woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your Wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy Wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine Wit; true ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great Wit; right ſays ſhe, a great groſs one; nay ſaid I, a good Wit; juſt ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay ſaid I, the Gentleman is wiſe; certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe Gentleman; nay ſaid I, he hath the Tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a double Tongue, there's two Tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together tranſ-ſhape thy particular Virtues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a Sigh, thou waſt the propereſt Man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly, the old Man's Daughter told us all.

Claud.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God ſaw him when he was hid in the Garden.

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſalvage Bull's Horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s Head?

Claud. Yea, and Text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the Married Man.

Bene. Fare you well, Boy, you know my Mind, I will leave you now to your goſſip-like Humour, you break Jeſts as Braggards do their Blades, which God be thank'd hurt not; my Lord, for your many Courteſies I thank you, I muſt diſcontinue your Company, your Brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*; you have among you killed a ſweet and innocent Lady for my Lord Lack-beard there; he and I ſhall meet, and 'till then peace be with him. [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and I'll warrant you for the Love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee.

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing Man is, when he goes in his Doublet and Hoſe, and leaves off his Wit.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Claud. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a Man.

Pedro. But ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my Heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my Brother was fled?

Dog. Come you, Sir, if Juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more Reaſons in her Ballance; nay, and you be a curſing Hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my Brother's Men bound? *Borachio* one!

Claud. Hearken after their Offence, my Lord.

Pedro. Officers, what Offence have theſe Men done?

Dog. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe Report, moreover they have ſpoken Untruths; ſecondarily they are Slanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have belied a Lady; thirdly, they have verified unjuſt Things, and to conclude they are lying Knaves.

Pedro. Firſt I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their Offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are

are committed, and to conclude, what lay you to their Charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own Diviſion, and by my Troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, Maſters, that you are thus bound to your Anſwer? This learned Conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood, what's your Offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine Anſwer; do you hear me, and let this Count kill me; I have deceiv'd even your very Eyes; what your Wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow Fools have brought to light, who in the Night heard me confeſſing to this Man, how *Don John* your Brother incens'd me to ſlander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me Court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s Garments, how you diſgrac'd her when you ſhould marry her; my Villany they have upon Record, which I had rather ſeal with my Death, than repeat over to my Shame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my Maſter's falſe Accuſation, and briefly, I deſire nothing but the Reward of a Villain.

Pedro. Runs not this Speech like Iron through your Blood?

Claud. I have drunk Poiſon while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me rich for the Practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd of Treachery,
And fled he is upon this Villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero*, now thy Image doth appear
In the rare Semblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dog. Come bring away the Plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath inform'd Signior *Leonato* of the Matter; and Maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an Aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes Maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the Villain? Let me ſee his Eyes,
That when I note another Man like him,
I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your Wronger, look on me.

Leon.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the Slave that with thy Breath
Haſt kill'd mine innocent Child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo Villain, thou beli'ſt thy ſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable Men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my Daughter's Death,
Record it with your high and worthy Deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your Patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak, chuſe your Revenge your ſelf,
Impoſe me to what Penance your Invention
Can lay upon my Sin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my Soul nor I;
And yet to ſatisfie this good old Man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me too.

Leon. You cannot bid my Daughter live again,
That were impoſſible; but I pray you both
Poſſeſs the People in *Meſſina* here
How innocent ſhe dy'd, and if your Love
Can labour ought in ſad Invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her Tomb,
And ſing it to her Bones, ſing it to Night:
To Morrow Morning come you to my Houſe,
And ſince you could not be my Son-in-Law,
Be yet my Nephew; my Brother hath a Daughter
Almoſt the Copy of my Child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is Heir to both of us,
Give her the Right you ſhould have giv'n her Couſin,
And ſo dies my Revenge.

Claud. O Noble, Sir!
Your over-Kindneſs doth wring Tears from me:
I do embrace your Offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leon. To Morrow then I will expect your coming,
To Night I take my Leave; this naughty Man
Shall Face to Face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who I believe was packt in all this Wrong,
Hired to it by your Brother.

Bora.

Bora. No by my Soul she was not.
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this Plaintif here, the Offender did call me Ass; I beseech you let it be remembred in his Punishment; and also the Watch heard them talk of one Deformed: They say he wears a Key in his Ear, and a Lock hanging by it, and and borrows Mony in God's Name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now Men grow hard hearted, and will lend nothing for God's Sake. Pray you examine him upon that Point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy Care and honest Pains.

Dog. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend Youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy Pains.

Dog. God save the Foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy Prisoner; and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an errant Knave with your Worship, which I beseech your Worship to correct your self, for the Example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well: God restore your Health; I humbly give you Leave to depart; and if a merry Meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come Neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to Morrow Morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel my Lords, we look for you to Morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To Night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you these Fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret,* how her Acquaintance grew with this lewd Fellow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee sweet Mistress *Margaret,* deserve well at my Hands, by helping me to the Speech of *Beatrice.*

Marg. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my Beauty?

Bene. In so high a Stile *Margaret,* that no Man living shall come over it; for in most comely Truth thou deservest it.

Marg.

Marg. To have no Man come over me; why, ſhall I always keep below Stairs?

Bene. Thy Wit is as quick as the Greyhound's Mouth, it ketches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the Fencers Foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly Wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a Woman; and ſo I pray thee call *Beatrice*; I give thee the Bucklers.

Marg. Give us the Swords, we have Bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them *Margaret*, you muſt put it in the Pikes with a Vice, and they are dangerous Weapons for Maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I think hath Legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. *The God of Love that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve*, I mean in Singing; but in loving, *Leander* the good Swimmer, *Troilus* the firſt Employer of Panders, and a whole Book full of theſe *quondam* Carpet-mongers, whoſe Names yet run ſmoothly in the even Road of a blank Verſe, why they were never ſo truly turn'd over, as my poor ſelf in Love; marry I cannot ſhew it in Rhime; I have try'd, I can find out no Rhime to a Lady but Baudy, an Innocents Rhime; for ſcorn, horn, a hard Rhime; for ſchool, fool, a babling Rhime; very ominous Endings; no, I was not born under a Rhiming Planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival Terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O ſtay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet e'er I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio.*

Bene. Only foul Words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul Words are foul Wind, and foul Wind is but foul Breath, and foul Breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the Word out of its right Senſe, ſo forcible is thy Wit; but I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio*

dio undergoes my Challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a Coward; and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad Parts didſt thou firſt fall in Love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd ſo politick a State of Evil, that they will not admit any good Part to intermingle with them: But for which of my good Parts did you ſuffer Love for me?

Bene. Suffer Love! a good Epithete; I do ſuffer Love indeed, for I love thee againſt my Will.

Beat. In ſpight of your Heart, I think; alas poor Heart, if you ſpight it for my Sake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I will never love that which my Friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this Confeſſion; there's not one wiſe Man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old Inſtance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the Time of good Neighbours; if a Man do not erect in this Age his own Tomb e'er he dies, he ſhall live no longer in Monuments than the Bells ring, and the Widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion; why an Hour in Clamour, and a Quarter in Rhewm; therefore it is moſt expedient for the Wiſe, if Don Worm (his Conſcience) find no Impediment to the contrary, to be the Trumpet of his own Virtues, as I am to my ſelf; ſo much for praiſing my ſelf; who I my ſelf will bear Witneſs is Praiſe-worthy; and now tell me how doth your Couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Urſula.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Urſu. Madam, you muſt come to your Uncle; yonder's old Coil at Home; it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath been falſly accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and Don *John* is the Author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this News, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy Heart, die in thy Lap, and be buried

ried in thy Eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy Uncle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with Tapers.*

Claud. Is this the Monument of *Leonato?*

Atten. It is my Lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to Death by ſlanderous Tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lyes:*
Death in guerdon of her Wrongs,
Gives her Fame which never dies:
So the Life that dy'd with Shame,
Lives in Death with glorious Fame.
Hang thou there upon the Tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now Muſick ſound and ſing your ſolemn Hymn.

SONG.

Pardon Goddeſs of the Night,
Thoſe that ſlew the Virgin Knight;
For the which with Songs of Woe,
Round about her Tomb they go.
Midnight aſſiſt our Moan,
Help us to ſigh and groan.
Heavily, heavily,
Graves yawn and yield your Dead,
'Till Death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

Claud. Now unto thy Bones good night; Yearly will I do (this Right.

Pedro. Good morrow Maſters, put your Torches out,
The Wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Day
Before the Wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with Spots of Grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow Maſters; each his ſeveral way.

Muſ. Come, let us hence, and put on other Weeds,
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier Iſſue ſpeed,
Than this for whom we rendred up this Woe.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Frier *and* Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you ſhe was Innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the Error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome Fault for this;
Although againſt her Will as it appears,
In the true Courſe of all the Queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by Faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well Daughter, and young Gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a Chamber by your ſelves,
And when I ſend for you come hither Mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this Hour
To viſit me; you know your Office Brother,
You muſt be Father to your Brother's Daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd Countenance.
Bene. Frier, I muſt intreat your Pains, I think.
Frier. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your Neice regards me with an Eye of Favour.
Ant. That Eye my Daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an Eye of Love requite her.
Leon. The Sight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your Will?
Bene. Your Anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical,
But for my Will, my Will is, your good Will
May ſtand with ours, this Day to be conjoin'd
I'th' State of honourable Marriage,
In which, good Frier, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My Heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my help.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio *with Attendants.*

Pedro. Good Morrow to this fair Aſſembly.
Leon. Good Morrow, Prince, good Morrow *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To Day to marry with my Brother's Daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my Mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope.*

Leon. Call her forth, Brother, here's the Frier ready.
Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*, why what's the matter;
That you have ſuch a *February* Face,
So full of Froſt, of Storm, and Cloudineſs?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the ſavage Bull:
Tuſh, fear not Man, we'll tip thy Horns with Gold,
And ſo all *Europe* ſhall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Jove*,
When he would play the Noble Beaſt in Love.
Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable Low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange Bull leapt your Father's Cow,
And got a Calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his Bleat.
Enter Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Urſula,
Claud. For this I owe you; here come other Recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Leon. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why then ſhe is mine; ſweet let me ſee your Face.
Leon. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her Hand
Before this Frier, and ſwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your Hand before this holy Frier;
I am your Husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other Wife; [*unmasking.*
And when you lov'd you were my other Husband.
Claud. Another *Hero* ?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd, but I do live;
And ſurely as I live I am a Maid.
Pedro. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.
Leon. She dy'd my Lord, but whiles her Slander liv'd.
Frier. All this Amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy Rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s Death:
Mean time let Wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the Chappel let us preſently.
Bene. Soft and fair, Frier. Which is *Beatrice* ?
Beat. I anſwer to that Name, what is your Will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no more than Reaſon.
Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio*,
have been deceiv'd, they ſwore you did.

Beat.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than Reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my Couſin, *Margaret* and *Urſula*
Are much deceiv'd, for they did ſwear you did.

Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore your were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Couſin, I am ſure you love the Gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't that he loves her,
For here's a Paper written in his Hand,
A halting Sonnet of his own pure Brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice.*

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Couſin's Hamd, ſtolen from her Pocket,
Containing her Affection unto *Benedick.*

Bene. A Miracle, here's our Hands againſt our Hearts; come I will have thee, but by this Light I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good Day, I yield upon great Perſwaſion, and partly to ſave your Life, for as I was told, you were in a Conſumption.

Leon. Peace, I will ſtop your Mouth.

Pedro. How doſt thou, *Benedick,* the Married Man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince, a College of witty-crackers cannot flout me out of my Humour; doſt thou think I care for a Satyr, or an Epigram? No, if a Man will be beaten with Brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him; in brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the World can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have ſaid againſt it; for Man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion; for thy part *Claudio,* I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my Kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my Couſin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldſt have denied *Beatrice,* that I might have Cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle Life, to make thee a double Dealer, which out of Queſtion thou wilt be, if my Couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are Friends, let's have a Dance e'er we are Marry'd, that we may lighten our own Hearts, and our Wives Heels.

Leon. We'll have Dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, of my Word; therefore play Muſick. Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a Wife, get thee a Wife, there is no Staff more reverend than one tipt with *Horn.* (*Enter* Meſ.

Meſſen. My Lord, your Brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed Men back to *Meſſina.*

Bene. Think not on him 'till to Morrow, I'll deviſe the brave Puniſhments for him. Strike up Pipers. *Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

p. 389.

LOVE'S Labour's loſt.

A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FErdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron, Longavile, Dumain, } *three Lords attending upon the King in his Retirement.*
Boyet, Macard, } *Lords attending upon the Princeſs of* France.
Don Adriana de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to* Don Adriana de Armado.

Princeſs of France.
Roſaline, Maria, Catherine, } *Ladies attending on the Princeſs.*
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers and other Attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

Love's

Love's Labour's loſt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile *and* Dumain.

KING.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their Lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen Tombs;
And then grace us in the Diſgrace of Death:
When ſpight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' Endeavour of this preſent Breath may buy
That Honour which ſhall bate his Syth's keen Edge,
And make us Heirs of all Eternity.
Therefore brave Conquerors, for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own Affections,
And the huge Army of the World's Deſires,
Our late Edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force;
Navarre ſhall be the Wonder of the World,
Our Court ſhall be a little Academy,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain* and *Longavile*,
Have ſworn for three Years Term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars, and to keep thoſe Statutes
That are recorded in this Schedule here.
Your Oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your Names:

That his own Hand may ſtrike his Honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt Branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep Oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three Years Faſt:
The Mind ſhall banquet, tho' the Body pine;
Fat Paunches have lean Pates; and dainty Bits
Make rich the Ribs, but bankerout the Wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd;
The groſſer manner of theſe World's Delights,
He throws upon the groſs World's baſer Slaves:
To Love, to Wealth, to Pomp, I pine and die,
With all theſe living in Philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their Proteſtation over,
So much (dear Liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three Years:
But there are other ſtrict Obſervances;
As not to ſee a Woman in that Term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one Day in a Week to touch no Food;
And but one Meal on every Day beſide;
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three Hours in the Night,
And not to be ſeen to wink of all the Day:
When I was wont to think no harm all Night,
And make a dark Night too of half the Day;
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren Tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee Ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

King. Your Oath is paſt to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay no, my Liege, and if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your Court for three Years Space.

Long. You ſwore to that *Biron*, and to the reſt.

Biron. By yea and nay Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the End of Study let me know?

King. Why that to know which elſe we ſhould not know. (Senſe.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common

King. Ay, that is Study's God-like Recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,

To

To know the Thing I am forbid to know;
And thus to ſtudy where I well may dine;
When I to faſt expreſly am forbid:
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome Miſtreſs fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common Senſe are hid:
Or having ſworn too hard a keeping Oath,
Study to break it, and not break my Troth.
If Study's Gain be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay no.

King. Theſe be the Stops that hinder Study quite,
And train our Intellects to vain Delight.

Biron. Why? all Delights are vain, and that moſt vain
Which with Pain purchas'd, doth inherit Pain;
As painfully to pore upon a Book,
To ſeek the Light of Truth, while Truth the while
Doth falſly blind the Eye-ſight of his Look:
Light ſeeking Light, doth Light beguile;
So e'er you find where Light in Darkneſs lyes,
Your Light grows dark by loſing of your Eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the Eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer Eye;
Who dazling ſo, that Eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him Light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heav'ns glorious Sun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſawcy Looks;
Small have continual Plodders ever won,
Save baſe Authority from other Books.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of Heav'ns Lights,
That give a Name to every fixed Star,
Have no more Profit of their Shining Nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but Fame;
And every Godfather can give a Name.

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good Proceeding.

Long. He weeds the Corn, and ſtill lets grow the Weeding.

Biron. The Spring is near when Green Geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his Place and Time.

Dum.

Dum. In Reaſon nothing.

Biron. Something then in Rime.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt-born Infants of the Spring.

Biron. Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in any abortive Birth?
At *Chriſtmas* I no more deſire a Roſe,
Than wiſh a Snow in *May*'s new fangled ſhows:
But like of each thing that in Seaſon grows.
So you to ſtudy now it is too late,
That were to climb o'er the Houſe t'unlock the Gate.

King. Well, ſit you out; go home *Biron*: Adieu.

Biron. No, my good Lord, I have ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for Barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that Angel Knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the Penance of each three Years Day.
Give me the Paper, let me read the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt Decrees I'll write my Name.

King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from Shame.

Biron. *Item,* That no Woman ſhall come within a Mile of my Court.
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four Days ago.

Biron. Let's ſee the Penalty.
On pain of loſing her Tongue!
Who devis'd this Penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Biron. Sweet Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread Penalty: A dangerous Law againſt Gentility.

Item, If any Man be ſeen to talk with a Woman within the term of three Years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick Shame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deviſe.

Biron. This Article my Liege your ſelf muſt break,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſy
The *French* King's Daughter, with your ſelf to ſpeak,
A Maid of Grace and compleat Majeſty,
About ſurrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid Father:

Therefore

Therefore this Article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired Princeſs hither.
King. What ſay you, Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So Study evermore is overſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as Towns with Fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
King. We muſt of Force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meer Neceſſity.
Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three Thouſand times within this three Years ſpace:
For every Man with his Affects is born;
Not by Might maſter'd, but by ſpecial Grace.
If I break Faith, this Word ſhall break for me,
I am forſworn on meer Neceſſity.
So to the Laws at large I write my Name,
And he that breaks them in the leaſt Degree,
Stands in Attainder of eternal Shame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me;
But I believe although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his Oath.
But is there no quick Recreation granted?
King. Ay that there is; our Court you know is haunted
With a conceited Traveller of *Spain*,
A Man in all the World's new Faſhions planted,
That hath a Mint of Phraſes in his Brain:
One whom the Muſick of his own vain Tongue,
Doth raviſh like inchanting Harmony:
A Man of Complements, whom Right and Wrong
Have choſe as Umpire of their Mutiny.
This Child of Fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our Studies ſhall relate,
In high-born Words the Worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spain* loſt in the World's Debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I;
But I proteſt I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my Minſtrelſie.
Biron. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious Wight,
A Man of Fire, new Words, Faſhion's own Knight.

Long.

Long. *Coſtard* the Swain, and he ſhall be our Sport,
And ſo to ſtudy, three Years is but ſhort.

Enter Dull *and* Coſtard *with a Letter.*

Dull. Which is the Duke's own Perſon?

Biron. This, Fellow, what would'ſt?

Dull. I my ſelf reprehend his own Perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: But I would ſee his own Perſon in Fleſh and Blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you.
There's Villany abroad; this Letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the Contemps thereof are as touching me.

King. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado.*

Biron. How low ſoever the Matter, I hope in God for high Words.

Long. A high Hope for a low Heav'n; God grant us Patience.

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing.

Long. To hear meekly Sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well Sir, be it as the Stile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the Merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta.* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form, following, Sir, all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park; which put together, is in manner and form following. Now Sir, for the manner: Is the manner of a Man to ſpeak to a Woman; for the form in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir.

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my Correction, and God defend the right.

King. Will you hear this Letter with Attention?

Biron. As we would hear an Oracle.

Coſt. Such is the Simplicity of Man to hearken after the Fleſh.

King.

King. *GReat Deputy, the Welkin's Vicegerent, and ſole Dominator of* Navarre, *my Soul's Earth's God, and Body's foſtring Patron*——

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

King. So it is——

Coſt. It may be ſo; but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

King. Peace,——

Coſt. Be to me, and every Man that dares not fight.

King. No Words,

Coſt. Of other Mens Secrets I beſeech you.

King. So it is, beſieged with ſable-coloured Melancholly, I did commend the black oppreſſing Humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſick of thy health-giving Air; and as I am a Gentleman, betook my ſelf to walk: The Time when? about the ſixth Hour, when Beaſts moſt graze, Birds beſt peck, and Men ſit down to that Nouriſhment which is call'd Supper: So much for the Time when. Now for the Ground which: which I mean I walkt upon, it is ycleped, thy Park. Then for the Place where, where I mean I did incounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous Event that draweth from my ſnow-white Pen the Ebon-colour'd Ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the Place where: It ſtandeth North North Eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt-corner of thy curious knotted Garden. There did I ſee that low-ſpirited Swain, that baſe Minow of thy Mirth, (*Coſt.* Me?) *that unlettered ſmall-knowing Soul,* (*Coſt.* Me?) *that ſhallow Vaſſal,* (*Coſt.* Still me?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, (*Coſt.* O me.) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, O with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Coſt. With a Wench.

King. *With a Child of our Grandmother* Eve, *a Female; or, for thy more underſtanding, a Woman; him, I (as my ever eſteem'd Duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of Puniſhment by thy ſweet Grace's Officer,* Anthony Dull, *a Man of good repute, carriage, bearing and eſtimation.*

Dul. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

King. *For* Jaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker Veſſel called) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swain, I keep her as a veſſel of thy Laws fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet*

notice, bring her to a Trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of Duty,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay the beſt for the worſt. But Sirrah, What ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the Wench.

King. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a Year's Impriſonment to be taken with a Wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a Damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſel.

Coſt. This was no Damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a Virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd Virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her Virginity: I was taken with a Maid.

King. This Maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir,

Coſt. This Maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your Sentence; you ſhall faſt a Week with Bran and Water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a Month with Mutton and Porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your Keeper.
My Lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er,
And go we Lords to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. [*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my Head to any good Man's Hat;
Theſe Oaths and Laws will prove an idle Scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the Truth Sir: For true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true Girl, and therefore welcome the ſour Cup of Proſperity: Affliction may one Day ſmile again, and until then ſit down Sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. Boy, what Sign is it when a Man of great Spirit grows Melancholy?

Moth. A great Sign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why? Sadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear Imp.

Moth. No, no, O Lord Sir, no.

Arm. How canſt thou part Sadneſs and Melancholy, my tender *Juvenal?*

Moth. By a familiar Demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why tough Signior? Why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender *Juvenal?* Why tender *Juvenal?*

Arm. I ſpoke it tender *Juvenal*, as a congruent Epitheton, appertaining to thy young Days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent Title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my Saying apt? or I apt, and my Saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my Praiſe, Maſter?

Arm. In thy condign Praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an Eel with the ſame Praiſe.

Arm. What? that an Eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an Eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay thou art quick in Anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my Blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be croſt.

Moth. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes Love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to ſtudy three Years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Moth. You are a Gentleman and a Gameſter, Sir.

Arm. I confeſs both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat Man.

Moth.

Moth. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſs Sum of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this ſuch a piece of Study? Now here's three ſtudied e'er you'l thrice wink; and how eaſie it is to put Years to the Word three, and ſtudy three Years in two Words, the Dancing-horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine Figure.

Moth. To prove you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs I am in love; and as it is baſe for a Soldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe Wench. If drawing my Sword againſt the Humour of Affection, would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I take Deſire Priſoner, and ranſom him to any *French* Courtier for a new deviſ'd Courteſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh, methinks I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid.* Comfort me, Boy: What great Men have been in Love?

Moth. Hercules, Maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet *Hercules!* More Authority, dear *Moth,* name more; and ſweet my Child, let them be Men of good Repute and Carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, Maſter, he was a Man of good Carriage, great Carriage; for he carried the Town Gates on his Back like a Porter, and he was in Love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampſon,* ſtrong-jointed *Sampſon*; I do excel thee in my Rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying Gates. I am in Love too. Who was *Sampſon*'s Love, my dear *Moth?*

Moth. A Woman, Maſter.

Arm. Of what Complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what Complexion?

Moth. Of the Sea-water Green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four Complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the Colour of Lovers; but to have a Love of that Colour, methinks *Sampſon* had ſmall Reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her Wit.

Moth.

Moth. It was ſo, Sir, for ſhe had a green Wit.

Arm. My Love is moſt immaculate White and Red.

Moth. Moſt immaculate Thoughts, Maſter, are mask'd under ſuch Colours.

Arm. Define, define, well educated Infant.

Moth. My Father's Wit and my Mother's Tongue aſſiſt me.

Arm. Sweet Invocation of a Child, moſt pretty and pathetical.

Moth. If ſhe be made of White and Red,
Her Faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing Cheeks by Faults are bred,
And Fears by pale white ſhown;
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her Cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which Native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous Rime, Maſter, againſt the Reaſon of White and Red.

Arm. Is there not a Ballad, Boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The World was guilty of ſuch a Ballad ſome three Ages ſince, but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the Writing, nor the Tune.

Arm. I will have that Subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my Digreſſion by ſome mighty Preſident. Boy, I do love that Country Girl that I took in the Park with the Rational Hind *Coſtard*; ſhe deſerves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd, and yet a better Love than my Maſter.

Arm. Sing *Moth*, my Spirit grows heavy in Love.

Moth. And that's a great marvel, loving a light Wench.

Arm. I ſay ſing.

Moth. Forbear 'till this Company be paſt.

Enter Coſtard, Dull, Jaquenetta *and Maid.*

Dull. Sir, the Duke's Pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no Delight, nor no Penance, but he muſt faſt three Days a Week; for this Damſel,

Damſel, I muſt keep her at the Park, ſhe is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Arm. I do betray my ſelf with bluſhing: Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will viſit thee at the Lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord how wiſe you are.

Arm. I will tell thee Wonders.

Jaq. With that Face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Maid. Fair Weather after you.

Come *Jaquenetta*, away. [*Exeunt.*

Arm. Villain thou ſhalt faſt for thy Offences e'er thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, Sir, I hope when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full Stomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you than your Fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this Villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come you tranſgreſſing Slave, away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir, I will be faſt being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to Priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry Days of Deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee.

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for Priſoners to be ſilent in their Words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God, I have as little Patience as another Man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exit.*

Arm. I do affect the very Ground (which is baſe) where her Shoe (which is baſer) guided by her Foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which is a great Argument of Falſhood, if I Love. And how can that be true Love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a Familiar,

Love

Love is a Devil; there is no evil Angel but Love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent Strength; yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good Wit. *Cupid*'s But-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s Rapier; the firſt and ſecond Cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his Diſgrace is to be call'd Boy; but his Glory is to ſubdue Men. Adieu Valour, ruſt Rapier, be ſtill Drum, for your Manager is in Love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal God of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turn Sonnet. Deviſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole Volumes in Folio.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catherine, Boyet, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Boyet. NOW, Madam, ſummon up your deareſt Spirits,
Conſider whom the King your Father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his Embaſſy.
Your ſelf, held precious in the World's Eſteem,
To parly with the ſole Inheritor
Of all Perfection that a Man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*; the Plea of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a Dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear Grace,
As Nature was in making Graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general World beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord *Boyet*, my Beauty though but mean,
Need not the painted flouriſh of your Praiſe;
Beauty is bought by Judgment of the Eye,
Not utter'd by baſe Sale of Chapmens Tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my Worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your Wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to task the Tasker; good *Boyet*.
You are not ignorant, all-telling Fame
Doth noiſe abroad, the King has made a Vow,

'Till painful Study ſhall out-wear three Years,
No Woman may approach his ſilent Court;
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
To know his Pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your Worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt moving fair Sollicitor.
Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious Buſineſs, craving quick Diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal Conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd Sutors, his high Will.

Boyet. Proud of Imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All Pride is willing Pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the Votaries, my loving Lords, that are Vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

Lor. Longavile is one.

Prin. Know you the Man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a Marriage Feaſt,
Between Lord *Perigort*, and the beauteous Heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longavile*,
A Man of Sovereign Parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Arms,
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only Soil of his fair Virtue's Gloſs,
(If Virtue's Gloſs will ſtain with any Soil,)
Is a ſharp Wit match'd with too blunt a Will;
Whoſe Edge has Power to cut, whoſe Will ſtill wills,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his Power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking Lord belike, is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his Humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd Wits do wither as they grow.

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well accompliſh'd Youth,
Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue lov'd.
Moſt Power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath Wit to make an ill Shape good,
And Shape to win Grace, tho' he had no Wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanzon*'s once,
And much too little of that Good I ſaw,
Is my Report to his great Worthineſs.

Roſa. Another of theſe Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a Truth;
Biron they call him: But a merrier Man,
Within the Limit of becoming Mirth,
I never ſpent an Hour's Talk withal.
His Eye begets occaſion for Wit,
For every Object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a Mirth-moving Jeſt,
Which his fair Tongue (Conceit's Expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious Words,
That aged Ears play Truant at his Tales,
And younger Hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his Diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her own hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking Ornaments of Praiſe?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet.*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what Admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had Notice of your fair Approach;
And he and his Competitors in Oath,
Were all addreſt to meet you, gentle Lady,
Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the Field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his Court,
Than ſeek a Diſpenſation for his Oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled Houſe.
Enter the King, Longavile, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*
Here comes *Navarre.*

King. Fair Princeſs, welcome to the Court of *Navarre.*

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: The Roof of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide Fields, too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have ſworn an Oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my Lord, he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the World, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break it will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your Ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his Ignorance were wiſe,

Where now his Knowledge muſt prove Ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath ſworn out Houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly Sin to keep that Oath my Lord;
And Sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me;
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my Suit.
King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me ſtay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Biron. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſs was it then to ask the Queſtion?
Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch Queſtions.
Biron. Your Wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not 'till it leave the Rider in the Mire.
Biron. What Time a Day?
Roſa. The Hour that Fools ſhould ask.
Biron. Now Fair befall your Mask.
Roſa. Fair falls the Face it covers.
Biron. And ſend you many Lovers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Biron. Nay then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your Father here doth intimate
The Payment of one hundred thouſand Crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire Sum,
Disburſed by my Father in his Wars.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that Sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in Surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the Mony's worth.
If then the King your Father will reſtore
But that one Half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our Right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair Friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that it ſeems he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thouſand Crowns, and not remembers
One Payment of an hundred thouſand Crowns,
To have his Title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the Mony by our Father lent,
Than *Aquitain* ſo guelded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his Requeſts ſo far
From Reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome Reaſon in my Breaſt,
And go well ſatisfy'd to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my Father too much Wrong,
And wrong the Reputation of your Name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs Receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arreſt your Word:
Boyet, you can produce Acquittances
For ſuch a Sum, from ſpecial Officers
Of *Charles* his Father.

King. Satisfie me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the Packet is not come,
Where that and other Specialties are bound:
To Morrow you ſhall have a Sight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which Interview,
All liberal Reaſon would I yield unto:
Mean time receive ſuch welcome at my Hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true Worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my Gates,
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem your ſelf lodg'd in my Heart,
Tho' ſo deny'd farther Harbour in my Houſe:
Your own good Thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To Morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet Health and fair Deſires comfort your Grace.

King. Thy own Wiſh, wiſh I thee, in every Place. [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own Heart.

Roſa. Pray you do my Commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.
Rosa. Is the Soul sick?
Biron. Sick at the Heart.
Rosa. Alack, let it Blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Rosa. My Physick says ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your Eye.
Rosa. *No poynt*, with my Knife.
Biron. Now save my Life.
Rosa. And yours from long living.
Biron. I cannot stay Thanksgiving. [*Exit.*

Enter Dumain.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a Word: What Lady is that same?
Boyet. The Heir of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her Name.
Dum. A gallant Lady; Monsieur fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Longavile.

Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in white?
Boyet. A Woman sometimes, if you saw her in the Light.
Long. Perchance Light in the Light: I desire her Name.
Boyet. She hath but one for her self;
To desire that were a Shame.
Long. Pray you Sir, whose Daughter?
Boyet. Her Mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's Blessing on your Beard.
Boyet. Good Sir be not offended.
She is an Heir of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my Choller is ended:
She is a most sweet Lady.
Boyet. Not unlike Sir, that may be. [*Exit* Long.

Enter Biron.

Biron. What's her Name in the Cap?
Boyet. *Katherine* by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her Will, Sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome Sir: Adieu.
Boyet. Farewel to me Sir, and welcome to you. [*Ex.* Biron.
Mar. That last is *Biron*, the merry Mad-cap Lord;
Not a Word with him but a Jest.
Boyet. And every Jest but a Word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar.

Mar. Two hot Sheeps, marry;
And wherefore not Ships? (Lips.
Boyet. No Sheep (ſweet Lamb) unleſs we feed on your
Mar. You Sheep and I Paſture; ſhall that finiſh the Jeſt?
Boyet. So you grant Paſture for me.
Mar. Not ſo, gentle Beaſt;
My Lips are no Common, though ſeveral they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my Fortunes and me.
Prin. Good Wits will be jangling; but Gentles agree.
This Civil War of Wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his Book-Men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boyet. If my Obſervation (which very ſeldome lyes,
By the Heart's ſtill Rhetorick, diſcloſed with Eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your Reaſon?
Boyet. Why all his Behaviours do make their Retire
To the Court of his Eye, peeping thorough Deſire:
His Heart like an Agot with your Print impreſſed;
Proud with his Form, in his Eye-Pride expreſſed:
His Tongue all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his Eye-ſight to be:
All Senſes to that Senſe did make their Repair,
To feel only looking on Faireſt of fair:
Methought all his Senſes were lock'd in his Eye,
As Jewels in Chryſtal for ſome Prince to buy: (glaſt,
Who tendring their own Worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His Faces own Margent did coat ſuch Amazes,
That all Eyes ſaw his Eyes inchanted with Gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my ſake but one loving Kiſs.
Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is diſpos'd.
Boyet. But to ſpeak that in Words which his Eye hath
I only have made a Mouth of his Eye, (diſclos'd;
By adding a Tongue which I know will not lie.
Roſa. Thou art an old Love-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.
Mar. He is *Cupid's* Grandfather, and learns News of him. *Roſa.*

Roſa. Then was *Venus* like her Mother, for her Father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad Wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

SONG.

Arm. WArble Child, make paſſionate my Senſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel.——

Arm. Sweet Air; go Tenderneſs of Years; take this Key, give Inlargement to the Swain; bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a Letter to my Love.

Moth. Will you win your Love with a *French* Braul?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brauling in *French*?

Moth. No my compleat Maſter, but to Jig off a Tune at the Tongue's End, canary to it with the Feet, humour it with turning up your Eye; ſigh a Note and ſing a Note, ſomething through the Throat: If you ſwallow'd Love with Singing, love ſometime through the Noſe, as if you ſnuft up Love by ſmelling Love, with your Hat Penthouſe-like o'er the Shop of your Eyes, with your Arms croſt on your thinbelly Doublet, (like a Rabbet on a Spit) or your Hands in your Pocket, like a Man after the old Painting, and keep not too long in one Tune, but a Snip and away: Theſe are Complements, theſe are Humours, theſe betray nice Wenches that would be betray'd without theſe, and make them Men of Note: Do you note Men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this Experience?

Moth. By my Pen of Obſervation.

Arm. But O, but O.

Moth. The Hobby-horſe is forgot.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my Love Hobby-horſe?

Moth.

Moth. No Maſter, the Hobby-horſe is but a Colt, and your Love perhaps a Hackney:
But have you forgot your Love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent Student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, Boy.

Moth. And out of Heart, Maſter: All thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A Man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the Inſtant: In Heart you love her, becauſe your Heart is in love with her; and out of Heart you love her, being out of Heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three Times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the Swain, he muſt carry me a Letter.

Moth. A Meſſage well ſimpathiz'd; a Horſe to be Embaſſador for an Aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry Sir, you muſt ſend the Aſs upon the Horſe, for he is very ſlow gated: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as Lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy Meaning, pretty Ingenious? is not Lead a Metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. *Minime* honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Arm. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a Gun?

Arm. Sweet Smoak of Rhetorick;
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the Swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt accute *Juvenal*, voluble and free of Grace;
By thy Favour, ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy Face.
Moſt rude Melancholly, Valour gives the Place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter

Enter Moth *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A Wonder, Maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a Shin.

Arm. Some Enigma, ſome Riddle, no *Lenvoy*, begin.

Coſt. No Egma, no Riddle, no *Lenvoy*, no Salve, in the Male, Sir. O Sir, Plantan, a plain Plantan; no *Lenvoy*, no *Lenvoy*, or Salve, Sir, but Plantan.

Arm. By Vertue thou inforceſt Laughter, thy ſilly Thought, my Spleen, the heaving of my Lungs provokes me to ridiculous Smiling: O pardon me my Stars, doth the inconſiderate take Salve for *Lenvoy*, and the word *Lenvoy* for a Salve?

Moth. Do the Wiſe think them other, is not *Lenvoy* a Salve? (plain

Arm. No *Moth*, it is an Epilogue or Diſcourſe to make Some obſcure Precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
Now will I begin your Moral, and do you follow with my *Lenvoy*.

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the Gooſe came out of Door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Gooſe; would you deſire more?

Coſt. The Boy hath ſold him a Bargain, a Gooſe that's flat,
Sir your penny-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a Bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this Argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a Shin.
Then call'd you for a *Lenvoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a Plantan;
Thus came your Argument in;
Then the Boys fat *Lenvoy*, the Gooſe that you bought.
And he ended the Market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken in a Shin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will ſpeak that *Lenvoy*.

I

I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the Threſhold, and broke my Shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this Matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more Matter in the Shin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, Marry me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Lenvoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet Soul, I mean ſetting thee at Liberty. Enfreedoming thy Perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my Purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy Liberty, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear this ſignificant to the Country-Maid *Jaquenetta*; there is Remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine Honours is rewarding my Dependants. *Moth*, follow.——— [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the Sequel I.
Signior *Coſtard* adieu.

Coſt. My ſweet Ounce of Man's Fleſh, my in-cony *Jew*: Now will I look to his Remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latin Word for three Farthings: Three Farthings Remuneration, What's the Price of this Incle? five Farthings. No, I'll give you a Remuneration: Why? It carries its Remuneration: Why? It is a fairer Name than a French-Crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this Word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good Knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you Sir, how much Carnation Ribbon may a Man buy for a Remuneration?

Biron. What is a Remuneration?

Coſt. Marry Sir, half-penny Farthing.

Biron. O, why then three Farthings worth of Silk.

Coſt. I thank your Worſhip, God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay Slave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my Favour, my good Knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O this Afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it Sir: Fare you well.

Biron.

Biron. O thou knoweſt not what it is.
Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why Villain, thou muſt know it firſt.
Coſt. I will come to your Worſhip to Morrow Morning.
Biron. It muſt be done this Afternoon.
Hark Slave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the Park:
And in her Train there is a gentle Lady;
When Tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her Name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; ask for her,
And to her white Hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd up Counſel. There's thy Guerdon; go.
Coſt. Guerdon, O ſweet Guerdon, better than Remuneration, eleven Pence Farthing better: Moſt ſweet Guerdon. I will do it, Sir, in Print: Guerdon, Remuneration.
[*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I forſooth in Love,
I that have been Love's Whip;
A very Beadle to a humorous Sigh: A Critick;
Nay, a Night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering Pedant o'er the Boy,
Than whom no Mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind wayward Boy,
This Signior *Junio*'s Giant Dwarf, Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded Arms,
Th' anointed Sovereign of Sighs and Groans:
Liege of all Loyterers, and Malecontents:
Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpieces.
Sole Emperator, and great General
Of trotting Parators (O my little Heart!)
And I to be a Corporal of his Field,
And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's Hoop:
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a Wife,
A Woman, that is like a *German* Clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of Frame,
And never going aright, being but a Watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to love the worſt of all,
A whitely Wanton with a Velvet Brow,
With two Pitch Balls ſtuck in her Face for Eyes,

Ay,

Ay, and by Heav'n, one that will do the Deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her Eunuch and her Guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go too: It is a Plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little Might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan,
Some Men muſt love my Lady, and ſome *Joan*. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catherine, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

Prin. WAS that the King that ſpur'd his Horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep unriſing of the Hill?
Boyet. I know not, but I think it was not he.
Prin. Who e'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting Mind.
Well Lords, to Day we ſhall have our diſpatch,
On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.
Then *Foreſter*, my Friend, where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the Murtherer in?
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A ſtand where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my Beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, then again ſay no.
O ſhort-liv'd Pride. Not Fair? alack for wo.
For. Yes Madam, Fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where Fair is not, Praiſe cannot mend the Brow.
Here (good my Glaſs) take this for telling true;
Fair Payment for foul Words is more than due.
For. Nothing but Fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my Beauty will be ſav'd by Merit.
O Hereſie in fair, fit for theſe Days,
A giving Hand, though foul, ſhall have the Praiſe.

But

But come, the Bow; now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my Credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my Skill,
That more for Praiſe than Purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of Queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes,
Glory grows guilty of deteſted Crimes,
When for Fame's ſake to praiſe an outward Part,
We bend to that, the working of the Heart.
As I for Praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor Dear's Blood, that my Heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curſt Wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty
Only for Praiſe ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their Lords?

Prin. Only for Praiſe, and Praiſe we may afford
To any Lady that ſubdues her Lord.

Enter Coſtard.

Boyet. Here comes a Member of the Common-wealth.

Coſt. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, Fellow, by the reſt that have no Heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt; it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your Waſte, Miſtriſs, were as ſlender as my Wit,
One a theſe Maids Girdles for your Waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief Woman? You are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your Will, Sir? What's your Will?

Coſt. I have a Letter from Monſieur *Biron*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.

Prin. O thy Letter, thy Letter: He's a good Friend of mine.
Stand aſide, good Bearer.
Boyet, you can carve,
Break up this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.
This Letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the Neck of the Wax, and every one give Ear.

Boyet.

Boyet *reads.*

BY Heaven, that thou art Fair, is moſt infallible; true that thou art Beauteous; Truth it ſelf that thou art Lovely; more fairer than Fair, beautiful than Beauteous, truer than Truth it ſelf; have Commiſeration on thy heroical Vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet Eye upon the pernicious and indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*; which to Anatomize in the Vulgar, O baſe and obſcure Vulgar; *videlicet*, he came, ſaw and overcame; he came one, ſaw two, overcame three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Beggar. What ſaw he? the Beggar. Who overcame him? the Beggar. The Concluſion is Victory; On whoſe ſide? the King's; the Captive is inrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the Beggar's. The Cataſtrophe is a Nuptial: On whoſe ſide? the King's: No, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the Compariſon) thou the Beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy Lowlineſs. Shall I command thy Love? I may. Shall I enforce thy Love? I could. Shall I entreat thy Love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for Rags? Robes; for Tittles? Titles; for thy ſelf? me. Thus expecting thy Reply, I prophane my Lips on thy Foot, my Eyes on thy Picture, and my Heart on thy every Part.

Thine in the deareſt deſign of Induſtry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* Lion roar
'Gainſt thee thou Lamb, that ſtandeſt as his Prey:
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from Forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor Soul) what art thou then?
Food for his Rage, Repaſture for his Den.

Prin. What Plume of Feather is he that indited this Letter? What Vane? What Weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the Stile.

Prin. Elſe your Memory is bad, going o'er it e're while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
A Phantaſme, a Monarcho, and one that makes Sport

To the Prince and his Book-mates.

Prin. Thou Fellow, a Word.
Who gave thee this Letter?

Coſt. I told you, my Lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord to which Lady?

Coſt. From my Lord *Berown*, a good Maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France* that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his Letter. Come Lords away.
Here Sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another Day.
[*Exeunt.*

Boyet. Who is the Shooter? who is the Shooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my Continent of Beauty.

Roſa. Why ſhe that bears the Bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My Lady goes to kill Horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the Neck, if Horns that Year miſcarry.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the Shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Roſa. If we chuſe by Horns, your ſelf; come not near.
Finely put on indeed.

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the Brow.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelf is hit lower.
Have I hit her now?

Roſa. Shall I come upon thee with an old Saying, That was a Man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little Boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, That was a Woman, when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little Wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good Man.

Boyet. I cannot, cannot, cannot.
And I cannot another can. [*Exit.* Roſa.

Coſt. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A Mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet.

Boyet. A Mark, O mark but that Mark! a Mark, ſays my Lady.
Let the Mark have a Prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow Hand, i'faith your Hand is out.
Coſt. Indeed a'muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the Clout.
Boyet. And if my Hand be out, then belike your Hand is in.
Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the Pin.
Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your Lips grow foul.
Coſt. She's too hard for you at Pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good Owl.
Coſt. By my Soul a Swain, a moſt ſimple Clown.
Lord, Lord! how the Ladies and I have put him down.
O my troth moſt ſweet Jeſts, moſt incony vulgar Wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armado a'th to ſide, O a moſt dainty Man.
To ſee him walk before a Lady, and to bear her Fan.
To ſee him kiſs his Hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear:
And his Page at other ſide, that handful of Wit,
Ah Heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical Nit.
Sowla, Sowla, [*Exeunt.*

Shout within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and* Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent Sport truly, and done in the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience.

Hol. The Deer was (as you know) *ſanguis* in Blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewel in the Ear of *Cœlo* the Sky, the Welkin, the Heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the Soil, the Land, the Earth.

Nath. Truly Maſter *Holofernes*, the Epithetes are ſweetly varied like a Schollar at the leaſt: But, Sir, I aſſure ye, it was a Buck of the firſt Head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous Intimation; yet a kind of Inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of Explication *facere*, as it were Replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his Inclination after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed Faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a Deer.

Dull. I ſaid the Deer was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod Simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou Monſter Ignorance, how deformed doeſt thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the Dainties that are bred in a Book.

He hath not eat Paper as it were;
He hath not drunk Ink.
His Intellect is not repleniſhed, he is only an Animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts; and ſuch barren Plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be; which we taſte, and feeling, are for thoſe Parts that do fructifie in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a Fool;
So were there a Patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a School.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Father's Mind,
Many can brook the Weather, that love not the Wind.

Dull. You too are Book-men; Can you tell by your Wit, what was a Month old at *Caius* Birth, that's not five Weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictinna Good-man *Dull*, *Dictinna* Good-man *Dull*.

Dull. What is *Dictinna?*

Nath. A Title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The Moon was a Month old when *Adam* was no more.
And wrought not to five Weeks when he came to fiveſcore.
Th' Alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy Capacity, I ſay the Alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. And I ſay the Polluſion holds in the Exchange; for the Moon is never but a Month old; and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal Epitaph on the Death of the Deer, and to humour the Ignorant, I have call'd the Deer the Princeſs kill'd, a Pricket.

Nath. Perge good Maſter *Holofernes, Perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate Scurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the Letter, for it argues Facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc'd and prickt
a pretty pleaſing Pricket.
Some ſay a Sore, but not a Sore,
'till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogs did yell, put Ell to Sore,
then Sorrel jumps from Thicket;
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the People fall a hooting.
If Sore be Sore, then Ell to Sore,
makes fifty Sores, O Sorell!
Of one Sore I an hundred make,
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare Talent.

Dull. If a Talent be a Claw, look how he claws him with a Talent.

Nath. This is a Gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant Spirit, full of Forms, Figures, Shapes, Objects, Ideas, Apprehenſions, Motions, Revolutions. Theſe are begot in the Ventricle of Memory, nouriſh'd in the Womb of *Pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of Occaſion; but the Gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may our Pariſhioners, for their Sons are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good Member of the Commonwealth.

Nath. Me hercule, If their Sons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no Inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*, a Soul Feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God give good Morrow, Maſter Parſon.

Hol.. Maſter Parſon, *quaſi* Perſon. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry Maſter School-maſter, he that is likeſt to a Hogſhead.

Hol. Of perſing a Hogſhead, a good Cluſter of Conceit in a Turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearl enough for a Swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as read me this Letter; it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from Don *Armatho*. I beſeech you read it.

Hol. Fauſte precor gelida, quando, pecus omne ſub umbrâ, ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeak of thee as the Traveller doth of *Venice*; *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who underſtandeth thee not, *ut re ſol la mifa*. Under pardon Sir, What are the Contents? or rather, as *Horace* ſays in his; What! my Soul Verſes.

Nath. Ay Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a Staff, a Stanza, a Verſe; *Lege domine.* (Love?

Nath. If Love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to
Ah, never Faith could hold, if not to Beauty vow'd;
Though to my ſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,
Thoſe Thoughts to me were Oaks, to thee like Oſiers bow'd.
Study his Biaſs leaves, and makes his Book thine Eyes;
Where all thoſe Pleaſures live, that Art would comprehend.
If Knowledge be the Mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice,
Well learned is that Tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that Soul, that ſees thee without Wonder:
Which is to me ſome Praiſe, that I thy Parts admire;
Thy Eye *Jove*'s Lightning bears, thy Voice his dreadful Thunder;
Which not to Anger bent, is Muſick, and ſweet Fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, Oh pardon, Love, this Wrong,
That ſings Heav'n's Praiſe with ſuch an Earthly Tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apoſtrophes*, and ſo miſs the Accent. Let me ſuperviſe the Cangenet.

Nath. Here are only Numbers ratify'd, but for the Elegancy, Facility, and golden Cadence of Poeſie *caret: Ovidius Naſo* was the Man. And why indeed *Naſo*; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? The Jerks of Invention

vention imitary is nothing: So doth the Hound his Maſter, the Ape his Keeper, the tir'd Horſe his Rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay Sir, from one Monſieur *Biron*, one of the ſtrange Queen's Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the Superſcript.

To the ſnow-white Hand of the moſt beauteous Lady, Roſaline. I will look again on the Intellect of the Letter, for the Nomination of the Party writing, to the Perſon written unto.

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſir'd Employment, Biron.

Dull. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Biron* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath fram'd a Letter to a Sequent of the ſtranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of Progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd. Trip and go my ſweet; deliver this Paper into the Hand of the King; it may concern much; ſtay not thy Complement; I forgive thy Duty: Adieu.

Jaq. Good *Coſtard* go with me.
Sir, God ſave your Life.

Coſt. Have with thee, my Girl. [*Exit.* Coſt. *and* Jaq.

Hol. Sir, you have done this in the Fear of God, very Religiouſly: and as a certain Father ſaith——

Dull. Sir, tell not me of the Father, I do fear colourable Colours. But to return to the Verſes: Did they pleaſe you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the Pen.

Hol. I do dine to Day at the Father's of a certain Pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the Table with a Grace; I will on my Priviledge I have with the Parents of the foreſaid Child and Pupil, undertake your *bien venuto*, where I will prove thoſe Verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of Poetry, Wit or Invention. I beſeech your Society.

Nath. And thank you too: for Society (ſaith the Text) is the Happineſs of Life.

Hol. And certes the Text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me nay: *Pauca verba.*

Away, the Gentles are at their Game, and we will to our Recreation. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Biron *with a Paper in his Hand, alone.*

Bion. The King he is hunting the Deer. I am courſing my ſelf.

They have pitcht a Toyl, I am toyling in a Pitch, Pitch that defiles; defile, a foul Word: Well, ſet thee down Sorrow; for ſo they ſay the Fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the Fool. Well prov'd Wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills Sheep, it kills me, I a Sheep. Well proy'd again on my Side. I will not love; if I do, hang me: I'faith I will not. O but her Eye: By this Light, but for her Eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two Eyes. Well, I do nothing in the World but lie, and lie in my Throat. By Heaven I do love, and it hath taught me to Rhime, and to be Melancholly; and here is part of my Rhime, and here my Melancholly. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already; the Clown bore it, the Fool ſent it, and the Lady hath it: Sweet Clown, ſweeter Fool, ſweeteſt Lady. By the World, I would not care a Pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a Paper, God give him Grace to groan. [*He ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me.

Biron. Shot, by Heav'n! Proceed, ſweet *Cupid*; thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left Pap: In faith Secrets.

King. So ſweet a Kiſs the golden Sun gives not,
To thoſe freſh Morning Drops upon the Roſe,
As thy Eye-beams when their freſh Rays have ſmote
The Night of Dew that on my Cheeks down flows;
Nor ſhines the ſilver Moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent Boſom of the Deep,
As doth thy Face through Tears of mine give Light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every Tear that I do weep;
No Drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my Woe.
Do but behold the Tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy Glory through my Grief will ſhew:
But do not love thy ſelf, then thou wilt keep
My Tears for Glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.

O Queen of Queens, how far do'ſt thou excel !
No Thought can think, nor Tongue of Mortal tell.
How ſhe ſhall know my Griefs? I'll drop the Paper;
Sweet Leaves ſhade Folly. Who is he comes here?
Enter Longavile. [*The King ſteps aſide.*
What! *Longavile*! and reading: Liſten Ear.
Biron. Now in thy Likeneſs one more Fool appears.
King. Ay me, I am forſworn.
Biron. Why he comes in like a Perjur'd, wearing Papers.
Long. In Love I hope, ſweet Fellowſhip in Shame.
Biron. One Drunkard loves another of the Name.
Long. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo? (know,
Biron. I could put thee in Comfort: Not by two that I
Thou mak'ſt the Triumvirat the three Corner-Cap of Society,
The Shape of Loves *Tiburn*, that hangs up Simplicity.
Long. I fear theſe ſtubborn Lines lack Power to move:
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſs of my Love,
Theſe Numbers will I tear, and write in Proſe.
Biron. O Rhimes are Guards on wanton *Cupid*'s Hoſe:
Disfigure not his Shop.
Long. This ſame ſhall go. [*He reads the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine Eye,
'Gainſt whom the World cannot hold Argument;
Perſuade my Heart to this falſe Perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not Puniſhment:
A Woman I forſwore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly Love:
Thy Grace being gain'd, cures all Diſgrace in me.
Vows are but Breath, and Breath a Vapour is,
Then thou fair Sun, which on my Earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this Vapour-Vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no Fault of mine;
If by me broke, what Fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an Oath to win a Paradiſe?

Biron. This is the Liver-vein, which makes Fleſh a Deity;
A green Gooſe a Goddeſs, pure, pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this! (Company?) Stay.

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant Play;
Like a Demy God, here ſit I in the Sky;
And wretched Fools Secrets heedfully o'er eye:
More Sacks to the Mill! O Heav'ns I have my Wiſh,
Dumain transform'd; four Woodcocks in a Diſh.

Dum. O moſt divine *Kate.*

Biron. O moſt prophane Coxcomb.

Dum. By Heav'n the Wonder of a mortal Eye.

Biron. By Earth ſhe is not; Corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her Amber Hairs for Fowl have Amber coted.

Biron. An Amber-colour'd Raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Biron. Stoop I ſay, her Shoulder is with Child.

Dum. As fair as Day.

Biron. Ay as ſome Days; but then no Sun muſt ſhine.

Dum. O that I had my Wiſh?

Long. And I had mine.

King. And mine too, good Lord.

Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine. Is not that a good Word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feaver ſhe
Reigns in my Blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A Feaver in your Blood! Why then Inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet Miſpriſion.

Dum. Once more I'll read the Ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how Love can vary Wit.

Dumain *reads his Sonnet.*

On a Day, alack the Day:
Love, whoſe Month is every May,
Spy'd a Bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton Air:
Through the Velvet Leaves, the Wind,
All unſeen, can Paſſage find.
That the Lover ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the Heav'n's Breath.
Air, (quoth he) thy Cheeks to blow,
Air, would I might triumph ſo.
But alack my Hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Throne:

Vow

Vow alack for Youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a Sweet.
Do not call it Sin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee.
Thou for whom Jove *would ſwear,*
Juno *but an Ethiope were,*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning Mortal for thy Love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true Love's faſting Pain;
O would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longavile*,
Were Lovers too, ill to example ill
Would from my Fore-head wipe a perjur'd Note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Lon. Dumain, thy Love is far from Charity,
That in Loves Grief deſir'ſt Society: [*Coming forward.*
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.
King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your Caſe is ſuch,
[*Coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria*, *Longavile*
Did never Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay'd his wreathed Arms athwart
His loving Boſom, to keep down his Heart.
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this Buſh
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſerv'd your Faſhion;
Saw Sighs reek from you, noted well your Paſſion.
Ah me, ſays one! O *Jove*, the other cries!
Her Hairs were Gold, Cryſtal the others Eyes.
You would for Paradiſe break faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an Oath.
What will *Biron* ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A Faith infringed, which ſuch Zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his Wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the Wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.
Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip Hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me. [*Coming forward.*

God

Good heart, what grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe Worms for loving, that ar't moſt in love?
Your Eyes do make no Couches in your Tears,
There is no certain Princeſs that appears.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? Nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his Mote, the King your Mote did ſee:
But I a Beam do find in each of three.
O what a Scene of Fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of Sighs, of Groans, of Sorrow, and of Teen?
O me, with what ſtrict Patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a Jygg?
And *Neſtor* play at Puſh-pin with the Boys,
And *Critick Tymon* laugh at idle Toys.
Where lyes thy Grief? O tell me good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longavile*, where lyes thy Pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the Breaſt.
A Candle hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy Jeſt,
Are we betrayed thus to thy Over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it Sin,
To break the Vow I am ingaged in.
I am betray'd by keeping Company
With Men, like Men of ſtrange Inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in Rhime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a Minute's time
In pruning me? When ſhall you hear that I will praiſe a Hand, a Foot, a Face, an Eye, a Gate, a State, a Brow, a Breaſt, a Waſte, a Leg, a Limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true Man, or a Thief, that gallops ſo.

Biron. I poſt from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta, *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King.

King. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain Treaſon.

King.

King. What makes Treaſon here?
Coſt. Nay it makes nothing, Sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The Treaſon and you go in Peace together.
Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this Letter be read,
Our Perſon miſdoubts it: it was Treaſon he ſaid.
King. Biron. Read it over. *He reads the Letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?
Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*
King. How now, what mean you? why doſt thou tear it?
Biron. A Toy, my Liege, a Toy: Your Grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to Paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is *Biron*'s Writing, and here is his Name.
Biron. Ah you whoreſon Loggerhead, you were born to do me Shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What?
Biron. That you three Fools lackt me Fool, to make up the Meſs.
He, he, and you: and you my Liege, and I,
Are Pick-purſes in Love, and we deſerve to dye.
O diſmiſs this Audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the Number is even.
Biron. True, true, we are four: Will theſe Turtles be gone?
King. Hence, Sirs, away.
Coſt. Walk aſide the true Folk, and let the Traitors ſtay.
Biron. Sweet Lords, ſweet Lovers, O let us imbrace:
As true we are as Fleſh and Blood can be.
The Sea will ebb and flow, Heav'n will ſhew his Face:
Young Blood doth not obey an old Decree.
We cannot croſs the Cauſe why we were born:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What did theſe Rent-lines ſhew ſome Love of thine?

Biron.

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline.*
That (like a rude and ſavage Man of *Inde*)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal Head, and ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe Ground with obedient Breaſt?
What peremptory Eagle-ſighted Eye
Dares look upon the Heav'n of her Brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?
King. What Zeal, what Fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Love (her Miſtreſs) is a gracious Moon,
She (an attending Star) ſcarce ſeen a Light.
Biron. My Eyes are then no Eyes, nor I *Biron.*
O but for my Love, Day would turn to Night,
Of all Complexions the cull'd Soveraignty,
Do meet as at a Fair in her fair Cheek;
Where ſeveral Worthies make one Dignity,
Where nothing wants that Want it ſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the Flouriſh of all gentle Tongues;
Fie painted Rhetorick, O ſhe needs it not:
To Things of Sale, a Seller's Praiſe belongs:
She paſſes Praiſe, then Praiſe too ſhort doth blot:
A wither'd Hermite, fiveſcore Winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her Eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new born,
And gives the Crutch the Cradle's Infancy.
O 'tis the Sun that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By Heaven thy Love is black as Ebony.
Biron. Is Ebony like her? O Wood Divine?
A Wife of ſuch Wood were Felicity.
O who can give an Oath? Where is a Book?
That I may ſwear Beauty doth Beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her Eye to look:
No Face is fair that is not full ſo black.
King. O Paradox, black as the Badge of Hell;
The Hue of Dungeons, and the School of Night;
And Beauty's Creſt becomes the Heav'ns well.
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt reſembling Spirits of Light:
O, if in black my Lady's Brow be deckt;
It mourns, that painting and uſurping Hair
Should raviſh Doters with a falſe Aſpect:

And

And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her Favour turns the Faſhion of the Days,
For native Blood is counted Painting now:
And therefore red that would avoid Diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelf black, to imitate her Brow.
Dum. To look like her are Chimney-Sweepers black?
Long. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright?
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet Complexion crack?
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for Dark is Light.
Biron. Your Miſtreſſes dare never come in Rain,
For fear their Colours ſhould be waſht away.
King. 'Twere good yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer Face not waſht to Day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till Dooms-day here.
King. No Devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew Man hold vile Stuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy Love, my Foot and her Face ſee.
Biron. O if the Streets were paved with thine Eyes,
Her Feet were much too dainty for ſuch Tread.
Dum. O vile, then as ſhe goes, what upward lyes?
The Street ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in Love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this Chat, and good *Biron* now prove
Our loving lawful, and our Faith not torn.
Dum. Ay marry there, ſome Flattery for this Evil.
Long. O ſome Authority how to proceed,
Some Tricks, ſome Quillets, how to cheat the Devil.
Dum. Some Salve for Perjury.
Biron. O 'tis more than need.
Have at you then Affections, Men at Arms,
Conſider what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no Woman;
Flat Treaſon 'gainſt the kingly State of Youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your Stomachs are too young:
And Abſtinence ingenders Maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy (Lords)
In that each of you have forſworn his Book.
Can you ſtill dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you.
Have found the Ground of Study's Excellence,

Without the Beauty of a Woman's Face;
From Womens Eyes this Doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Books, the Academs,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* Fire:
Why, univerſal plodding poiſons up
The nimble Spirits in the Arteries;
As Motion and long Action tires
The ſinnewy Vigour of the Traveller.
Now for not looking on a Woman's Face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of Eyes:
And Study too, the cauſer of your Vow.
For where is any Author in the World,
Teaches ſuch Beauty as a Woman's Eye:
Learning is but an Adjunct to our ſelf,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is:
Then when our ſelves we ſee in Lady's Eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O, we have made a Vow to ſtudy, Lords,
And in that Vow we have forſworn our Books:
For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,
In Leaden Contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting Eyes
Of Beauties Tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow Arts entirely keep the Brain;
And therefore finding barren Practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a Harveſt of their heavy Toil.
But Love firſt learned in a Lady's Eyes,
Lives not alone imured in the Brain:
But with the motion of all Elements,
Courſes as ſwift as Thought in every Power,
And gives to every Power a double Power,
Above their Functions and their Offices.
It adds a precious Seeing to the Eye:
A Lover's Eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Lover's Ear will hear the loweſt Sound,
When the ſuſpicious Head of Theft is ſtopt.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender Horns of cockled Snails:
Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in Taſte;
For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules?*
Still climing Trees in the *Heſperides.*

Subtil

Subtle as a *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s Lute, ſtrung with his Hair:
And when Love ſpeaks, the Voice of all the Gods,
Make Heav'n drowſie with the Harmony.
Never durſt Poet touch a Pen to write,
Until his Ink were temper'd with Love's Sighs;
O then his Lines would raviſh Savage Ears,
And plant in Tyrants mild Humility.
From Womens Eyes this Doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* Fire,
They are the Books, the Arts, the Academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the World;
Elſe none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then Fools you were, theſe Women to forſwear:
Or keeping what is ſworn, you will prove Fools.
For Wiſdom's ſake (a Word that all Men love)
Or for Love's ſake, a Word that loves all Men:
Or for Mens ſake, the Author of theſe Women,
Or Womens ſake, by whom we Men are Men;
Let us once loſe our Oaths, to find our ſelves;
Or elſe we loſe our ſelves, to keep our Oaths.
It is Religion to be thus forſworn,
For Charity it ſelf fullfils the Law;
And who can ſever Love from Charity?

King. Saint *Cupid* then, and Soldiers to the Field.

Biron. Advance your Standards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell, mell, down with them: But be firſt adviſ'd,
In Conflict that you get the Sun of them.

Long. Now to Plain-dealing, lay theſe Gloſſes by,
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe Girls of *France*.

King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some Entertainment for them at their Tents.

Biron. Firſt from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every Man attach the Hand
Of his fair Miſtreſs; in the Afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange Paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For Revels, Dances, Masks, and merry Hours,
Forerun fair Love, ſtrewing her Way with Flowers.

King. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Alone, alone ſowed Cockel, reap'd no Corn,
And Juſtice always whirls in equal Meaſure:
Light Wenches may prove Plagues to Men forſworn,
If ſo, our Copper buys no better Treaſure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Hol. *Satis quod ſufficit.*

Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir, your Reaſons at Dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without Scurrility, witty without Affectation, audacious without Impudency, learned without Opinion, and ſtrange without Hereſie: I did converſe this *quondam*-Day with a Companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquem te.* His Humour is lofty, his Diſcourſe peremptory, his Tongue filed, his Eye ambitious, his Gate majeſtical, and his general Behaviour vain, ridiculous, and Thraſonical. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice Epithet,

[*Draws out his Table-Book.*

Hol. He draweth out the Thred of his Verboſity finer than the Staple of his Argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical Phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point deviſe Companions, ſuch Rackers of Orthography, as do ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not det: He clepeth a Calf, Cauf: half, hauf: Neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreviated ne: This is abominable, which we would call abominable: It inſinuateth me of Infamy: *Ne intelligis Domine,* to make Frantick, Lunatick.

Nath. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bome boon for boon preſcian; a little ſearch, 'twill ſerve.

Enter

Enter Armado, Moth *and* Coſtard.

Nath. Vides-ne quis nevit?

Hol. Video, & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. Quare Chirra, not Sirra?

Arm. Men of Peace well incountred.

Hol. Moſt Military Sir, Salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great Feaſt of Languages, and ſtole the Scraps.

Coſt. O they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of Words. I marvel thy Maſter hath not eaten thee for a Word, for thou art not ſo long by the Head as *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*: Thou art eaſier ſwallow'd than a Flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the Peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches Boys the Horn-book: What is Ab ſpelt backward with the Horn on his Head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia* with a Horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly Sheep, with a Horn. You hear his Learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou Conſonant?

Moth. The laſt of the five Vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I——

Moth. The Sheep; the other two concludes it o u.

Arm. Now by the ſalt Wave of the *Mediteranenm*, a ſweet Tutch, a quick Venew of Wit; ſnip ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my Intellect; true Wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a Child to an old Man: which is Wit-old.

Hol. What is the Figure? What is the Figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an Infant; go, whip thy Gigg.

Moth. Lend me your Horn to make one, and I will whip about your Infamy *unum cita*, a Gigg of a Cuckold's Horn.

Coſt. And I had but one Penny in the World, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy Ginger-bread; Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou Half-penny Purſe of Wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of Diſcretion. O, and the Heav'ns were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my Baſtard! What a joyful Fa-

ther wouldſt thou make? Go too, thou haſt it *ad dunghil*, at the Finger's ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe Latin, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Arm. Artſ-man *preambula*; we will be ſingled from the Barbarous. Do you not educate Youth at the Charge-houſe on the Top of the Mountain.

Hol. Or *Mons* on the Hill.

Arm. At your ſweet Pleaſure, for the Mountain.

Hol. I do *ſans queſtion*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet Pleaſure and Affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her Pavilion, in the *poſteriors* of this Day, which the rude Multitude call the Afternoon.

Hol. The *Poſterior* of the Day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the Afternoon: The Word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you Sir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my Familiar, I do aſſure ye, my very good Friend; for what is inward between us, let it paſs——I do beſeech thee, remember thy Curteſie——I beſeech thee apparel thy Head, and among other importunate and moſt ſerious Deſigns, and of great import indeed too——But let that paſs, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the World) ſometime to lean upon my poor Shoulder, and with his Royal Finger thus dally with my Excrement, with my Muſtachio; but, ſweet Heart, let that paſs. By the World I recount no Fable; ſome certain ſpecial Honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſs to impart to *Armado* a Soldier, a Man of Travel, that hath ſeen the World; but let that paſs---- the very all of all is: But, ſweet Heart, I do implore ſecretly, that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet Chuck) with ſome delightful Oſtentation, or Show, or Pageant, or Antick, or Fire-work. Now underſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch Eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of Mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your Aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning ſome Entertainment of Time, ſome Show in the *Poſterior* of this Day, to be rendred by our Aſſiſtants at the King's Command, and this moſt gallant,

lant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſs: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find Men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſua, your ſelf, this gallant Gentleman *Judas Machabeus*, this Swain (becauſe of his great Limb or Joint) ſhall paſs *Pompey* the Great, and the Page *Hercules.*

Arm. Pardon Sir, Error: He is not Quantity enough for that Worthy's Thumb; he is not ſo big as the End of his Club.

Hol. Shall I have Audience? He ſhall preſent *Hercules* in Minority: His *Enter* and *Exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that Purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent Device: So if any of the Audience hiſs, you may cry; Well done, *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an Offence gracious, tho' few have the Grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play three my ſelf.

Moth. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beſeech you follow.

Hol. Via good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no Word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons, we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a Dance, or ſo: Or will play on the Taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the Hay.

Hol. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our Sport away. [*Exit.*

Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet Hearts, we ſhall be rich e'er we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wall'd about with Diamonds! look you, what I have from the King.

Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much Love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a Sheet of Paper,

Writ on both ſides the Leaf, Margent and all,
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupid*'s Name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thouſand Years a Boy.
Kath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy Gallows too.
Roſa. You'll ne'er be Friends with him, he kill'd your Siſter.
Kath. He made her melancholly, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring Spirit,
She might have been a Grandom e'er ſhe dy'd.
And ſo may you; for a light Heart lives long.
Roſa. What's your dark Meaning, Mouſe, of this light Word?
Kath. A light Condition, in a Beauty dark.
Roſa. We need more Light to find your Meaning out.
Kath. You'll marr the Light by taking it in Snuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the Argument.
Roſa. Look what you do, you do it ſtill i'th dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Roſa. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.
Roſa. Great Reaſon; for paſt Care, is ſtill paſt Cure.
Prin. Well handled both; a Set of Wit well play'd.
But *Roſaline*, you have a Favour too? Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſa. I would you knew.
And if my Face were but as fair as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witneſs this.
Nay, I have Verſes too, I thank *Biron.*
The Numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſs on the Ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand Fairies.
O he hath drawn my Picture in his Letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſa. Much in the Letters, nothing in the Praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous Ink; a good Concluſion.
Kath. Fair as a Text B in a Copy-Book.
Roſa. Ware Pencils. How? Let me not die your Debter,
My red Dominical, my golden Letter.
O that your Face were full of Oes.

Prin.

Prin. A Pox of that Jest, and I beshrew all Shrews:
But *Katharine*, what was sent to you
From fair *Dumain*?
Kath. Madam, this Glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithful Lover.
A huge Translation of Hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound Simplicity.
Mar. This, and these Pearls to me sent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by half a Mile.
Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in Heart
The Chain were longer, and the Letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these Hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise Girls, to mock our Lovers so.
Rosa. They are worse Fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture e'er I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th' Week,
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the Season, and observe the Times,
And spend his prodigal Wits in bootless Rimes,
And shape his Service all to my Behests,
And make him proud to make me proud with Jests.
So pertaunt like would I o'ersway his State,
That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As Wit turn'd Fool; Folly in Wisdom hatch'd,
Hath Wisdom's Warrant, and the help of School,
And Wit's own Grace to grace a learned Fool.
Rosa. The Blood of Youth burns not in such Excess,
As Gravities revolt to Wantonness.
Mar. Folly in Fools bears not so strange a Note,
As Fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the Power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in Simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and Mirth in his Face.
Boyet. O, I am stab'd with Laughter, Where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy News, *Boyet?*

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm Wenches, arm, Incounters mounted are
Againſt your Peace, Love doth approach, diſguis'd,
Armed in Arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your own Defence,
Or hide your Heads like Cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to Saint *Cupid*; What are they
That charge their Breath againſt us? Say, Scout, ſay.
Boyet. Under the cool Shade of a Sycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine Eyes ſome half an hour;
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd Reſt,
Toward that Shade, I might behold, addreſt
The King and his Companions; warily
I ſtole into a Neighbour Thicket by,
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knaviſh Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his Embaſſage.
Action and Accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy Body bear.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence Majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel ſhalt thou ſee,
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a Devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the Shoulder,
Making the bold Wag by their Praiſes bolder.
One rub'd his Elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better Speech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his Finger, and his Thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, All goes well,
The fourth turn'd on the Toe, and down he fell;
With that they all did tumble on the Ground,
With ſuch a zealous Laughter, ſo profound,
That in this Spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their Folly Paſſions, ſolemn Tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I gueſs.

Their

Their Purpoſe is to parley, court, and dance,
And every one his Love-ſeat will advance
Unto his ſeveral Miſtreſs: Which they'll know
By Favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.
Prin. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt;
For Ladies, we will every one be maskt:
And not a Man of them ſhall have the Grace
Deſpight of Sute, to ſee a Lady's face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and give me thine,
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Favours too, ſo ſhall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe Removes.
Roſa. Come on then, wear the Favours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your Intent?
Prin. The Effect of my Intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking Merriment,
And Mock for Mock is only my Intent.
Their ſeveral Counſels they unboſom ſhall
To Loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withal:
Upon the next Occaſion that we meet
With Viſages diſplay'd to talk and greet.
Roſa. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No, to the Death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd Speech render we no Grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her Face.
Boyet. Why that Attempt will kill the Keeper's Heart,
And quite divorce his Memory from his Part.
Prin. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with Shame. [*Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the Maskers come.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile, Dumain, *and Attendants, diſguiz'd like Muſcovites.* Moth *with Muſick, as for a Maſquerade.*

Moth. All hail the richeſt Beauties on the Earth.
Biron. Beauties no richer than rich Taffata. *Moth.*

Moth. A holy Parcel of the faireſt Dames that ever turn'd their Backs to mortal Views. [The Ladies turn their Backs to him.

Biron. Their Eyes, Villain, their Eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their Eyes to mortal Views. Out ——

Biron. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your Favours heav'nly Spirit, vouchſafe not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, Rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your Sun-beamed Eyes —— *With your Sun-beamed Eyes* ——

Biron. They will not anſwer to that Epithete;
You were beſt call it Daughter-beam'd Eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your Perfectneſs? Begone, you Rogue.

Roſa. What would theſe Strangers?
Know their Minds, *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeak our Language, 'tis our Will
That ſome plain Man recount their Purpoſes.
Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princeſs?

Biron. Nothing but Peace and gentle Viſitation.

Roſa. Why that they have, and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have meaſur'd many Miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the Graſs.

Boyet. They ſay that they have meaſur'd many a Mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this Graſs.

Roſa. It is not ſo. Ask them how many Inches
Is in one Mile? If they have meaſur'd many,
The Meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have meaſur'd Miles,
And many Miles; the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many Inches doth fill up one Mile?

Biron. Tell her we meaſure them by weary Steps.

Boyet. She hears her ſelf.

Roſa. How many weary Steps
Of many weary Miles you have o'er-gone,
Are numbred in the Travel of one Mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our Duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,

That

That we may do it ſtill without Accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine of your Face,
That we (like Savages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My Face is but a Moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are Clouds, to do as ſuch Clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright Moon, on theſe thy Stars to ſhine,
(Thoſe Clouds remov'd) upon our watery Eyne.
Roſa. O vain Petitioner, beg a greater Matter;
Thou now requeſts but Moon-ſhine in the Water.
King. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one Change;
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this Begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play Muſick then; nay you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet no Dance; thus change I like the Moon.
King. Will you not dance; how come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſa. You took the Moon at Full, but now ſhe's chang'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moon, and I the Man.
Roſa. The Muſick plays, vouchſafe ſome Motion to it:
Our Ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your Legs ſhall do it.
Roſa. Since you are Strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take Hands, we will not dance.
King. Why take you Hands then?
Roſa. Only to part Friends.
Curtſie ſweet Hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
King. More Meaſure of this Meaſure; be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a Price.
King. Price your ſelves then; what buys your Company?
Roſa. Your Abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo adieu;
Twice to your Viſor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more Chat.
Roſa. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Biron. White-handed Miſtreſs, one ſweet Word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and Milk, and Sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then two Treys; and if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey; well run Dice:
There's half a dozen Sweets.

Prin.

Prin. Seventh Sweet adieu, ſince you can cog,
I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One Word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my Gall.
Prin. Gall, bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a Word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair Lady.
Mar. Say you ſo? Fair Lord:
Take you that for your fair Lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you;
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
Kath. What, was your Vizard made without a Tongue?
Long. I know the Reaſon, Lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your Reaſon, quickly Sir, I long.
Long. You have a double Tongue within your Mask,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs Vizard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* Man; is not Veal a Calf?
Long. A Calf, fair Lady.
Kath. No, a fair Lord Calf.
Long. Let's part the Word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your Half;
Take all and wean it; it may prove an Ox.
Long. Look how you But to your ſelf in theſe ſharp Mocks!
Will you give Horns, chaſte Lady? Do not ſo.
Kath. Then die a Calf before your Horns do grow.
Long. One Word in private with you e'er I die.
Kath. Bleat ſoftly then, the Butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The Tongues of mocking Wenches are as keen
As is the Razor's Edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller Hair than may be ſeen,
Above the Senſe of Senſe ſo ſenſible,
Seemeth their Conference, their Conceits have Wings,
Fleeter than Arrows, Bullets, Wind, Thought, ſwifter Things.
Roſa. Not one Word more my Maids, break off, break off.
Biron. By Heav'n all dry beaten with pure Scoff.
King. Farewel, mad Wenches, you have ſimple Wits.
[*Exeunt.*

Prin.

Prin. Twenty Adieus, my frozen *Muſcovites.*
Are theſe the Breed of Wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet Breaths puft out.
Roſa. Well-liking Wits they have, groſs, groſs, fat, fat.
Prin. O Poverty in Wit, Kingly poor flout:
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to Night?
Or ever but in Vizards ſhew their Faces.
This pert *Biron* was out of Count'nance quite.
Roſa. O! they were all in lamentable Caſes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good Word.
Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my Service, and his Sword:
No Point (quoth I;) my Servant ſtraight was mute.
Kath. Lord *Longavile* ſaid, I came o'er his Heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good Faith.
Prin. Go Sickneſs as thou art.
Roſa. Well, better Wits have worn plain Statute Caps.
But will you hear; the King is my Love ſworn.
Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted Faith to me.
Kath. And *Longavile* was for my Service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine as ſure as Bark on Tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Miſtreſſes give Ear,
Immediately they will again be here
In their own Shapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh Indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for Joy, though they are lame with Blows:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,
Blow like ſweet Roſes in this Summer Air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boyet. Fair Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their Bud:
Diſmaskt, their damask ſweet Comixture ſhown,
Are Angels vailing Clouds, or Roſes blown.
Prin. Avaunt Perplexity: What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own Shapes to woo?
Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill as well known as diſguis'd:

Let

Let us complain to them what Fools were here,
Diſguis'd like *Muſcovites* in ſhapeleſs Gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow Shows, and Prologue vildly pen'd,
And their rough Carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at Hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as Roes run o'er the Land.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile *and* Dumain, *in their own Habits.*

King. Fair Sir, God ſave you. Where's the Princeſs?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty command me any Service to her?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me Audience for one Word.

Boyet. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This Fellow picks up Wit as Pigeon Peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe:
He is Wit's Pedlar, and retails his Wares
At Wakes and Waſſals, Meetings, Markets, Fairs:
And we that ſell by Groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the Grace to grace it with ſuch Show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his Sleeve;
Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve.*
He can carve too, and liſp: Why this is he,
That kiſt away his Hand in Courteſie.
This is the Ape of Fortune, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plays at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable Terms: Nay he can ſing
A Mean moſt meanly, and in uſhering
Mend him who can; the Ladies call him ſweet;
The Stairs as he treads on them kiſs his Feet.
This is the Flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his Teeth as white as Whale his Bone.
And Conſciences that will not die in Debt,
Pay him the Duty of Honey-tongu'd *Boyet.*

King. A Bliſter on his ſweet Tongue with my Heart,
That put *Armado*'s Page out of his Part.

Enter

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Katherine, *and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes. Behaviour what wert thou,
'Till this mad-man ſhew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All hail, ſweet Madam, and fair time of Day.
Prin. Fair in all Hail is foul, as I conceive.
King. Conſtrue my Speeches better if you may.
Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to our Court, vouchſafe it then.
Prin. This Field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your Vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd Men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The Vertue of your Eye muſt break my Oath.
Prin. You nick-name Virtue: Vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For Virtue's Office never breaks Mens Troth.
Now, by my Maiden Honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd Lilly, I proteſt,
A World of Torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your Houſe's Gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking Cauſe to be
Of heav'nly Oaths, vow'd with Integrity.
King. O you have liv'd in Deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our Shame.
Prin. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſwear,
We have had Paſtimes here, and pleaſant Game,
A Meſs of *Ruſſians* left us but of late.
King. How, Madam? *Ruſſians*?
Prin. Ay in truth, my Lord;
Trim Gallants, full of Courtſhip, and of State.
Roſa. Madam, ſpeak true. It is not ſo, my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the Days)
In Courteſie gives undeſerving Praiſe.
We four indeed confronted were with four,
In *Ruſſian* Habit: Here they ſtay'd an Hour,
And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my Lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy Word.
I dare not call them Fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, Fools would fain have Drink.

Biron.

Biron. This Jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your Wit makes wiſe Things fooliſh; when we greet,
With Eyes beſt ſeeing, Heaven's fiery Eye,
By Light we loſe Light; your Capacity
Is of that Nature, as to your huge Store,
Wiſe Things ſeem fooliſh, and rich Things but poor.
Roſa. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my Eye----
Biron. I am a Fool, and full of Poverty.
Roſa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch Words from my Tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſa. All the Fool mine.
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſa. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? When? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſa. There, then, that Vizard, that ſuperfluous Caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better Face.
King. We are deſcried,
They'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a Jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my Lord? Why looks your Highneſs ſad?
Roſa. Help, hold his Brows, he'll ſwound: Why look you pale?
Sea-ſick I think, coming from *Muſcovy*.
Biron. Thus pour the Stars down Plagues for Perjury.
Can any Face of Braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, Lady, dart thy Skill at me,
Bruiſe me with Scorn, confound me with a Flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp Wit quite through my Ignorance:
Cut me to pieces with thy keen Conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* Habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to Speeches pen'd,
Nor to the Motion of a School-boy's Tongue,
Nor never come in Vizards to my Friend,
Nor woo in time like a blind Harper's Song;
Taffata Phraſes, ſilken Terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce Affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe Summer Flies,
Have blown me full of Maggot Oſtentation.

I do forſwear them, and I here proteſt,
By this white Glove (how white the Hand God knows)
Henceforth my wooing Mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet Yeas, and honeſt kerſie Noes:
And to begin, Wench, ſo God help me Law,
My Love to thee is ſound, *Sans* crack or flaw.
Roſa. Sans, Sans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a Trick
Of the old Rage: Bear with me, I am Sick.
I'll leave it by Degrees: Soft, let us ſee,
Write *Lord have mercy on us,* and thoſe three,
They are infected, in their Hearts it lyes,
They have the Plague, and caught it of your Eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free;
For the Lords Tokens on you both I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe Tokens to us.
Biron. Our States are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Roſa. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Roſa. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for your ſelves, my Wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, ſweet Madam, for our rude Tranſgreſſion,
Some fair Excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is Confeſſion.
Were you not here but even now diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was:
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your Lady's Ear?
King. That more than all the World I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon my Honour no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your Oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
King. Deſpiſe me when I break this Oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Roſaline,*
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your Ear?
Roſa. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me dear

As precious Eye-ſight, and did value me
Above this World; adding thereto moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my Lover.
Prin. God give thee Joy of him; the noble Lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his Word.
King. What mean you, Madam?
By my Life, my Troth,
I never ſwore this Lady ſuch an Oath.
Roſa. By Heav'n you did, and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: But take it, Sir, again.
King. My Faith and this, to th' Princeſs I did give,
I knew her by this Jewel on her Sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this Jewel did ſhe wear:
And Lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.
What? will you have me, or your Pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either, I remit both twain.
I ſee the Trick on't; Here was a Conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our Merriment,
To daſh it like a *Chriſtmas* Comedy.
Some Carry-tale, ſome Pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zany,
Some Mumble-news, ſome Trencher-knight, ſome *Dick*
That ſmiles his Cheek in Years, and knows the Trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our Intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the Signs, woo'd but the Sign of ſhe:
Now to our Perjury, to add more Terror,
We are again forſworn in Will and Error.
Much upon this it is. And might not you [*To Boyet.*
Foreſtal our Sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my Lady's Foot byth' Square,
And laugh upon the Apple of her Eye,
And ſtand between her Back, Sir, and the Fire,
Holding a Trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our Page out: Go, you are allow'd,
Die when you will, a Smock ſhall be your Shrow'd.
You leer upon me, do you? There's an Eye
Wounds like a Leaden Sword.
Boyet. Full merrily hath this brave Manager, this Career been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I have done.

Enter

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome pure Wit, thou part'ſt a fair Fray.

Coſt. O Lord Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo Sir, under Correction Sir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg us Sir, I can aſſure you Sir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice Sir——

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under Correction Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove* I always took three Threes for nine.

Coſt. O Lord Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your Living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O Lord Sir, the Parties themſelves, the Actors Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for mine own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one Man in one poor Man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Coſt. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompey* the Great: For mine own part, I know not the Degree of the Worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take ſome Care.

King. *Biron*, they will ſhame us; [*Exit.*
Let them not approach.

Biron. We are Shame-proof, my Lord; and 'tis ſome Policy to have one Show worſe than the King and his Company.

King. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good Lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That Sport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeal ſtrives to content, and the Content
Dies in the Zeal of that which it preſents;
Their Form confounded, makes moſt form in Mirth,
When great Things labouring periſh in their Birth.

Biron. A right Deſcription of our Sport, my Lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much Expence of thy Royal ſweet Breath, as will utter a Brace of Words.

Prin. Doth this Man ſerve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a Man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair ſweet honey Monarch; for I proteſt the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical: Too too vain, too too vain: But we will put it, as they ſay, to *Fortuna delaguar.* I wiſh you the Peace of Mind, moſt Royal Cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good Preſence of Worthies: He preſents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swain *Pompey* the Great, the Pariſh-Curate *Alexander*, *Armado*'s Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*; and if theſe four Worthies in their firſt Shew thrive, theſe four will change Habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There are five in the firſt Shew.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the Fool, and the Boy.

A bare throw at Novum, and the whole World again
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's Vein.

King. The Ship is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Coſtard *for* Pompey.

Coſt. I Pompey *am.*

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Coſt. I Pompey *am.*

Boyet. With *Libbard*'s Head on Knee.

Biron. Well ſaid, old Mocker,
I muſt needs be Friends with thee.

Coſt. I Pompey *am,* Pompey *ſurnam'd the Big.*

Dum. The Great.

Coſt. It is great, Sir: Pompey, *ſurnam'd the Great;*
That oft in Field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my Foe to ſweat;
And travelling along this Coaſt, I here am come by Chance,
And lay my Arms before the Legs of this ſweet Laſs of France;

If

If your Ladyſhip would ſay Thanks *Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great Thanks, great *Pompey*.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little Fault in great.

Biron. My Hat to a Half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Commander.
By Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, I ſpread my conquering Might:
My Eſcutcheon plain declares that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your Noſe ſays no, you are not;
For it ſtands too right.

Biron. Your Noſe ſmells no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed, good *Alexander.*

Nath. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Commander.

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo *Aliſander.*

Biron. Pompey the Great.

Coſt. Your Servant and *Coſtard.*

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the Conqueror. [*to Nath.*] You will be ſcrap'd out of the painted Cloth for this; your Lion that holds the Poll-ax ſitting on a Cloſeſtool, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? Run away for Shame, *Aliſander.* There [illegible] ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild Man, an honeſt Man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good Neighbour inſooth, and a very good Bowler; but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little o'er-parted: But there are Worthies a coming will ſpeak their Mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good *Pompey.*

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Imp,
Whoſe Club kill'd *Cerebus* that three-headed *Canis*;

And when he was a Babe, a Child, a Shrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus:*
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in Minority;
Ergo, I come with this Apology.
Keep ſome State in thy *Exit,* and vaniſh. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. A *Judas.*

Hol. Not *Iſcariot,* Sir.
Judas *I am, yclipped* Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain *Judas.*

Biron. A kiſſing Traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. The more Shame for you, *Judas.*

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin Sir, you are my Elder.

Biron. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of Countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no Face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A Cittern Head.

Dum. The Head of a Bodkin.

Biron. A Death's Face in a Ring.

Long. The Face of an old *Roman* Coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The Pummel of *Cæſar*'s Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone Face on a Flask.

Biron. St. *George*'s half Cheek in a Broch.

Dum. Ay and in a Broch of Lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the Cap of a Tooth-drawer;
And now forward, for we have put thee in Countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of Countenance.

Biron. Falſe, we have given thee Faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. And thou wert a Lion we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an Aſs, let him go;
And ſo adieu ſweet *Jude.* Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his Name.

Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as* away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet.

Boyet. A Light for Monſieur *Judas*, it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited.

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy Head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Arms.

Dum. Tho' my Mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector*?

King. I think *Hector* was not ſo clean timber'd.

Long. His Leg is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd with the ſmall.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes Faces.

Arm. *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the Almighty, gave* Hector *a Gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmeg.

Biron. A Lemon.

Long. Stuck with Cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the Almighty, gave* Hector *a Gift, the Heir of* Ilion;
A Man ſo breathed, that certain he would fight; yea
From Morn 'till Night, out of his Pavillion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Arm. Sweet Lord *Longavile* rein thy Tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the Rein; for it runs againſt *Hector*.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet Chucks, beat not the Bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my Device;
Sweet Royalty beſtow on me the Senſe of Hearing.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet Grace's Slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the Foot.

Dum. He may not by the Yard.

Arm. *This* Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal.

The Party is gone.

Coſt. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two Months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

Coſt. Faith unleſs you play the honeſt *Trojan*, the poor Wench is caſt away; ſhe's quick, the Child brags in her Belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Do'ſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta* that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.

Boyet. Renow'd *Pompey*.

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the Huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd, more *Ates*, more *Ates*, ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more Man's Blood in's Belly than will ſup a Flea.

Arm. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northern Man; I'll ſlaſh; I'll do it by the Sword: I pray you let me borrow my Arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed Worthies.

Coſt. I'll do it in my Shirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a Button-hole lower. Do you not ſee *Pompey* is uncaſing for the Combat: What mean you? You will loſe your Reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and Soldiers pardon me, I will not Combat in my Shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the Challenge.

Arm.

Arm. Sweet Bloods, I both may, and will.

Biron. What Reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked Truth of it is, I have no Shirt, I go woolward for Penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of Linnen; ſince when, I'll be ſworn he wore none, but a Diſh-clout of *Jaquenetta's*, and that he wears next his Heart for a Favour.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God ſave you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Macard*, but that thou interrupteſt our Merriment.

Mac. I am ſorry Madam, for the News I bring is heavy in my Tongue. The King your Father——

Prin. Dead for my Life.

Mac. Even ſo: My Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free Breath; I have ſeen the Day of Wrong through the little Hole of Diſcretion, and I will right my ſelf like a Soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to Night.

King. Madam not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Prin. Prepare I ſay. I thank you, gracious Lords,
For all your fair Endeavours; And Entreats,
Out of a new ſad Soul, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich Wiſdom to excuſe or hide,
The liberal Oppoſition of our Spirits;
If over-boldly we have born our ſelves,
In the Converſe of Breath, your Gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy Lord;
An heavy Heart bears not an humble Tongue:
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of Thanks,
For my great Suit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extream Parts of Time extreamly form
All Cauſes to the Purpoſe of his Speed,
And often at his very looſe decides
That, which long Proceſs of Time could not arbitrate.

And

And though the mourning Brow of Progeny
Forbid the ſmiling Courteſie of Love,
The holy Suit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince Love's Argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the Cloud of Sorrow juſtle it
From what it purpoſed. Since to wail Friends loſt
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at Friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my Griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain Words beſt pierce the Cares of Grief,
And by theſe Badges underſtand the King,
For your fair Sakes have we neglected Time,
Play'd foul Play with our Oaths: Your Beauty, Ladies
Hath much deformed us, faſhioning our Humours
Even to the oppoſed End of our Intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As Love is full of unbefitting Strains,
All wanton as a Child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the Eye, and therefore like the Eye,
Full of ſtraying Shapes, of Habits, and of Forms,
Varying in Subjects as the Eye doth rowl,
To every varied Object in his Glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe Love
Put on by us, if in your Heav'nly Eyes,
Have misbecom'd our Oaths and Gravities;
Thoſe Heav'nly Eyes that look into theſe Faults,
Suggeſted us to make: Therefore, Ladies,
Our Love being yours, the Error that Love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both, fair Ladies you;
And even that falſhood in it ſelf a Sin,
Thus purifies it ſelf, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love,
Your Favours, the Embaſſadors of Love:
And in our Maiden Council rated them
At Courtſhip, pleaſant Jeſt, and Courteſie,
As Bumbaſt, and as Lining to the Time:
But more devout than theſe are our Reſpects
Have we not been; and therefore met your Loves
In their own Faſhion, like a Merriment.

Dum.

Dum. Our Letters, Madam, ſhew'd much more than Jeſt.
Long. So did our Looks.
Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.
King. Now at the lateſt Minute of the Hour,
Grant us your Loves.
Prin. A Time methinks too ſhort,
To make a World-without-end Bargain in;
No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear Guiltineſs, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no ſuch Cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me;
Your Oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the Pleaſures of the World;
There ſtay until the twelve Celeſtial Signs
Have brought about their Annual Reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable Life,
Change not your Offer made in Heat of Blood:
If Froſts, and Faſts, hard Lodging, and thin Weeds
Nip not the gaudy Bloſſoms of your Love,
But that it bear this Trial, and laſt Love;
Then at the Expiration of the Year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe Deſerts;
And by this Virgin Palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that Inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning Houſe,
Raining the Tears of Lamentation,
For the Remembrance of my Father's Death.
If this thou do deny, let our Hands part,
Neither intituled in the other's Heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe Powers of mine with reſt;
The ſudden Hand of Death cloſe up mine Eye.
Hence ever then, my Heart is in thy Breaſt.
Biron. And what to me, my Love? and what to me?
Roſa. You muſt be purged too, your Sins are rank,
You are attaint with Fault and Perjury;
Therefore if you my Favour mean to get,
A Twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary Beds of People ſick.

Dum.

Dum. But what to me, my Love? but what to me?
Kath. A Wife, a Beard, fair Health and Honeſty;
With three-fold Love I wiſh you all theſe three.
Dum. O ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle Wife?
Kath. Not ſo, my Lord; a Twelve-month and a Day,
I'll mark no Words that ſmooth'd-fac'd Wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Lady come;
Then if I have much Love, I'll give you ſome.
Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully 'till then.
Kath. Yet ſwear not, leaſt ye be forſworn again.
Long. What ſays *Maria*?
Mar. At the Twelve-month's End
I'll change my black Gown for a faithful Friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with Patience; but the Time is long.
Mar. The liker you, few taller are ſo young.
Biron. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the Window of my Heart, mine Eye:
What humble Suit attends thy Anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome Service on me for my Love.
Roſa. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord *Biron*,
Before I ſaw you; and the World's large Tongue
Proclaims you for a Man repleat with Mocks,
Full of Compariſons, and wounding Flouts,
Which you on all Eſtates will execute,
That lye within the Mercy of your Wit:
To weed this Wormwood from your fruitful Brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You ſhall this Twelve-month term from Day to Day,
Viſit the ſpeechleſs Sick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning Wretches; and your Task ſhall be,
With all the fierce Endeavour of your Wit,
To enforce the pained Impotent to ſmile.
Biron. To move wild Laughter in the Throat of Death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a Soul in Agony.
Roſa. Why that's the way to choak a gibing Spirit,
Whoſe Influence is begot of that looſe Grace,
Which ſhallow laughing Hearers give to Fools:
A Jeſt's Proſperity lyes in the Ear

Of

Of him that hears it, never in the Tongue
Of him that makes it: Then, if ſickly Ears,
Deaft with the Clamours of their own dear Groans,
Will hear your idle Scorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that Fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that Spirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that Fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A Twelve-month? Well, befall what will befall,
I'll jeſt a Twelve-month in an Hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my Leave.
[*to the King.*

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our Wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Jill*: Theſe Ladies Courteſie
Might well have made our Sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a Twelve-month and a Day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majeſty, vouchſafe me.

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. The worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Arm. I will kiſs thy Royal Finger, and take Leave.
I am a Votary, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet Love three Years. But moſt eſteem'd Greatneſs, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learned Men have compiled, in praiſe of the Owl and the Cuckow? It ſhould have follow'd in the End of our Shew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This Side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: The one maintain'd by the Owl,
The other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The

The SONG.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;
And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks Married Men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O Word of Fear,
Unpleaſing to a Married Ear.

When Shepherds Pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks Married Men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O Word of Fear,
Unpleaſing to a Married Ear.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the Wall,
And Dick *the Shepherd blows his Nail;*
And Tom *bears Logs into the Hall,*
And Milk comes frozen Home in Pail;
When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul,
Then Nightly ſings the ſtaring Owl
Tu-whit, to-who.
A merry Note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the Pot.*

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And Coughing drowns the Parſon's Saw;
And Birds ſit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrian's *Noſe looks red and raw;*

When

When roaſted Crabs hiſs in the Bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owl,
Tu-whit, to-who,
A merry Note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the Pot.*

Arm. The Words of *Mercury*
Are harſh after the Songs of *Apollo*:
You that way, we this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Firſt Volume.